

SPAWN



ISSUE 180 DIGITAL EDITION

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My premonitions
won't go away.



Everything I'm
seeing is getting
WORSE and WORSE.

A few years ago I only
saw things in my dreams.



Not
ANYMORE...



Now it's
happening while
I'm awake.




and the
blood. I keep
seeing it.

On mom.








*I wish Granny
were here. She believes
my visions. Especially
about the Sad Man.*

*She says his
name was
Simmons--and
he used to be
married to Mom.*


*Though Mom never
wants to talk about
that. I HATE she
doesn't trust me.*

*And Granny seems
to think Simmons is
some kind of angel.*



*And nobody cares
about that because
they don't even
know he did it.*

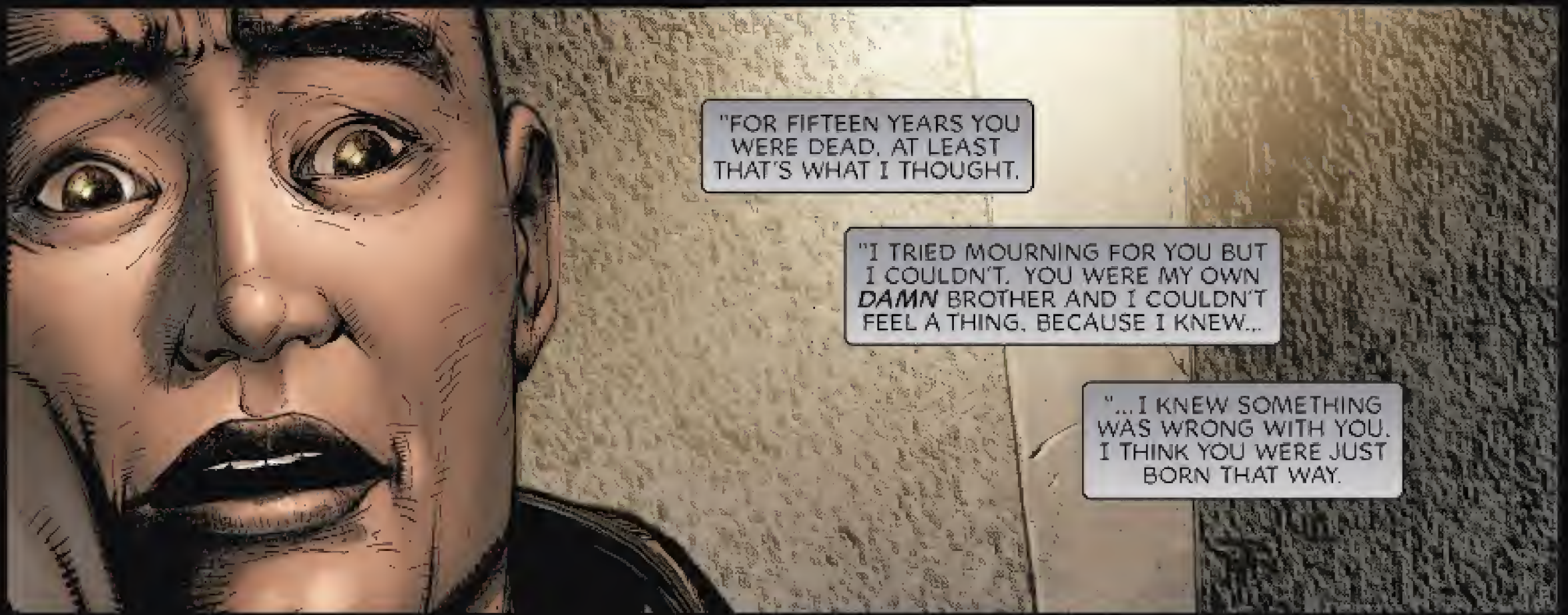
*Somehow he
saved us. Saved
ALL of us.*



**BUT I
CARE!!**

*Because I
can feel that
something bad
is happening to
him. Something
really bad...*





"FOR FIFTEEN YEARS YOU WERE DEAD. AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT."

"I TRIED MOURNING FOR YOU BUT I COULDN'T. YOU WERE MY OWN **DAMN** BROTHER AND I COULDN'T FEEL A THING. BECAUSE I KNEW..."

"... I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG WITH YOU. I THINK YOU WERE JUST BORN THAT WAY."



"BECAUSE IT SEEMED LIKE BAD THINGS HAPPENED AROUND YOU."

"C'MON, AL-- **FIGHT IT!**"

"THINGS LIKE PEOPLE GETTING HURT---OR **KILLED**."



"AND NEVER ONCE DID IT SEEM TO FAZE YOU. INSTEAD, YOU WERE LIKE A GODDAMN WALL. YOU COULDN'T FEEL NOTHING."

"SO THE TRUTH IS, WHEN I HEARD YOU WERE DEAD, WHAT I FELT MORE THAN ANYTHING WAS RELIEF."



"AND JUST LIKE YOU, I DIDN'T FEEL ANYTHING EITHER."

"NOW-- ALL I THINK ABOUT-- AND THIS IS THE GOD'S HONEST TRUTH..."

"... IS I WISH YOU HAD STAYED DEAD."



"AND THIS GIRL.
CHRIST--SHE'S A WHOLE
OTHER STORY."

WHAT
THE HELL
YOU TRYING
TO DO?

I DON'T
KNOW.

SOMETHING.

MAYBE
NOTHING.

BUT WHEN
THAT VAMPIRE
BIT HIM, IT INFECTED
HIM WITH SOME
KIND OF VIRUS.



MENTALLY,
IT'S LIKE HIS
BRAIN IS--

I THINK IT'S
BLEEDING
INTERNALLY.



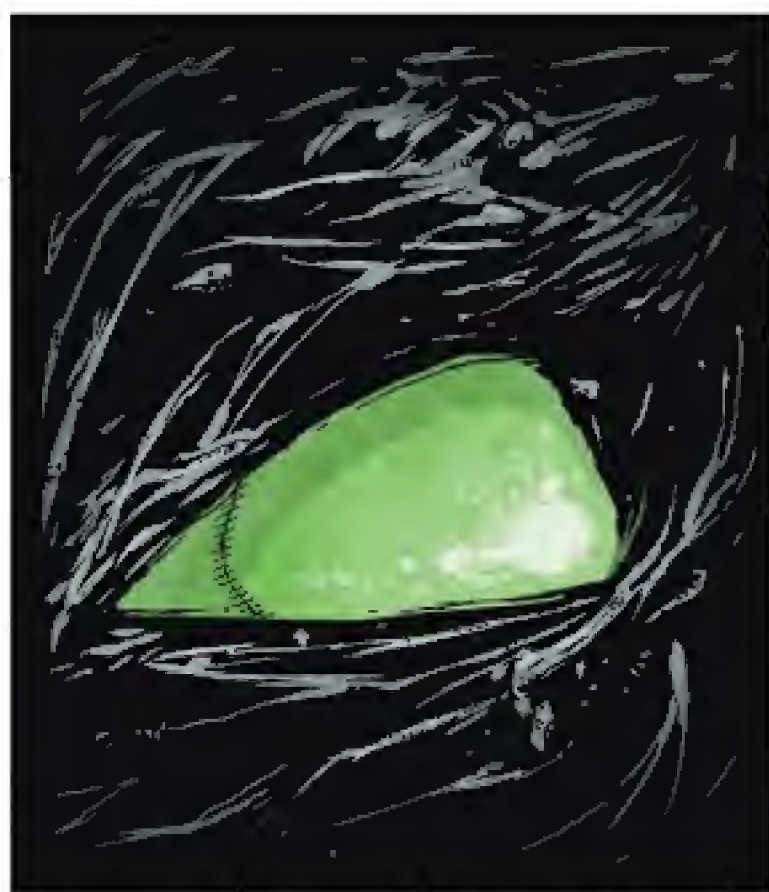
I NEED TO
GET INSIDE
HIM.



GODDAMN
YOU.

LET ME
IN!





I'M TIRED OF
RUNNING AWAY
FROM THIS
MADNESS.

NO
MORE.



DO
IT.

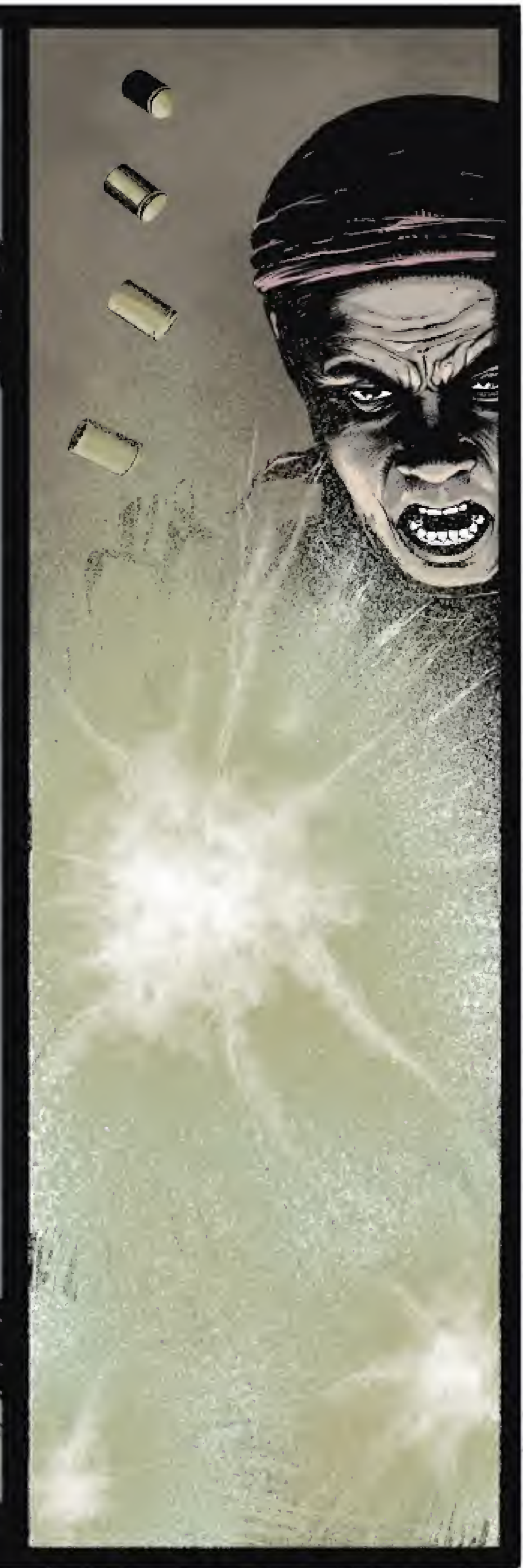


I'M
HERE!

ARE YOU
LISTENING?!!
I'M RIGHT
HERE.

COME
GET ME.








JESUS
CHRIST.

YOU'RE
GOING TO
TRY AND **SCARE**
ME WITH MY
COSTUME?



I...

...AM
NOT **YOUR**
COSTUME!



YOU'RE
MY BODY.


YOU NEVER
UNDERSTOOD
THAT. OR WHAT
THAT MEANS.

YOU

JUST

DON'T


MATTER!



I WAS THE ONE
CONTROLLING OUR
POWERS. SILENTLY. YOU
THOUGHT IT WAS THE OTHER
WAY AROUND.



BUT I'VE
BEEN FEEDING
OFF YOU.
EVERY DAY.



AND YOU
LET IT
HAPPEN.



THE
QUESTION
YOU MUST ASK
YOURSELF...



--IS HOW
DID THAT
HAPPEN?

YOU HAD
THE POWER AND
THE CHANCE TO LIVE
LIKE A **GOD**.

YOU FORGOT
THAT! FORGOT
WHY YOU WERE
CREATED.

SO I TOOK
OVER. WAITING
FOR YOU TO
REMEMBER.

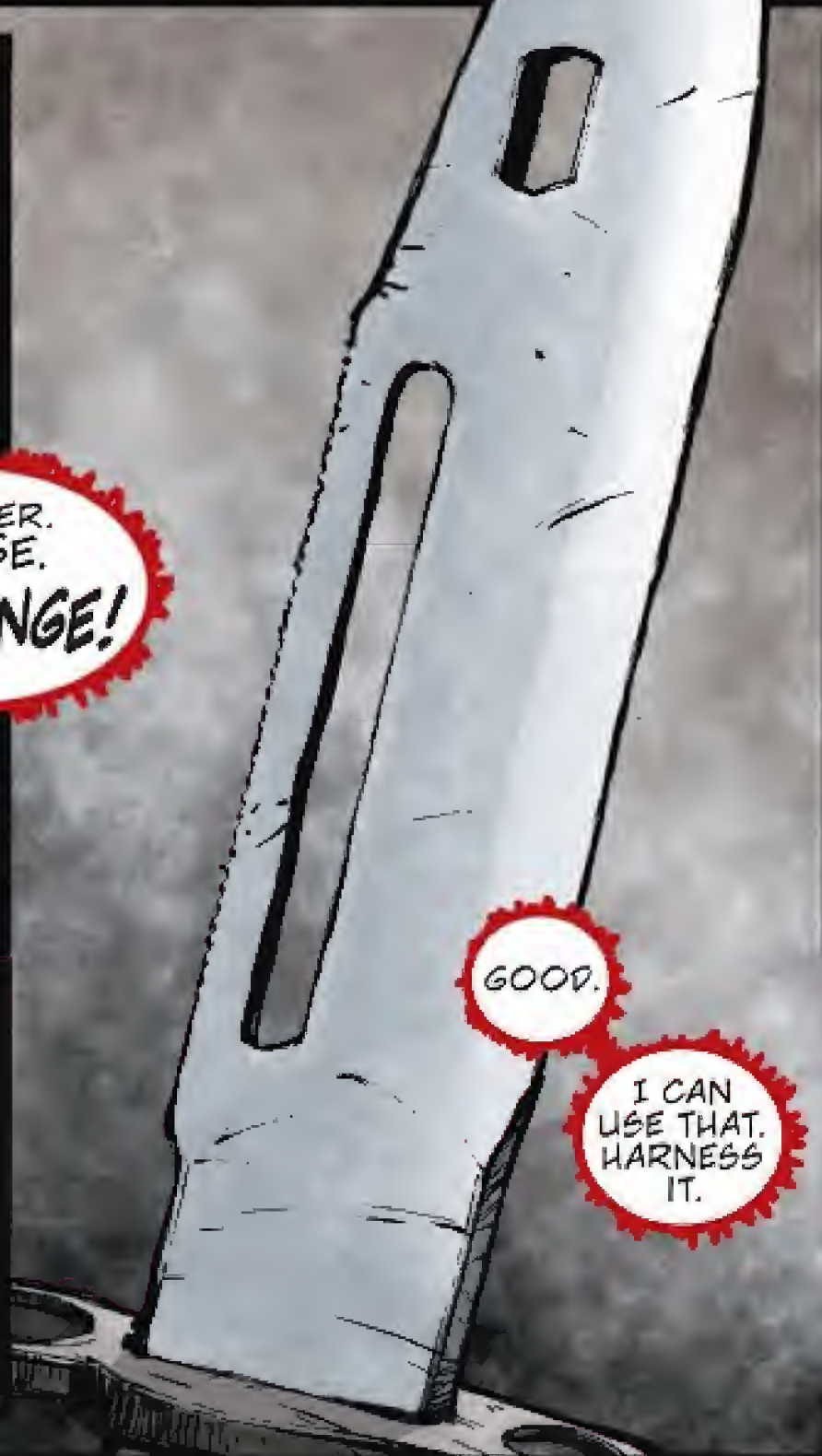


NOW, I
SEE IT IN
YOUR EYES
AGAIN.

THAT ANGER.
THAT RAGE.
THAT LUST
FOR **REVENGE!**

GOOD.

I CAN
USE THAT.
HARNESS
IT.





ESPECIALLY
AGAINST THOSE
THAT MADE YOU
WEAK.



LIKE
YOUR
WIFE.

KEEP
HER OUT OF
THIS.



NO.



SHE TOOK YOUR
BEST FRIEND INTO YOUR
BED. SHE **LUSTED** OVER HIM
AND HAD **HIS** CHILD. THEN SPREAD
LIES THAT **YOU** COULDN'T
HAVE CHILDREN.

DON'T
YOU **GET**
IT??!



YOU
WEREN'T
STERILE. SHE
CHOSE
NOT TO HAVE
YOUR
CHILD.



NO!

IT WASN'T LIKE THAT.
SHE LOVED ME.



she loved me.



KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THAT.

MAYBE SOME DAY YOU'LL BELIEVE THAT LIE.

BUT DEEP DOWN...







MARC...
COME HERE.
I NEED YOU TO
SEE THIS.

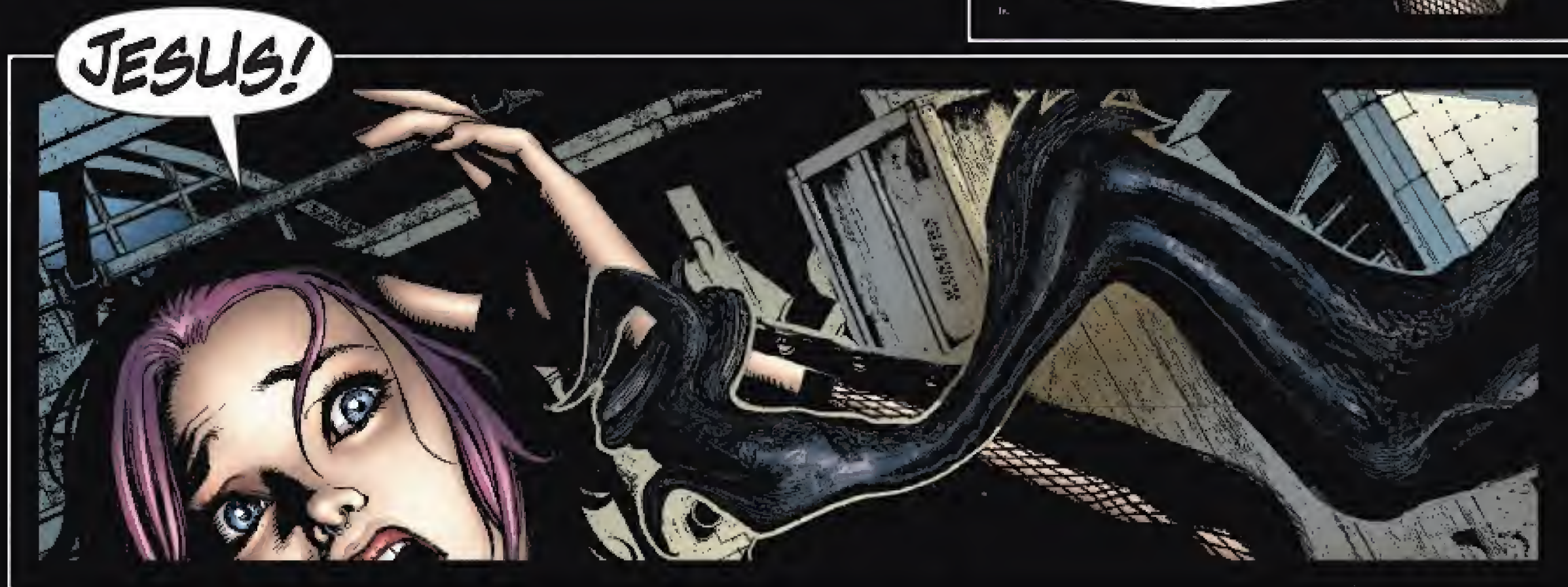
WHAT
IS IT?

JUST
COME
HERE.



LOOK
AT
HIM.

HE SUDDENLY
BECAME CALM AND I
WASN'T TOUCHING HIM. I
DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S A GOOD
OR BAD THING. WHAT DO
YOU THINK?



JESUS!



WHERE
IS SHE?!

WHO...?

MY
WIFE! I
NEED
TO FIND
HER.

AND I'LL
KILL ANYONE
THAT GETS IN
MY WAY.



Tonight. Something's going to happen. I feel it. I see it.

Everywhere I look there's blood. On the walls. On the door. In the rugs...



He's coming.



And for the first time in my life I'm afraid of him.



I shouldn't be, because he saved me. And Dad. And Mom lots of times. But not this time...

*He's not coming
to save any of us
this time.*

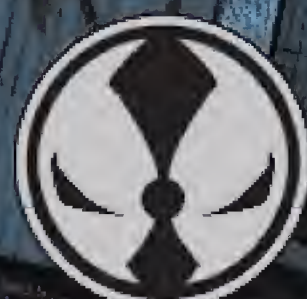
*That's why I've been
seeing so much blood.*





YOU'RE
GOING TO
KILL MY MOM,
AREN'T
YOU?

TO BE CONTINUED





SPAWN

HINE

HABERLIN

McFARLANE

THE BEST OF TIMES



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HABERLIN:





why?

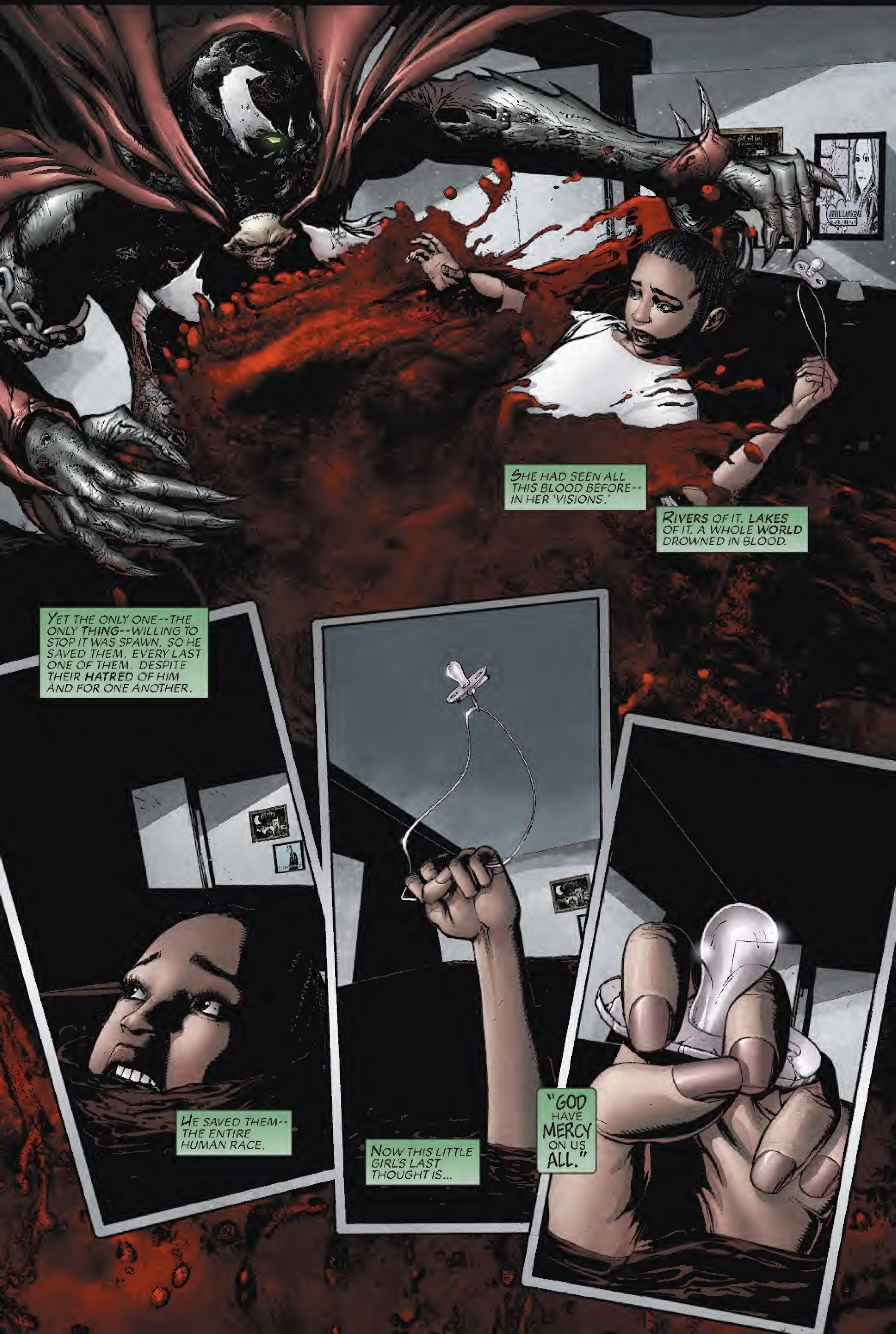
I HAVE TO BECAUSE IT'S TELLING ME--

WHY DO YOU HAVE TO KILL MY MOM--?

CAN'T YOU **HEAR** IT?!

HEAR WHAT?

THIS!



SHE HAD SEEN ALL
THIS BLOOD BEFORE--
IN HER 'VISIONS.'

RIVERS OF IT. LAKES
OF IT. A WHOLE WORLD
DROWNED IN BLOOD.

YET THE ONLY ONE--THE
ONLY THING--WILLING TO
STOP IT WAS SPAWN. SO HE
SAVED THEM. EVERY LAST
ONE OF THEM. DESPITE
THEIR HATRED OF HIM
AND FOR ONE ANOTHER.

HE SAVED THEM--
THE ENTIRE
HUMAN RACE.

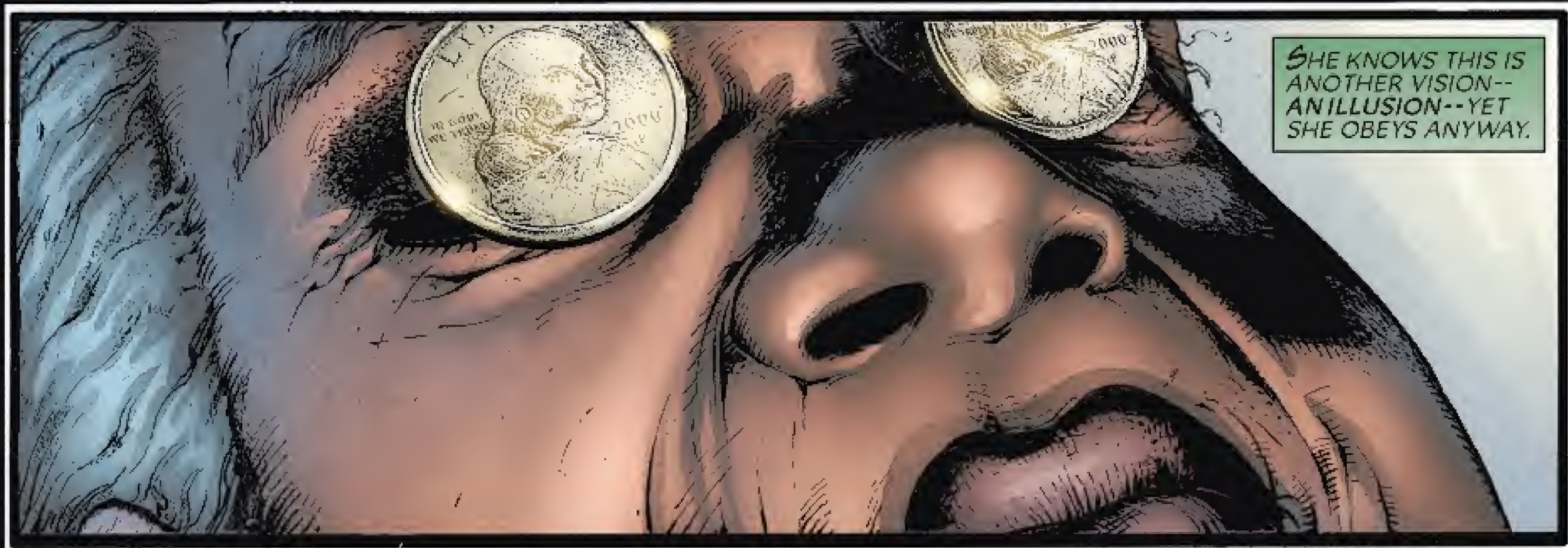
NOW THIS LITTLE
GIRL'S LAST
THOUGHT IS...

"GOD
HAVE
MERCY
ON US
ALL."



THE COLD PRESENCE OF ANOTHER. AND THOUGH HER ROOM IS WARM, CYAN IS ABLE TO SEE HER OWN BREATH.

AS SHE TURNS, SHE ALREADY KNOWS WHAT WILL BE THERE.



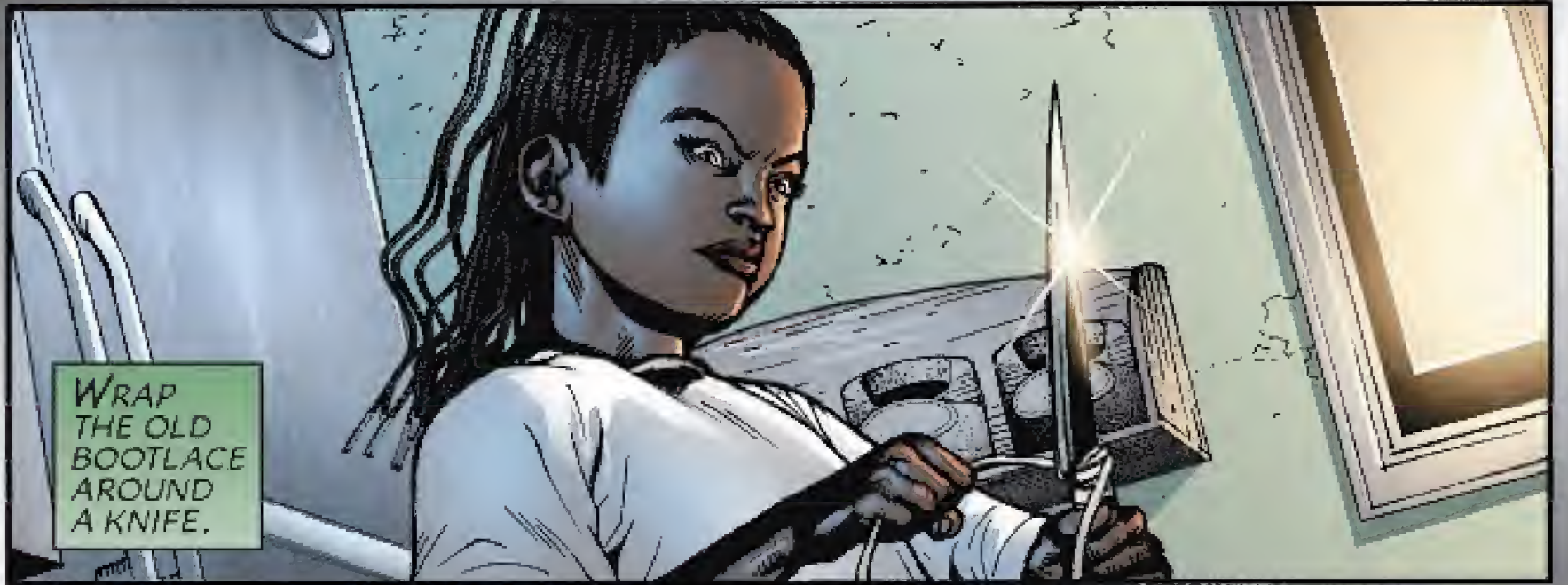


Closer...
child.

Come
closer.

I have
something
to tell
you...

WHISPERED
INSTRUCTIONS
ARE GIVEN.



WRAP
THE OLD
BOOTLACE
AROUND
A KNIFE.



THE LACE IS THE LINK TO
SPAWN--ONCE USED TO
STITCH HIS WOUNDS.*

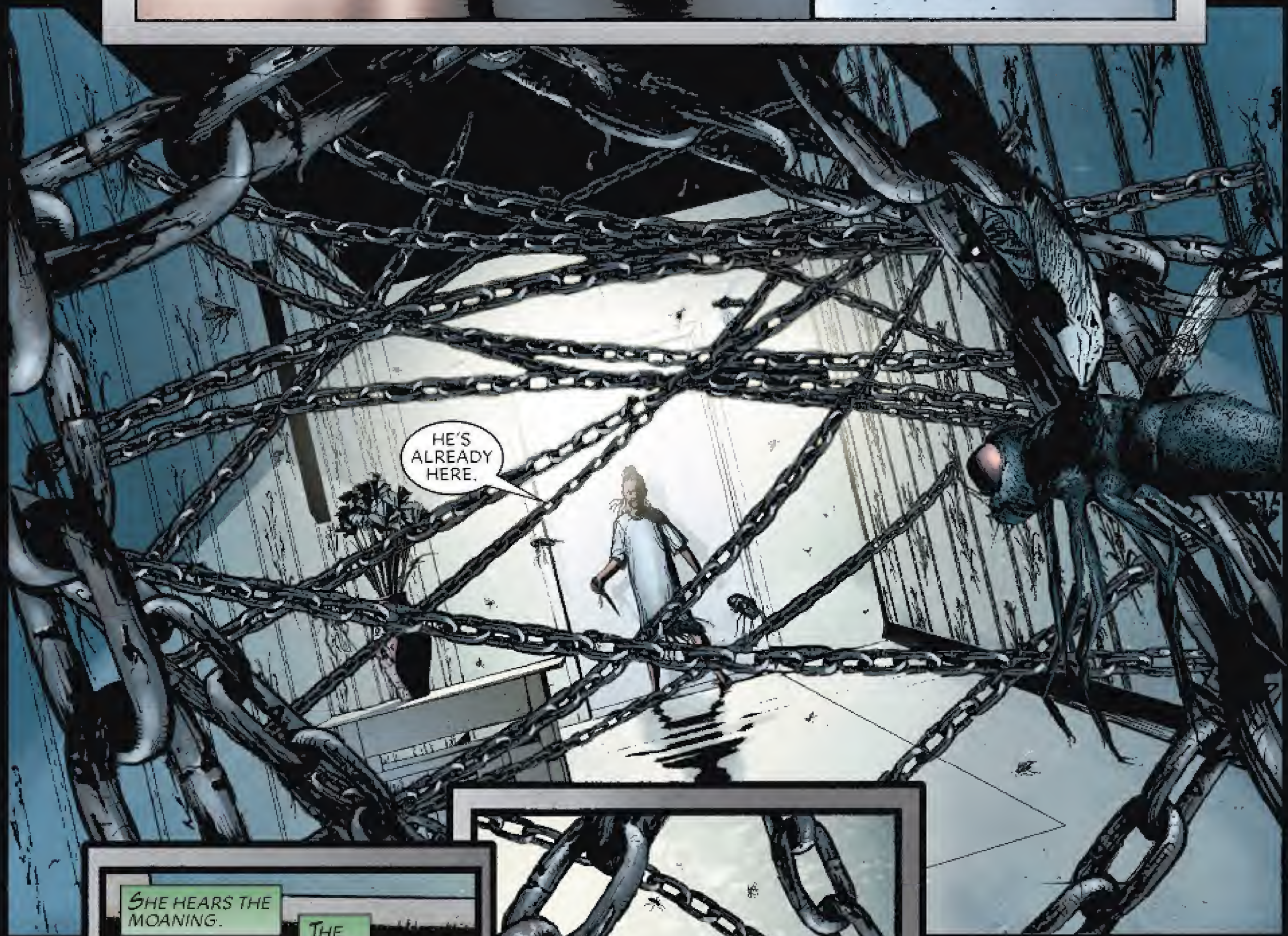
*SEE ISSUE 21.



THAT ACT OF
COMPASSION
MADE THE LACE A
TALISMAN AND A
TALISMAN CAN
BE A POWERFUL
WEAPON.



SHE TELLS
HERSELF SHE
CAN DO THIS.



SHE HEARS THE
MOANING.

THE
CRIES.

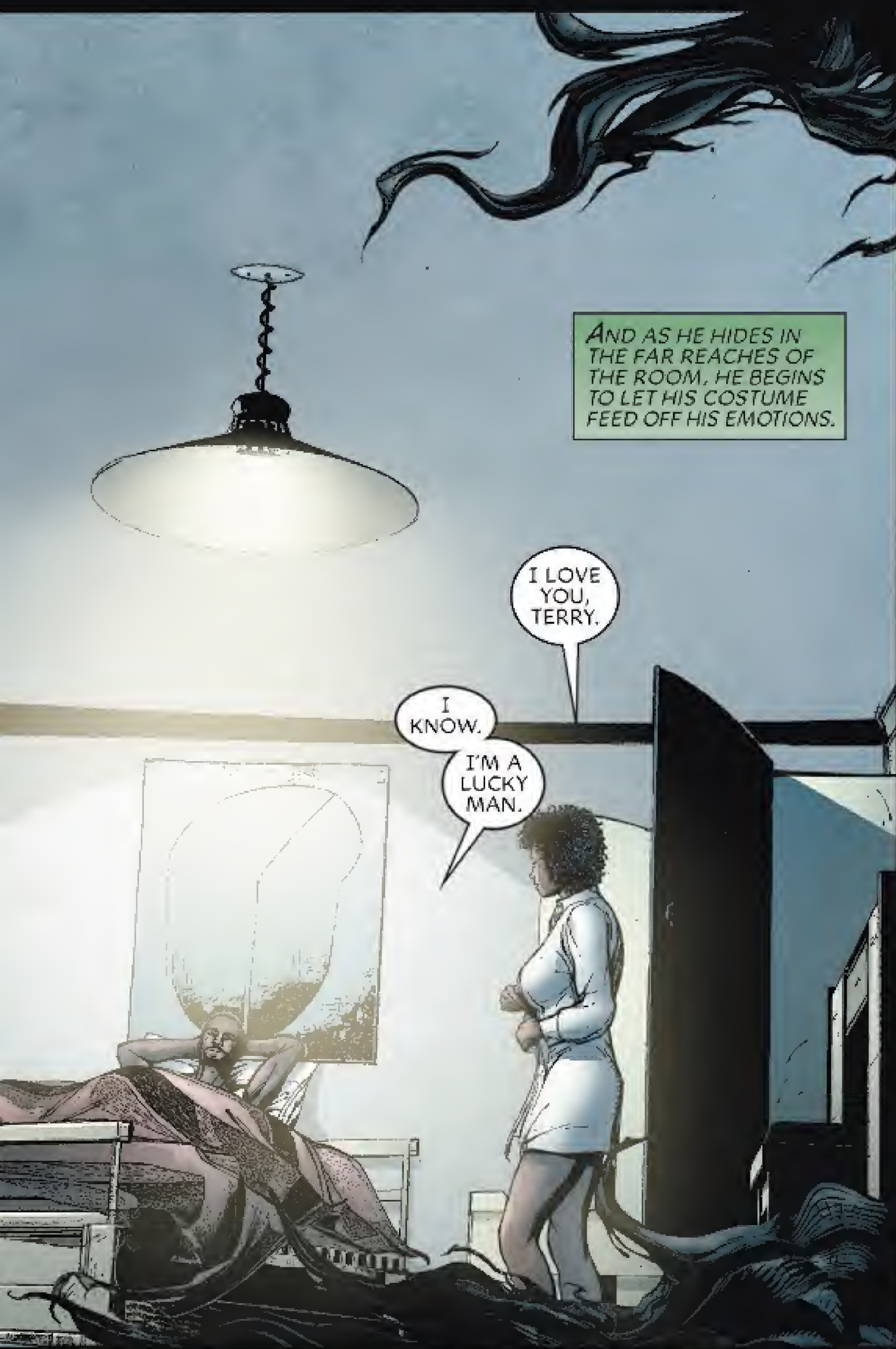


HURRY, CYAN--YOUR
MOTHER NEEDS YOU.

OH MY
GOD!



HE'D THOUGHT THOSE INTENSE CRIES OF PLEASURE WERE ONLY FOR HIM.



AND AS HE HIDES IN THE FAR REACHES OF THE ROOM, HE BEGINS TO LET HIS COSTUME FEED OFF HIS EMOTIONS.

I LOVE YOU, TERRY.

I KNOW.

I'M A LUCKY MAN.

I'VE NOTICED THE SAME THING. MAYBE SHE'S JUST...



FEED OFF HIS ANGER.

I HATE TO WRECK THE MOMENT, BUT...

WE NEED TO GET GOING. I PROMISED GRANNY WE'D PICK HER UP IN AN HOUR.



AND SHE DOESN'T LIKE US BEING LATE.

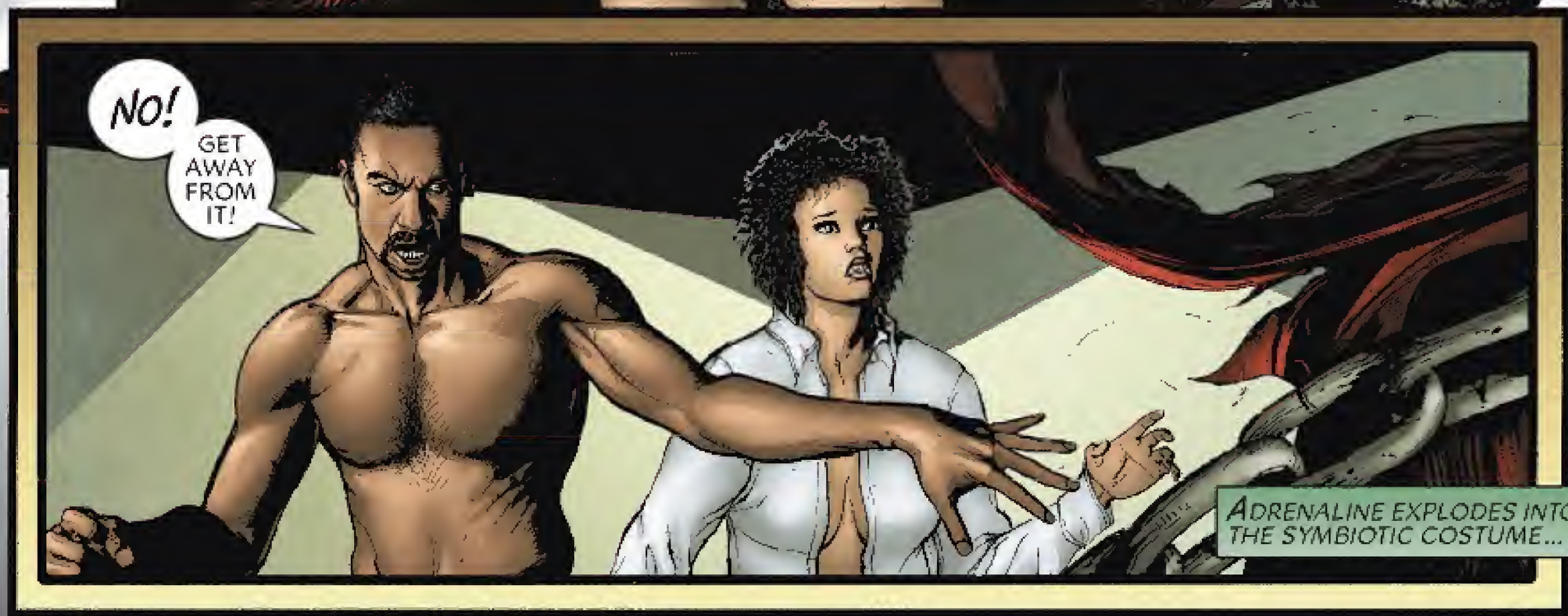
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BUGGING HER LATELY, SHE SEEMS TO BE STRESSING OUT OVER EVERY LITTLE THING.





WANDA.


DEAR
GOD--



NO!

GET
AWAY
FROM
IT!

ADRENALINE EXPLODES INTO
THE SYMBIOTIC COSTUME...



... FILLING ITS
NEED TO TOUCH
HATRED.

IN RETURN THE LIVING
TISSUE FEEDS SPAWN
WITH MYRIAD DIZZYING
THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

YOU'RE
NOTHING BUT A
WHORE!







GRANNY SAID TO GIVE YOU A MESSAGE.



SHE SAID YOU NEED TO TAKE MY MOM BACK TO 'THE BEST OF TIMES'.



THE BEST OF TIMES.

*SEE ISSUE 18



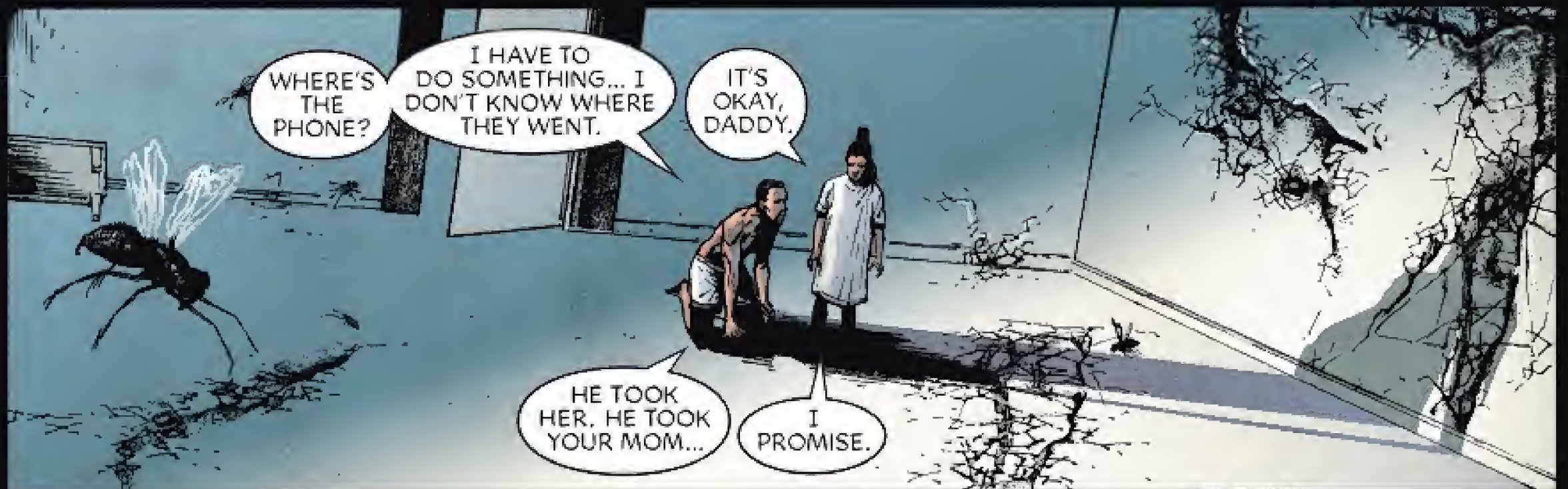
YES. SHE SAID YOU'LL KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS.



PLEASE...

DON'T HURT MY FAMILY. I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT.

JUST LEAVE THEM ALONE.



STAY HERE.
I HAVE TO CALL
SOMEONE.

WHAT?

HER
NAME'S
NYX.



"GRANNY
TOLD ME TO
GET HER."





SHE REMEMBERS THAT DAY WITH PERFECT CLARITY. THE LAKE WAS LIKE A MIRROR, THE SUN WARM ON HER FACE, NEARBY THEY COULD HEAR THE SOUND OF CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER.

THOUGH NOW, IT'S THE SAME PLACE SEEN THROUGH A MADMAN'S EYES.



THAT
REALLY WAS THE
BEST OF *OUR*
TIMES.

NOW WHAT?
YOU'RE GOING TO
KILL ME?

I DON'T HAVE A
CHOICE. I NEED TO BE
FREE OF YOU.



FREE...!

FROM
ME?!

WHAT
ABOUT ME
BEING FREE
OF YOU!

ALL I DID WAS
TRY TO CARRY ON--TO
TRY AND GET PAST THE *PAIN*
OF MY HUSBAND'S DEATH.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT
THAT'S LIKE...?

TO HAVE
SOMEONE
LEAVE YOU *AND*
BREAK YOUR
HEART AT THE
SAME TIME?

YOU WANT
TO BE FREE OF
ME? THEN
FORGET ME.
FORGET I EVER
EXISTED!

I
CAN'T.

I'VE
ALREADY
TRIED. I KEEP
COMING BACK
TO WHAT I DID
TO YOU.

TO US.

AND
KILLING ME
RIDS YOU
OF THAT
GUILT?



NO.

KILLING YOU
STOPS ME FROM
THINKING I WAS
EVER HUMAN TO
BEGIN WITH.



AND
WHAT IF I
FORGIVE
YOU...

...OF YOUR
SIN OF KILLING
OUR UNBORN
CHILD.



THEN
SAY
IT.



I'M
SORRY.

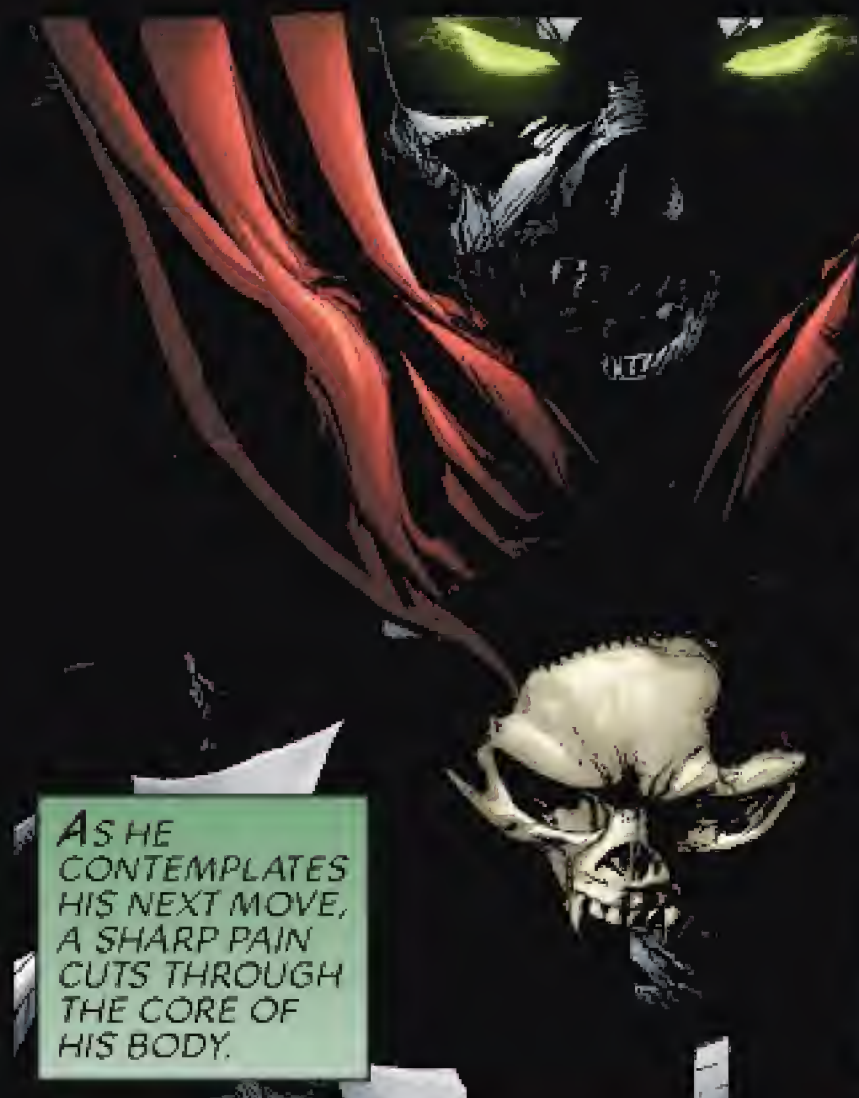
I CAN'T.



I CAN'T
FORGIVE YOU
FOR THAT.

BUT IF MY
HUSBAND IS
SOMEWHERE
INSIDE YOU...TELL
HIM THAT I
LOVED HIM.

I STILL
DO.



AS HE CONTEMPLATES HIS NEXT MOVE, A SHARP PAIN CUTS THROUGH THE CORE OF HIS BODY.



IT'S THE KNIFE-- BURIED DEEP BY A CHILD'S HAND.

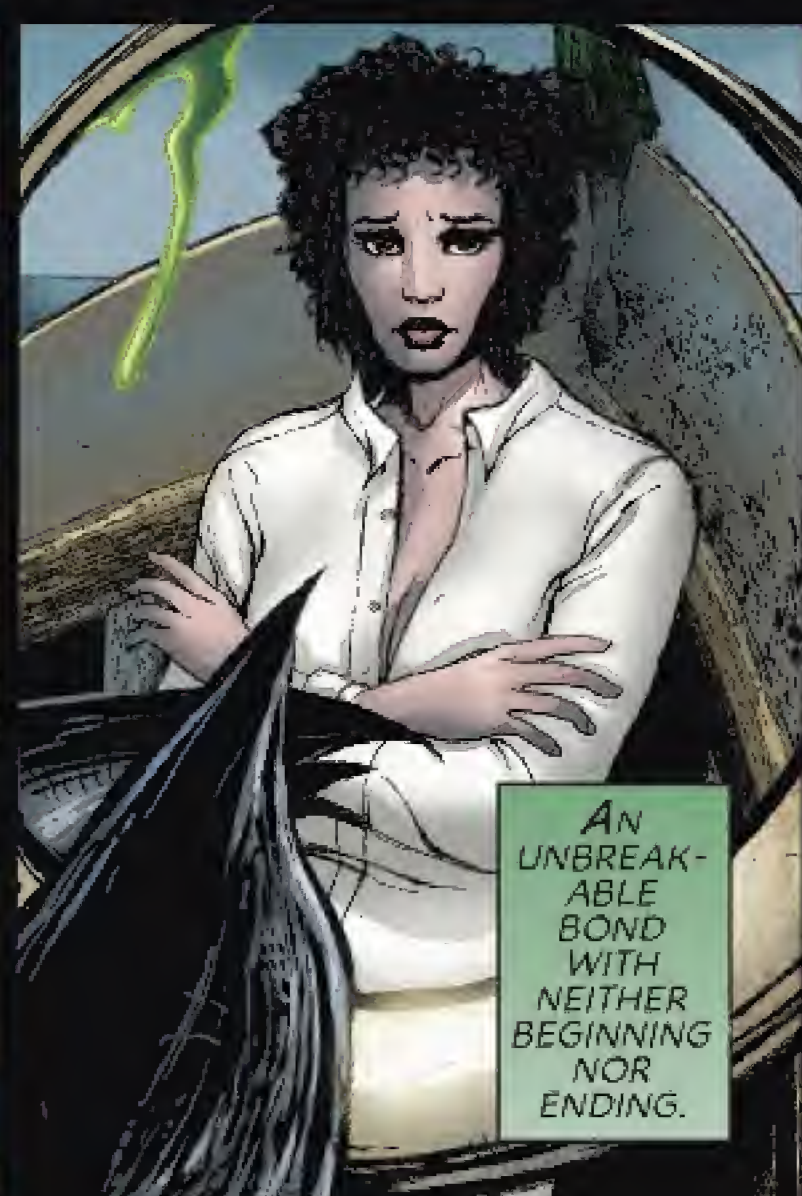


EVEN MORE POWERFUL IS WHAT IS WRAPPED AROUND THAT KNIFE.

A SPECIAL LACE, HOLDING A PRECIOUS SYMBOL.



A SYMBOL OF THAT WHICH 'NO MAN MAY PUT ASUNDER.'



AN UNBREAK-ABLE BOND WITH NEITHER BEGINNING NOR ENDING.



WANDA...



PLEASE

FORGIVE
ME!

WOMAN SCREAMING



THIS WAY!
HURRY.

MY MOM--
I CAN FEEL HER--
SHE'S STILL
ALIVE!



JESUS,
CYAN!

IF YOUR
GRANDMOTHER
ALREADY KNEW THIS
PLACE EXISTED--
SHE'S EVEN MORE
GIFTED THAN I
IMAGINED.

I DON'T
CARE ABOUT
THAT.

NOT NOW.
WE NEED TO
FIND MY...

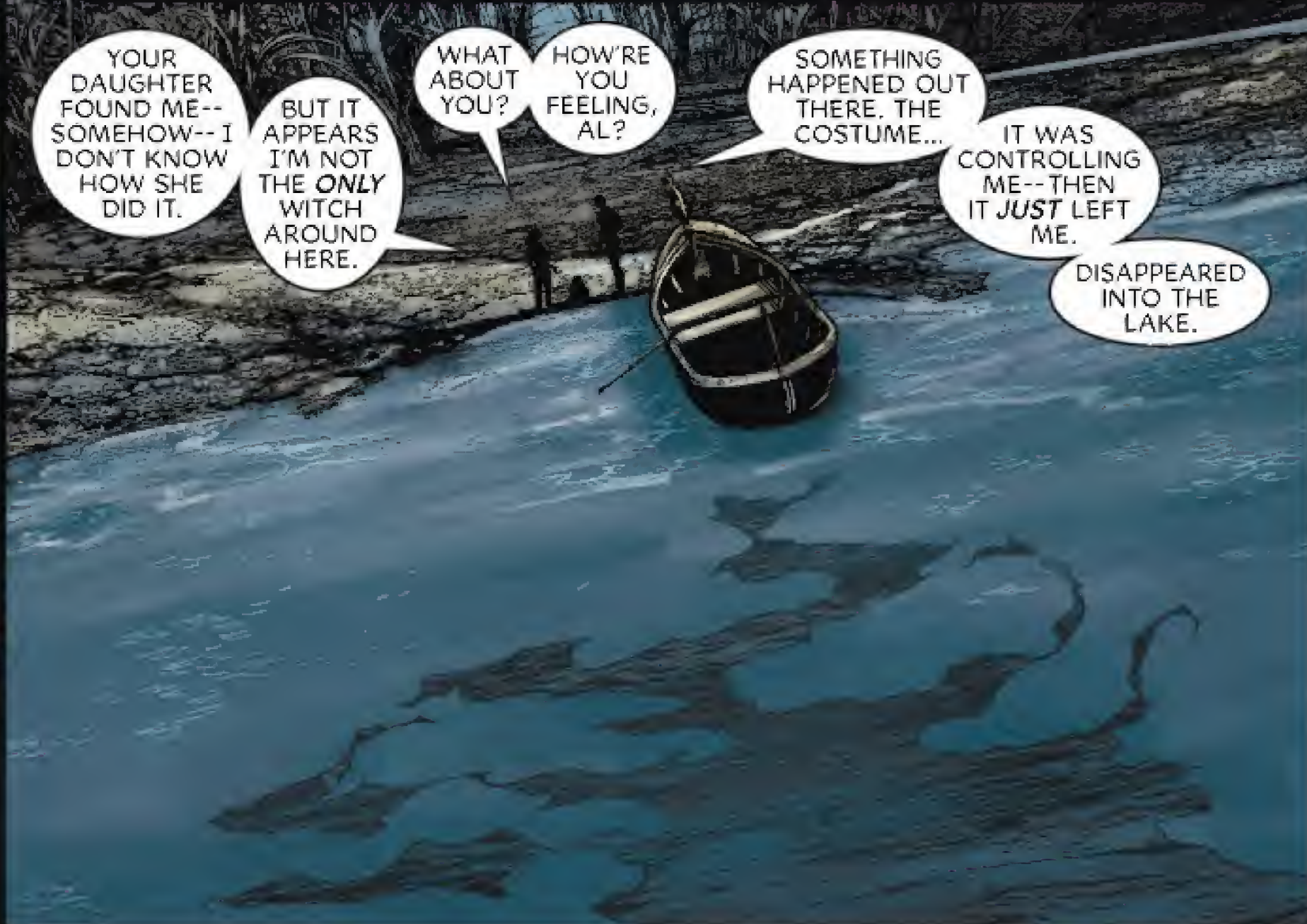


CYAN!

QUIET.

SOME-
THING'S
COMING.







TO BE CONTINUED





SPAWN®

HINE

HABERLIN

MCFARLANE



BAD BLOOD



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no.

not
like
this.

THE SAME
THOUGHT
HAS RACED
REPEATEDLY
THROUGH
HER MIND.
PLAYING
OUT OVER
AND OVER
AGAIN.

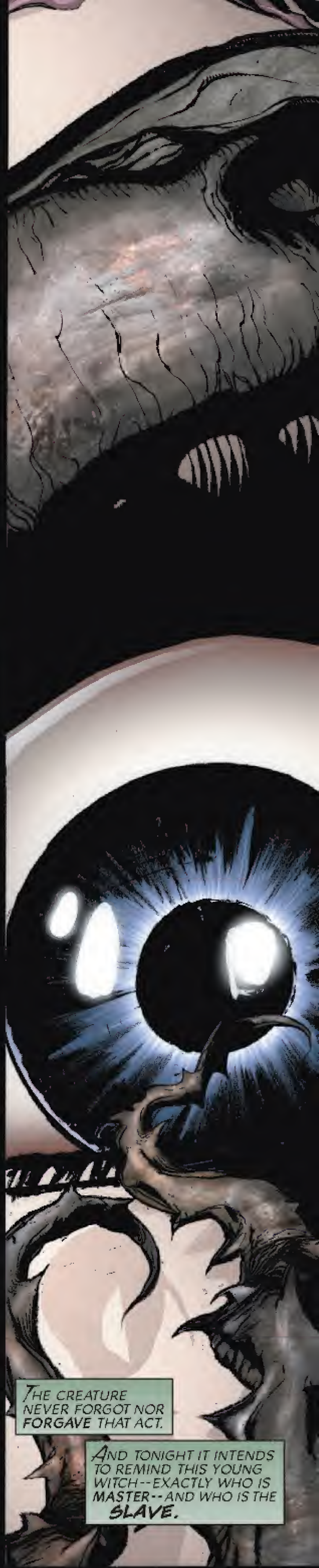
UNAWARE--
SHE
WHISPERS
THE
THOUGHT
ALOUD.



SHE REMEMBERS,
NOT LONG AGO, WHEN
SHE ENSLAVED THIS
BLACK, MONSTEROUS
SYMBIOTE.*

STEALING IT
AWAY FROM
ITS CHOSEN
HOST--THE
HELLSPAWN.

*see issues 139-141



THE CREATURE
NEVER FORGOT NOR
FORGAVE THAT ACT.

AND TONIGHT IT INTENDS
TO REMIND THIS YOUNG
WITCH--EXACTLY WHO IS
MASTER--AND WHO IS THE
SLAVE.

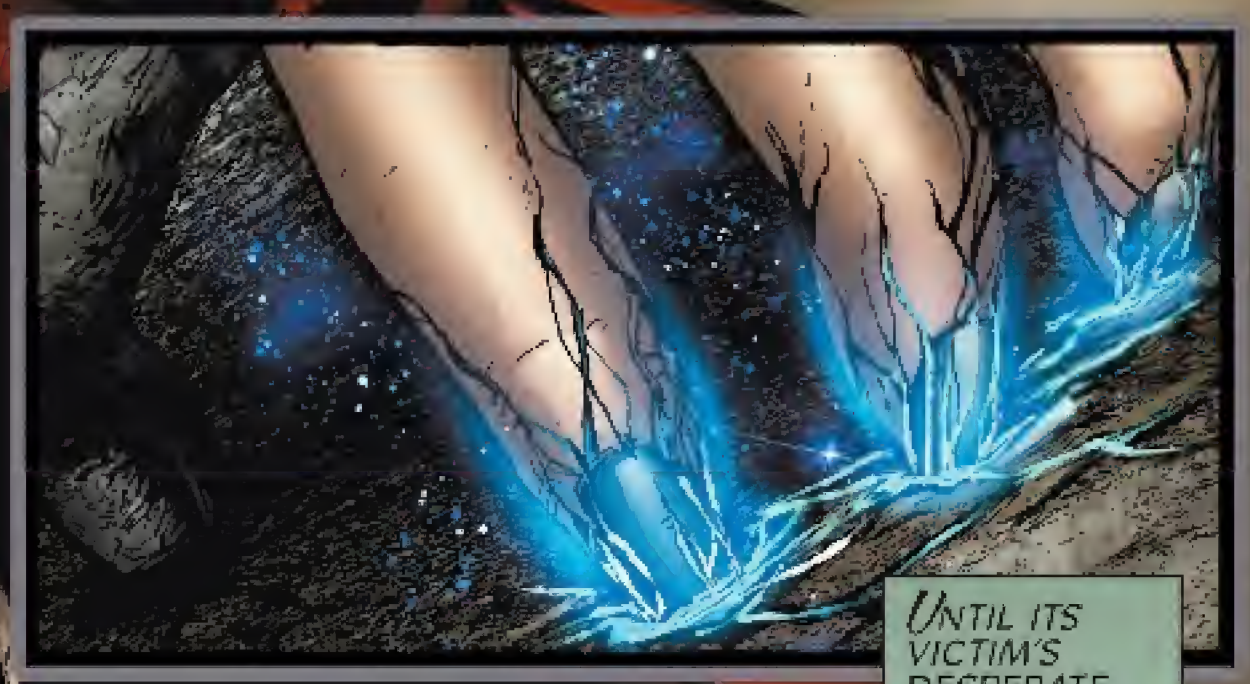


THE CHILD CALLS OUT, HOPING
HER GODESSS WILL SOMEHOW
SAVE HER.

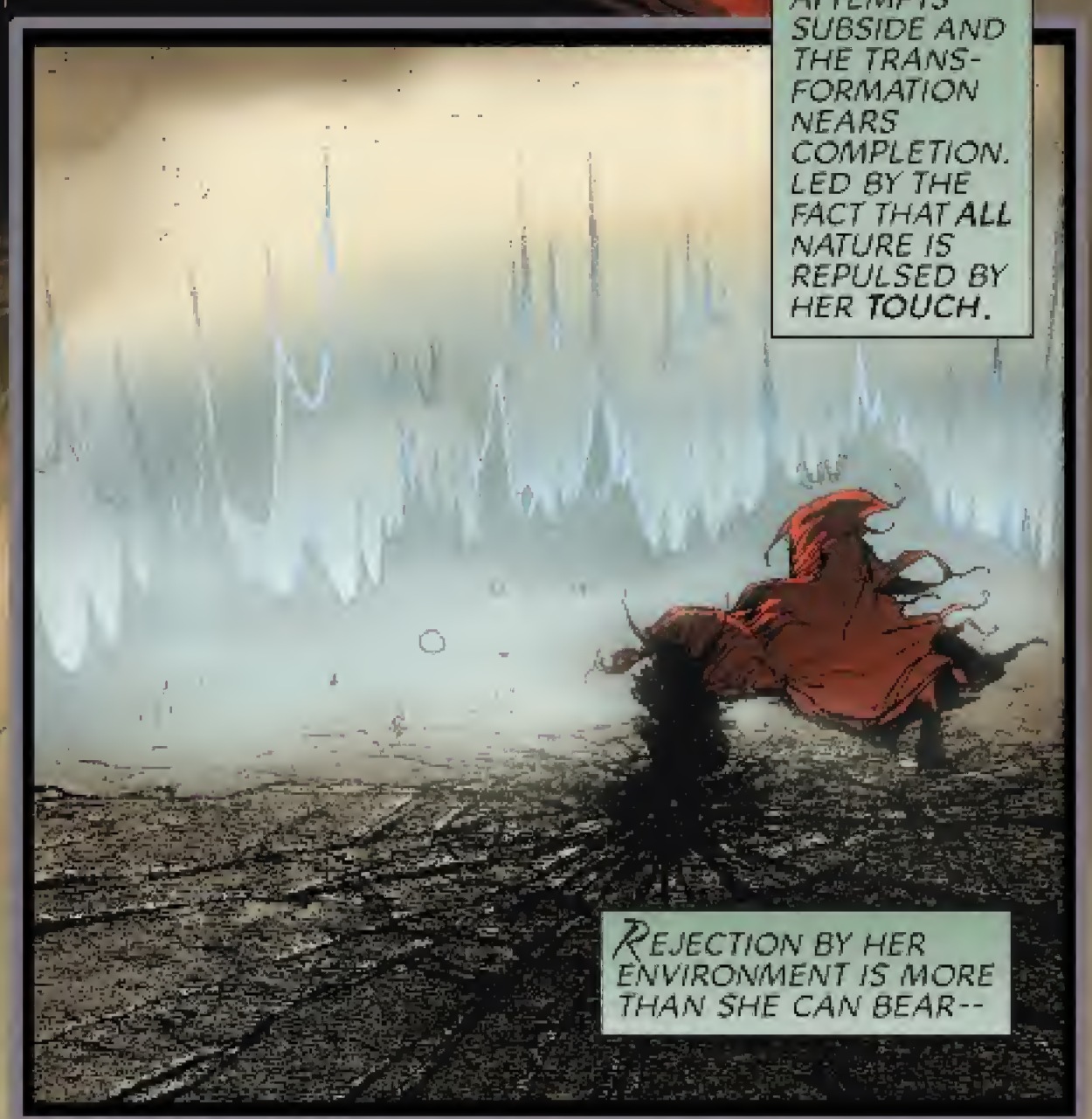
SILENCE IS ALL
SHE GETS BACK.



UNDERSTANDING THIS,
THE COSTUME TIGHTENS
ITS GRIP OVER THE GIRL'S
ENTIRE BODY, MELDING
AND RESHAPING ITSELF.



UNTIL ITS
VICTIM'S
DESPERATE
ATTEMPTS
SUBSIDE AND
THE TRANS-
FORMATION
NEARS
COMPLETION.
LED BY THE
FACT THAT ALL
NATURE IS
REPULSED BY
HER TOUCH.



REJECTION BY HER
ENVIRONMENT IS MORE
THAN SHE CAN BEAR--

--AND ONLY REINFORCES
HER REPETITIVE THOUGHT.

not like
this.

DO SOME-
THING!

SHE'S
SUFFOCATING!

IT'S
OKAY,
MOM. IT
WON'T BE
STAYING
LONG.

SHE'S
NOT *THE*
ONE.

PERHAPS
YOU'RE
RIGHT.

BUT
I STILL
HAVE TIME--
TO **KILL**
YOU.



THAT'S
ENOUGH!

THIS IS MY
TERRITORY!--

AND
YOU'LL GET
NOTHING
UNLESS I
ALLOW IT.



OR
HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN
WHO YOUR
MASTER
IS?

"I'M THE ONE
THAT GAVE YOU
YOUR CHANCE
AT FREEDOM!

"AWAY FROM
MALEBOLGIA'S
CESSPOOL.

"YOU'D
NEVER
HAVE
BONDED
TO
SIMMONS
WITHOUT
ME!"



"I WAS THE ONE
WHISPERING IN
MALEBOLGIA'S EAR.
CONVINCING HIM
YOU WERE WORTHY
ENOUGH..."



...STRONG
ENOUGH--TO
ASSUME THE MANTLE
OF HELLSPAWN.

AND
THIS--

--THIS IS
HOW YOU
REPAY
ME?!



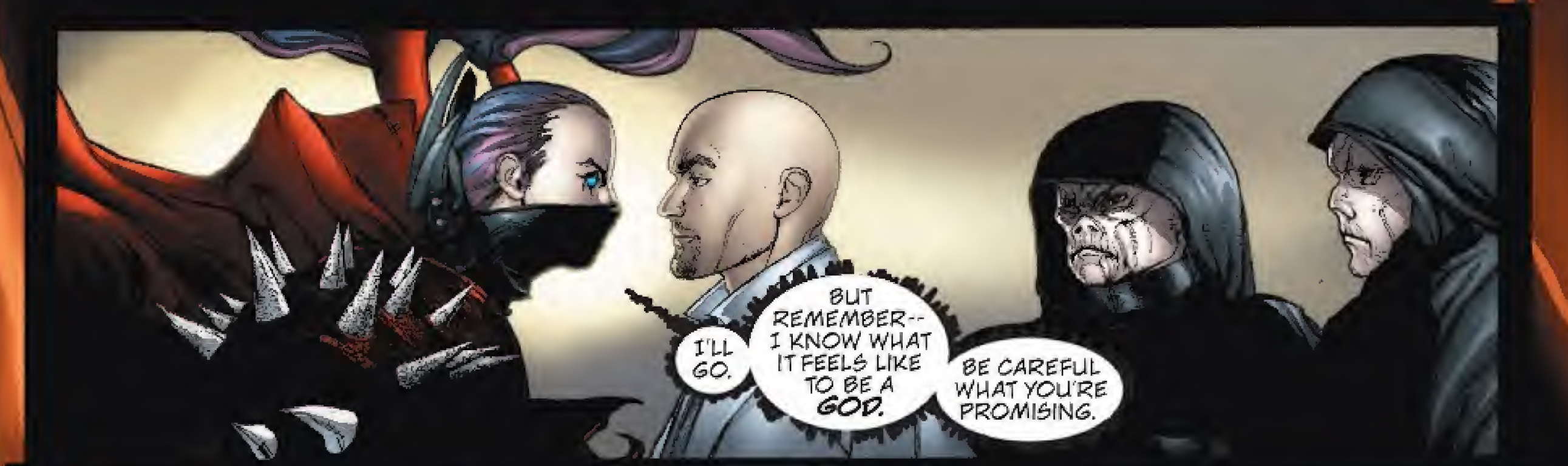
BY
BETRAYING
MY
ORDERS!

IF YOU
WANT
POWER SO
BADLY, I'LL
SHOW YOU
WHERE IT
IS--



...THERE.

THAT'S
WHERE
YOU'LL FIND
REAL
POWER!







WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

IT'S NOT A PLACE.

IN HUMAN MYTHOLOGY-- IT'S KNOWN AS LIMBO.



SPAWN FEELS THE WARMTH OF WANDA'S FLESH. HIS HUMAN HAND NOW TOUCHING HER BARE SKIN.

THOUGH HIS HEART POUNDS WITH DESIRE, HE CAN'T ERASE THE IMAGES OF TWENTY MINUTES AGO.

IMAGES FILLED WITH HATE AND A THREAT TO MURDER HER.*

*see last issue.



SCREAMS OF TORMENT INTERRUPT HIS THOUGHTS. THE CLEAR AND UNMISTAKABLE SOUNDS ARE HEARD IN THE DISTANCE.

SOUNDS OF HUMAN TORTURE.


my god. DO YOU HEAR THAT?



THAT WOULD BE MORANA...




...FEEDING.



THE SCREAMS
HAVE SUBSIDED.



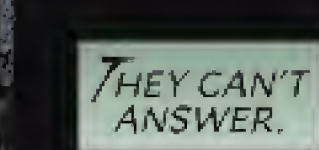
IT IS
UPON
US.
YOUR TIME
OF
ECSTASY!



NOW THE VOICES
WAIL AND GURGLE
LIKE INFANTS-- BUT
NOT A WORD OF
HUMAN LANGUAGE.



ARE YOU
READY
BROTHERS AND
SISTERS?



THEY CAN'T
ANSWER.

FOR
MORANA
HAS EATEN
THEIR
TONGUES.

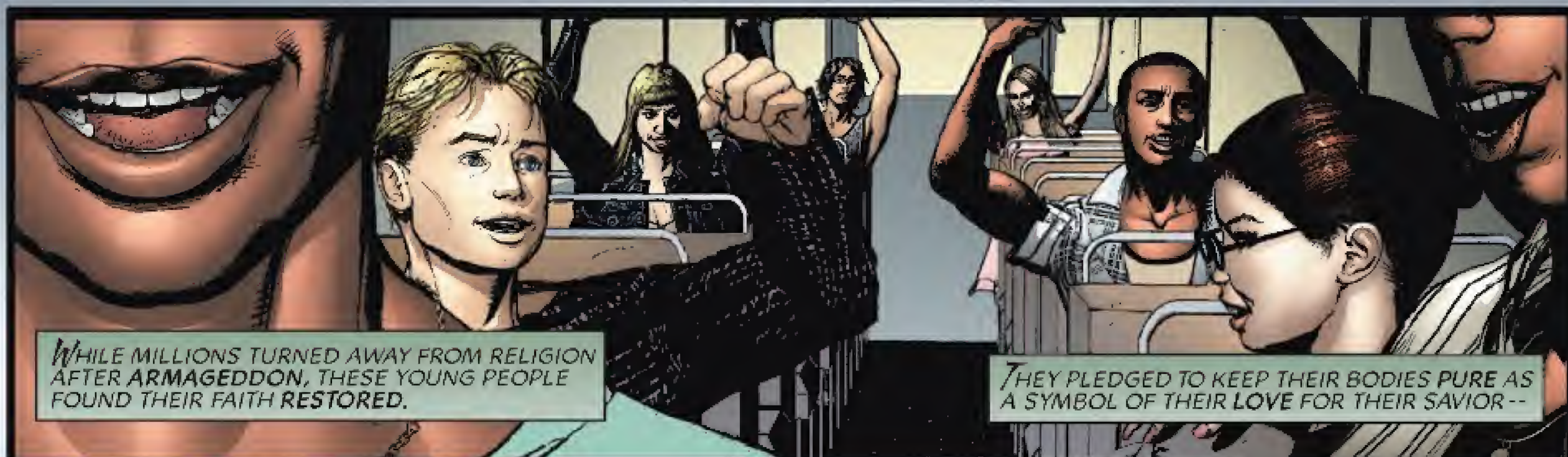
ARE YOU
READY TO
BLEED
FOR ME?





THESE ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE WHITE LIGHT...

...AND THEY HAVE BEEN BETRAYED.



WHILE MILLIONS TURNED AWAY FROM RELIGION AFTER ARMAGEDDON, THESE YOUNG PEOPLE FOUND THEIR FAITH RESTORED.

THEY PLEDGED TO KEEP THEIR BODIES PURE AS A SYMBOL OF THEIR LOVE FOR THEIR SAVIOR--

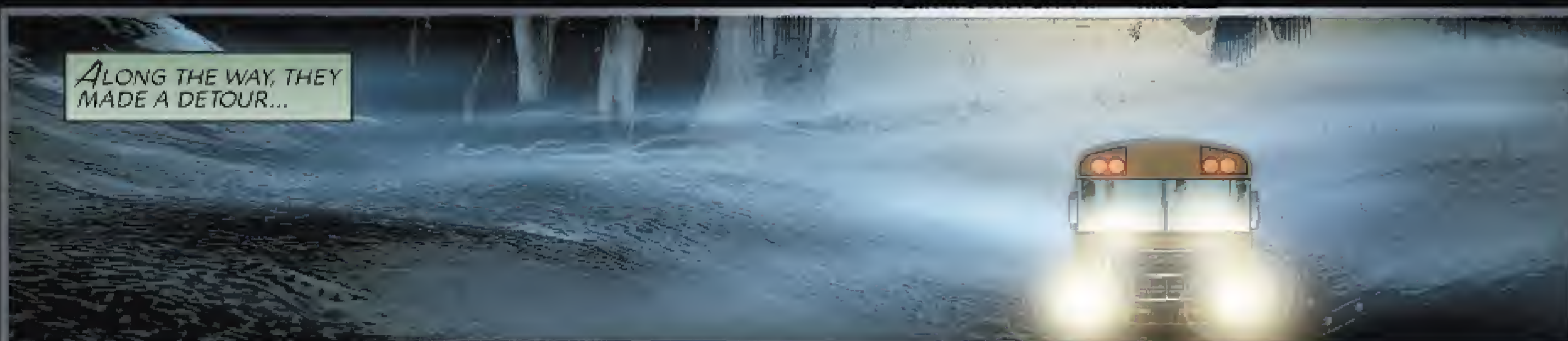


--THE ANGEL OF WHITE LIGHT.

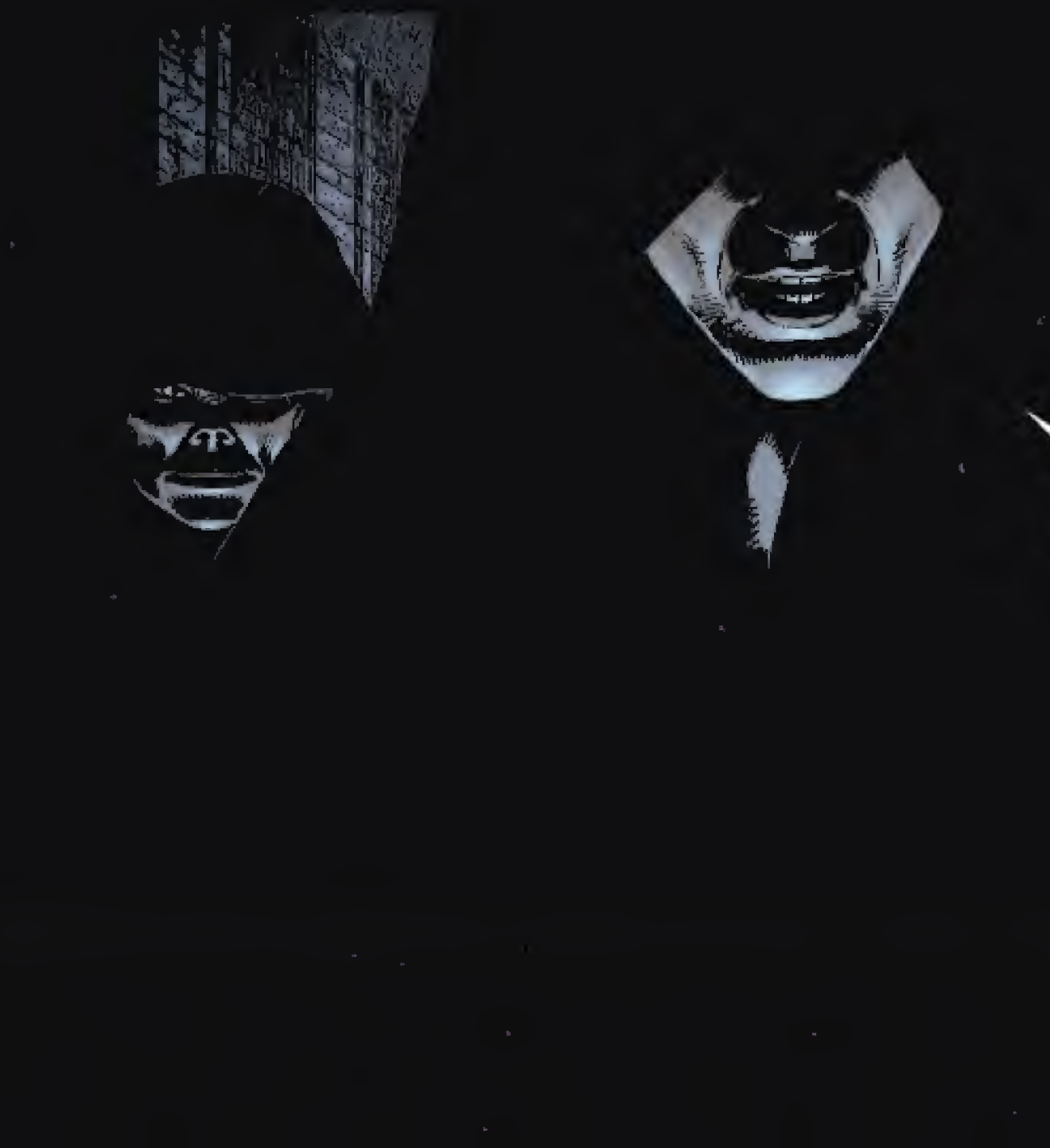


YESTERDAY THEY WERE HEADING FOR THE FESTIVAL OF LIGHT.

A WEEK-LONG RETREAT TO REAFFIRM THEIR COMMITMENT AND BELIEFS.



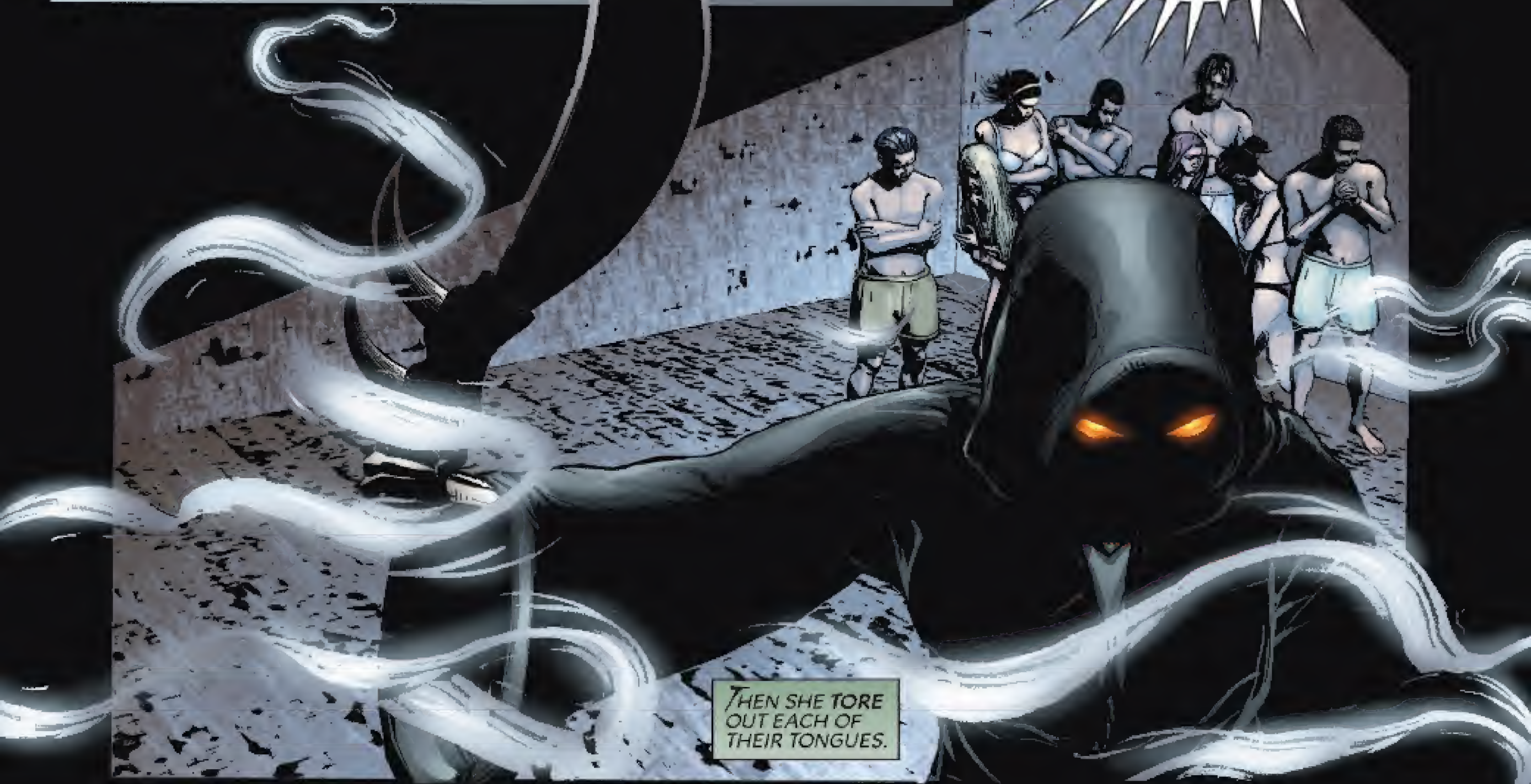
ALONG THE WAY, THEY MADE A DETOUR...





BECAUSE WE BELIEVE THAT THE SAVIOR
HAS A PLAN FOR OUR LIVES, WE CHOOSE
TO MAKE THIS CHOICE. WE COMMIT TO
REMAINING SEXUALLY PURE UNTIL
OUR WEDDING DAY.

WE COMMIT OUR BODIES AS A
LIVING SACRIFICE, HOLY AND
ACCEPTABLE UNTO OUR
LORD AND SAVIOR.







LOOK AT IT, SIMMONS.

LOOK AT IT VERY HARD.

THIS IS WHERE **EVERY** ROAD YOU'VE EVER TAKEN WAS LEADING TO.



OH-- SURELY YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY?

OR IS THE CHANCE OF *FINALLY* LEARNING THE TRUTH TOO MUCH FOR YOU TO COMPREHEND?



THAT'S IT.

WE CAN'T ALL BE AS BRAVE AS YOU.

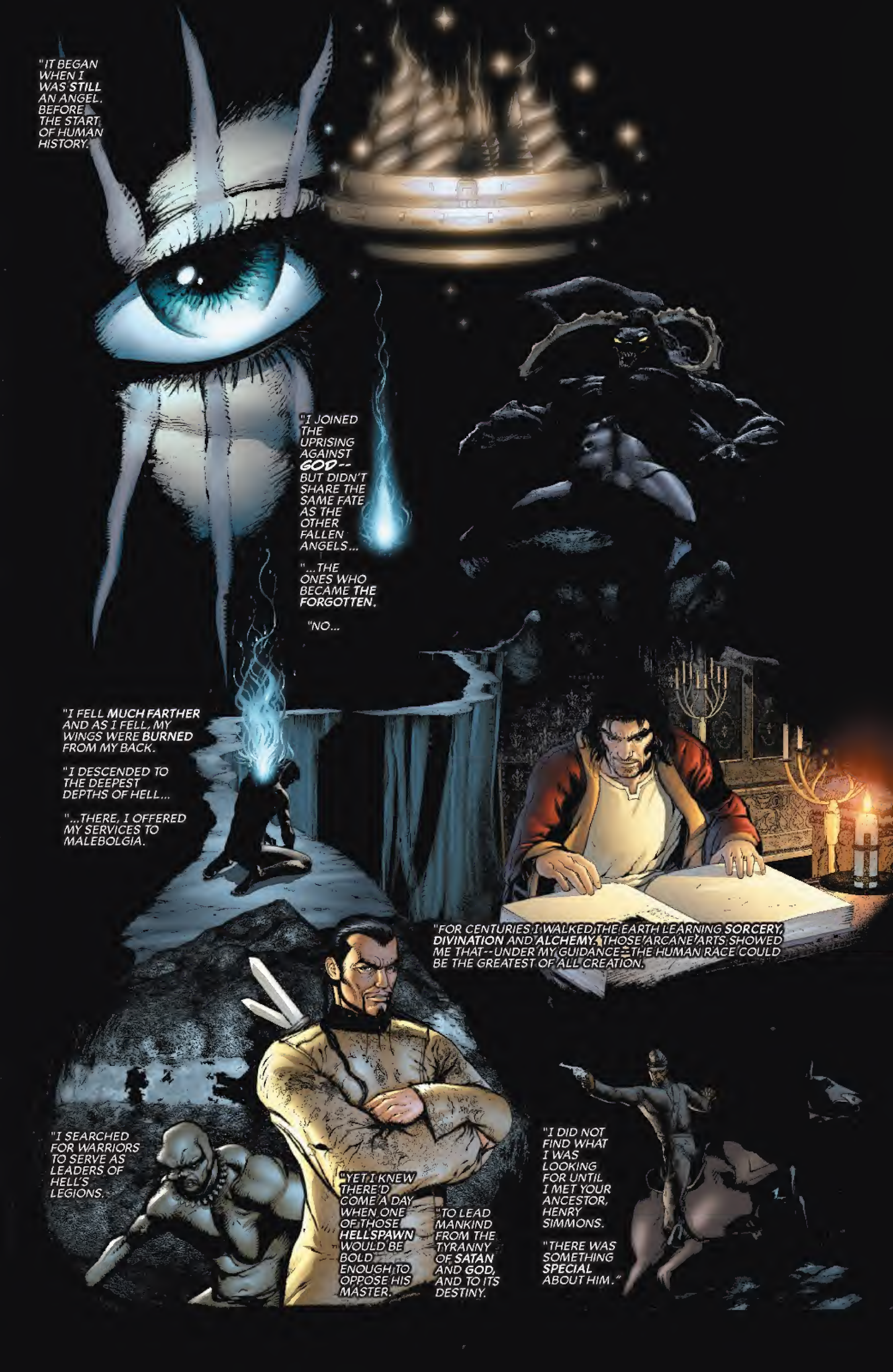


Ha HA
HA...!!

A TOUCH OF **SARCASM**. VERY WELL DONE.

SO...

SINCE YOU'RE IN SUCH A PLAYFUL MOOD--LET ME **ENLIGHTEN** YOU WITH A STORY.



"IT BEGAN
WHEN I
WAS STILL
AN ANGEL.
BEFORE
THE START
OF HUMAN
HISTORY.

"I JOINED
THE
UPRISING
AGAINST
GOD--
BUT DIDN'T
SHARE THE
SAME FATE
AS THE
OTHER
FALLEN
ANGELS...

"...THE
ONES WHO
BECAME THE
FORGOTTEN.

"NO...

"I FELL MUCH FARTHER
AND AS I FELL, MY
WINGS WERE BURNED
FROM MY BACK.

"I DESCENDED TO
THE DEEPEST
DEPTHS OF HELL...

"...THERE, I OFFERED
MY SERVICES TO
MALEBOLGIA.

"FOR CENTURIES I WALKED THE EARTH LEARNING SORCERY,
DIVINATION AND ALCHEMY. THOSE ARCAINE ARTS SHOWED
ME THAT--UNDER MY GUIDANCE--THE HUMAN RACE COULD
BE THE GREATEST OF ALL CREATION.

"I SEARCHED
FOR WARRIORS
TO SERVE AS
LEADERS OF
HELL'S
LEGIONS.

"YET I KNEW
THERE'D
COME A DAY
WHEN ONE
OF THOSE
HELLSPAWN
WOULD BE
BOLD
ENOUGH TO
OPPOSE HIS
MASTER.

"TO LEAD
MANKIND
FROM THE
TYRANNY
OF SATAN
AND GOD,
AND TO ITS
DESTINY.

"I DID NOT
FIND WHAT
I WAS
LOOKING
FOR UNTIL
I MET YOUR
ANCESTOR,
HENRY
SIMMONS.

"THERE WAS
SOMETHING
SPECIAL
ABOUT HIM."

"I REALIZED, THOUGH, MY PATH WASN'T TO
FIND THE RIGHT WARRIOR-- BUT TO CREATE
HIM, TO BREED HIM.

"I MADE YOU WHAT YOU
WERE. TRAINING YOU TO
PERFORM MY WILL.

"WHEN
YOU KILLED
MALEBOLGIA,
YOU DID IT
FOR ME."

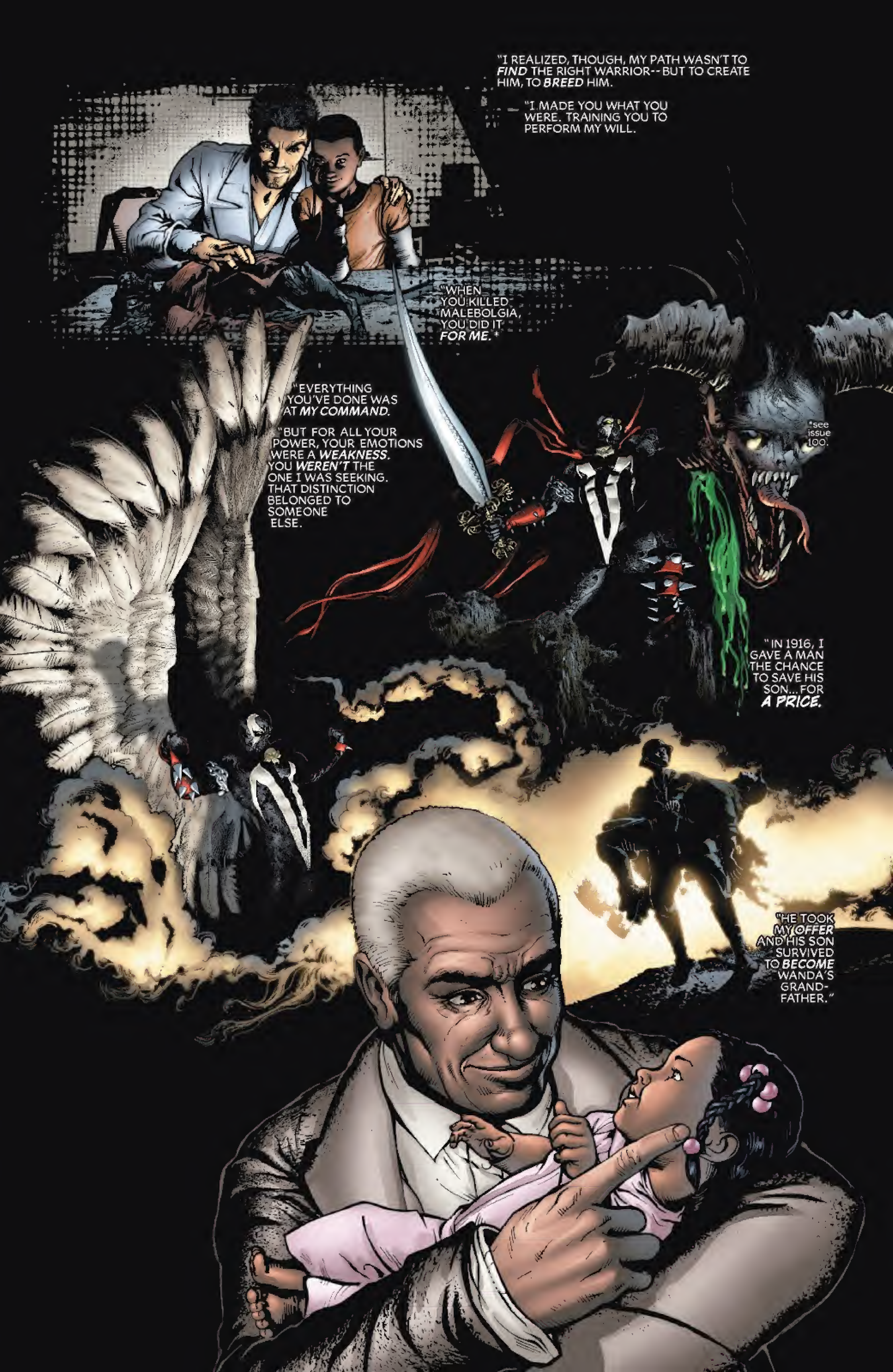
"EVERYTHING
YOU'VE DONE WAS
AT MY COMMAND.

"BUT FOR ALL YOUR
POWER, YOUR EMOTIONS
WERE A WEAKNESS.
YOU WEREN'T THE
ONE I WAS SEEKING.
THAT DISTINCTION
BELONGED TO
SOMEONE
ELSE.

*see
issue
100.

"IN 1916, I
GAVE A MAN
THE CHANCE
TO SAVE HIS
SON... FOR
A PRICE.

"HE TOOK
MY OFFER
AND HIS SON
SURVIVED
TO BECOME
WANDA'S
GRAND-
FATHER."





THAT'S A
LIE!

MY GREAT
GRANDFATHER
WAS KILLED
BY THE
GERMANS.

NO,
WANDA.

I
KILLED
HIM.

THEN
RESURRECTED
HIM AS A
HELLSPAWN.



YEARS LATER,
I BROUGHT YOU
AND *SIMMONS*
TOGETHER.

YOUR
MARRIAGE
WAS PRE-
ORDAINED.



ENOUGH!!

I'VE
HEARD
ENOUGH
OF--

MY
WHAT--?!

MY
LIES?



IS THAT
WHAT YOU
THINK THIS IS
ABOUT?

YOU WERE
NOT THE END
OF MY PLANS. YOU
WERE BUT THE
MEANS...

TWO
BLOODLINES,
JOINED TO CREATE
MY **PERFECT**
COMPANION. THE
ONE WHO'LL
RULE
THIS WORLD.



THAT'S
CRAZY.

YOU'RE
TALKING LIKE
WE HAD A CHILD.
THAT NEVER
HAPPENED.

no?



NO!

I MISCARRIED THE BABY.

WHEN?
AFTER HE
HIT YOU?

WHO
DO YOU THINK
MADE HIM DO
THAT?

I LOVE
YOU SO
MUCH.

HE
WANTED
YOUR
CHILD!

BUT THAT
VOICE, THAT
HE'D HEARD ALL
HIS LIFE--

THAT
DARK
WHISPER IN
HIS MIND
TOLD HIM
TO

ACT!



THAT
CAN'T
BE.

OH,
BUT IT
CAN.*

*see issue 164.



AND IF
NOT THEN
HE JUST DID
IT OUT OF
SPITE.

EITHER
WAY--IT DOESN'T
MATTER.

WHAT
DOES IS
THAT HE
DID HIT
YOU.

"HE REGRETTED IT-- OF COURSE.

"TOOK YOU TO THE HOSPITAL. SAT
WEeping WHILE YOU WENT THROUGH
YOUR MISCARRIAGE.

"HIS GUILT WAS SO
GREAT WHEN HE BECAME
SPAWN, HE BLOTTED IT
FROM HIS MIND.

"SO DID YOU.

"BECAUSE YOU WERE
SEDATED YOU CAN'T
REMEMBER."

"REMEMBER
WHAT?"

"THAT I
WAS
THERE!

"EXACTLY
EIGHTEEN
YEARS AGO
TODAY.

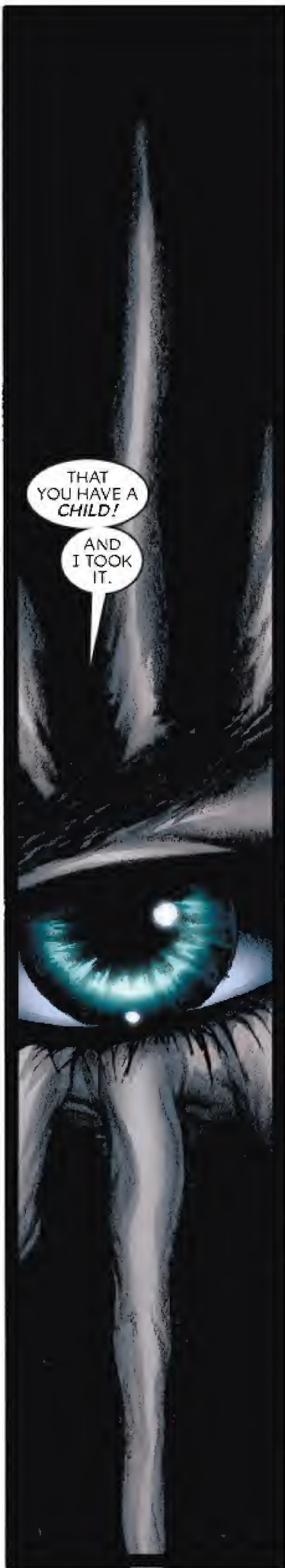
"WHEN YOUR
CHILD WAS BORN
INTO THE WORLD...

"...ALIVE!"

WHAT
ARE YOU
SAYING?

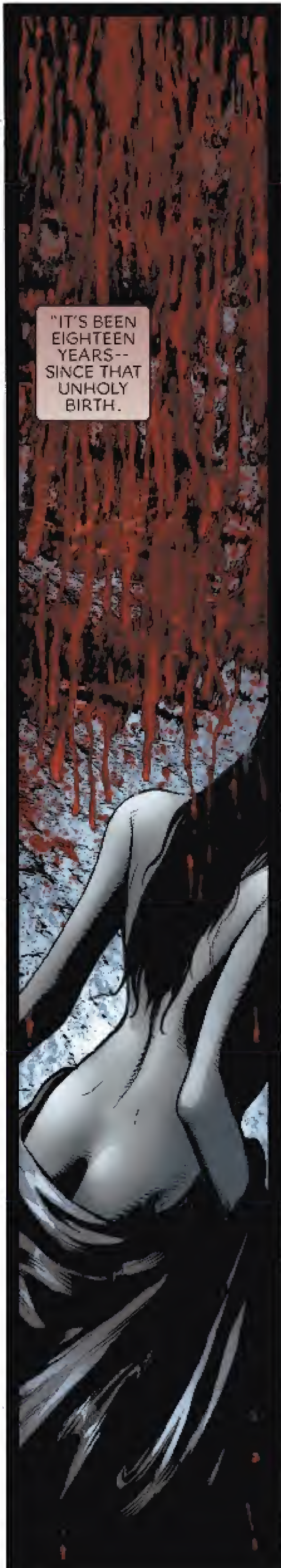
My
god...
please.

What're
you telling
me...?

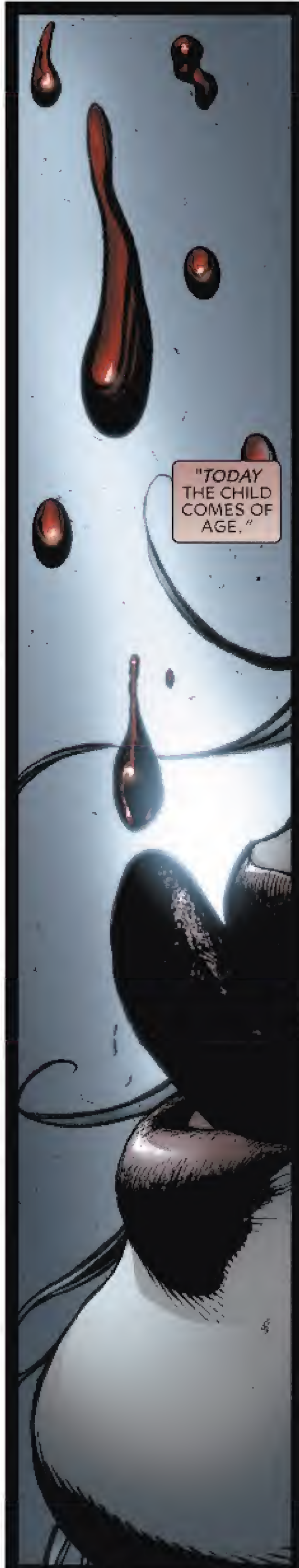


THAT
YOU HAVE A
CHILD!

AND
I TOOK
IT.



"IT'S BEEN
EIGHTEEN
YEARS--
SINCE THAT
UNHOLY
BIRTH.



"TODAY
THE CHILD
COMES OF
AGE."



THERE--

SHE
AWAITS
YOU
THERE...

"YOUR
DAUGHTER,
MORANA."





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*"Then Morana bathed in
the blood of the innocent."*



*"Their
bodies
defiled."*

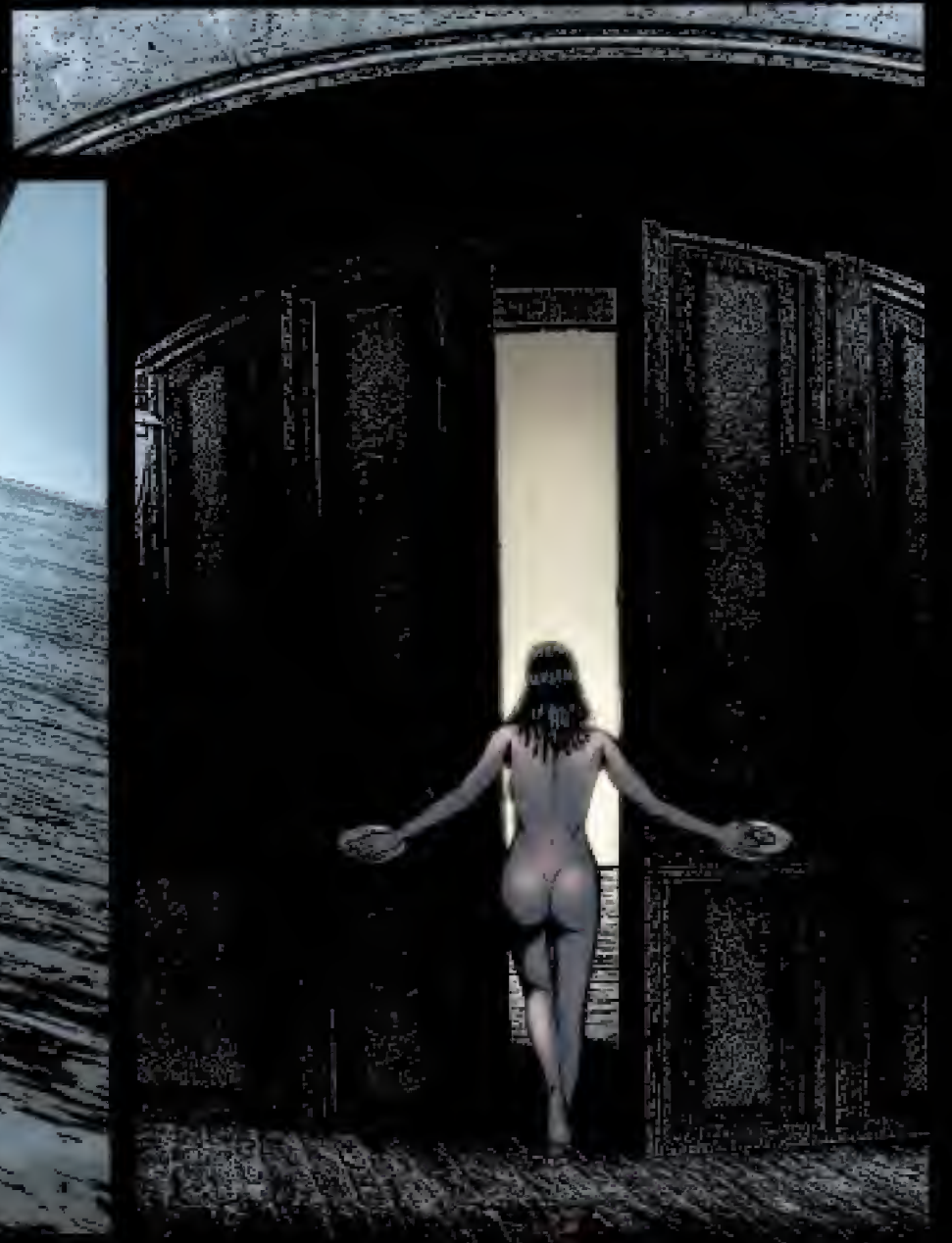
*"Their throats ripped open.
Their veins slashed."*

"And from this monstrous act of murder..."



"...the Beast was transformed..."
FROM THE THIRD TESTAMENT OF
THE BOOK OF THE DEAD





WHY DO YOU STARE?

DID YOU NOT BELIEVE THE **BLOOD** OF THE VIRGINS COULD MAKE ME HUMAN AGAIN?

I DID NOT INTEND TO...



SILENCE!



FETCH ME FRESH CLOTHES AND SEND SOMEONE TO CLEAN MY CHAMBERS.

yes, morana.

AT ONCE, MISTRESS.



WHY THE HESITATION?

DON'T YOU WANT TO MEET **YOUR DAUGHTER?**



SURELY YOU AREN'T GOING TO LET HER DOWN NOW. SHE'S BEEN **WAITING** EIGHTEEN YEARS.

OR PERHAPS, AFTER WHAT YOU DID TO HER, YOU'RE AFRAID TO FACE HER.



DON'T TRUST HIM, WANDA. THERE'S SOMETHING HE ISN'T TELLING US.

DO WE HAVE A CHOICE?



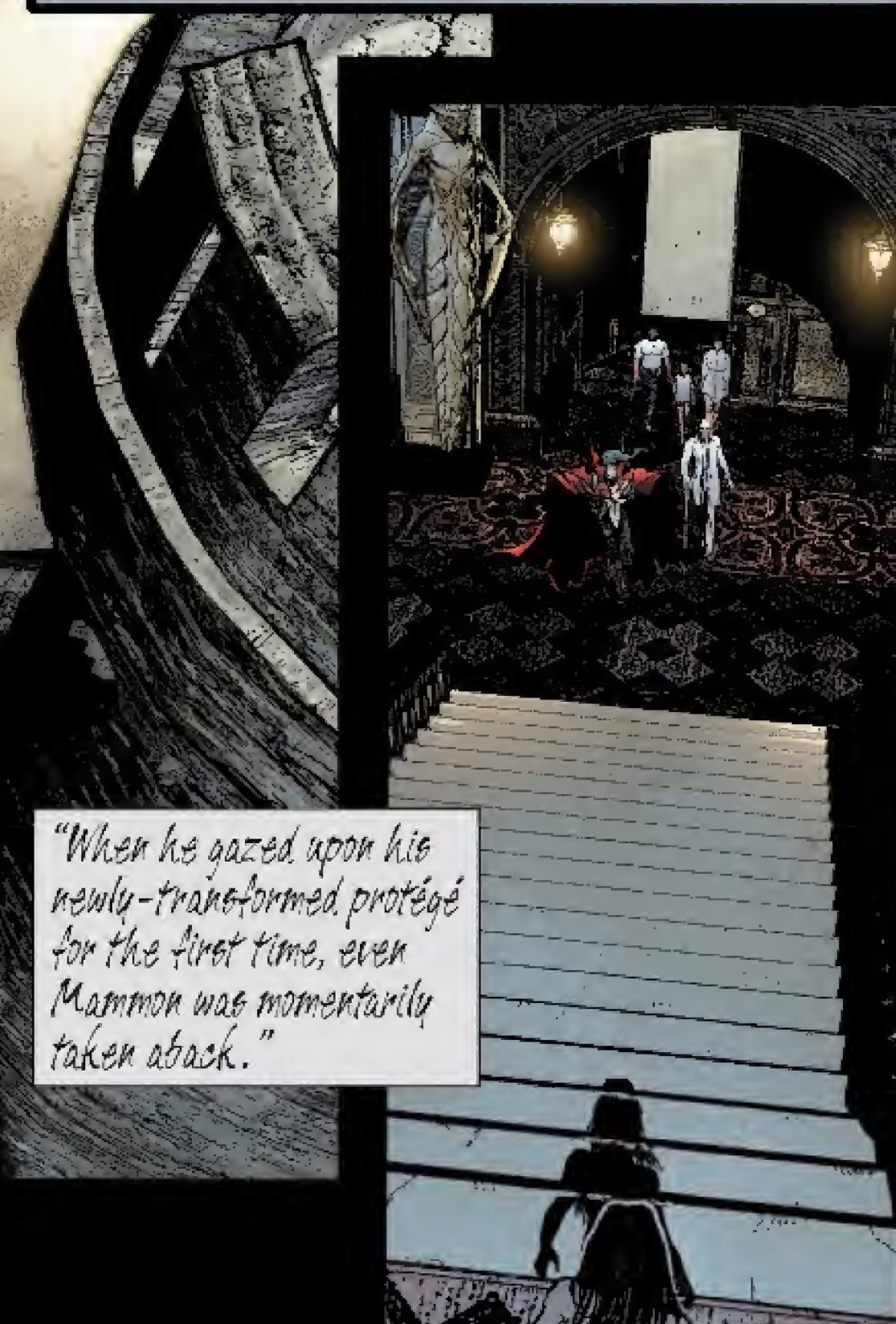
IF WHAT HE SAYS IS TRUE, THEN--THEN THAT'S POTENTIALLY **OUR CHILD** IN THERE.

SHE'S RIGHT. YOU **DON'T** HAVE A CHOICE.

NONE OF US DO.



"An eerie silence fell as they crossed the bridge. The only sound to be heard was the wind sighing in the chasm beneath them, like the breathing of a sleeping troll."



"When he gazed upon his newly-transformed protégé for the first time, even Mamon was momentarily taken aback."





WELL NOW,
WHAT DO YOU
THINK? ISN'T SHE
SOMETHING?

SHE'S
BEAUTIFUL.



BEAUTIFUL
ENOUGH
FOR YOU TO
WANT
ME NOW?

SO LONG
AFTER YOU
THREW
ME AWAY
LIKE
TRASH!



I'M SO
SORRY. WE
THOUGHT YOU
WERE...

THAT
YOU HAD
DIED.

I SWEAR,
IF WE'D
KNOWN YOU
WERE ALIVE WE
WOULDN'T
HAVE LEFT
YOU.



BUT
YOU
DID.

SO
THIS HAS
BECOME MY
HOME. **MY**
FAMILY.



AND
MAMMON
IS NOW MY
FATHER.



COME
HERE,
CHILD.

I WANT
YOU TO MEET
SOMEONE VERY
SPECIAL.

NYX!



I KNOW
HER.

YES
YOU
DO.

AND AS
I PROMISED,
SHE'S BROUGHT
YOU A BIRTH-
DAY GIFT.



MY
COSTUME!



"The symbiotic costume responded, as if it recognized its true soul mate."

"One whose hunger was as great as its own."

YOU WERE RIGHT. I WAS DESTINED TO WEAR THIS--JUST LIKE MY OWN SKIN.





I FEEL
THE **POWER!**

LOOK AT
HER
SIMMONS!

THIS IS A
TRUE
HELLSPAWN!

NO
LIMITS!

NO
CON-
STRAINTS!

"Then Morana unleashed her newfound power, bending the costume to her will, as she fashioned new constructs from the Hellborn necroplasm. Her body became a weapon that tore away the fabric of the castle around her."



"Bending her heart soaring with the joy of such savage destruction."



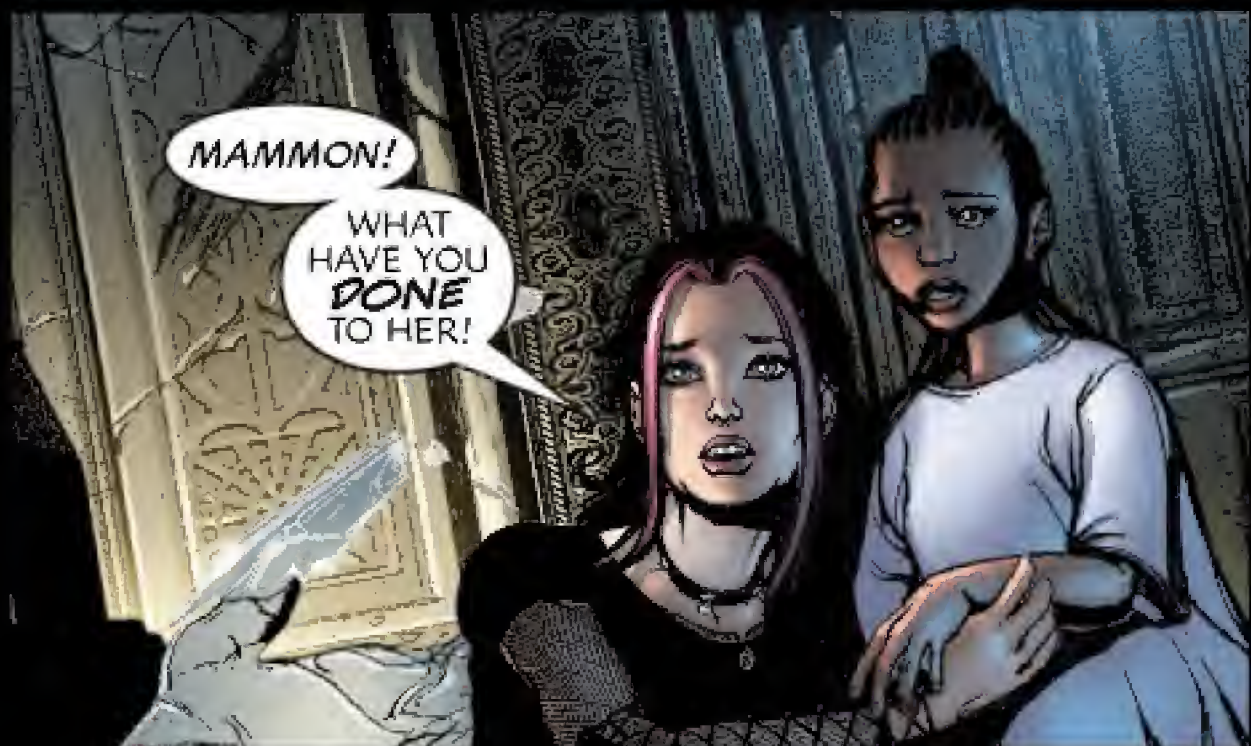
*"From that moment, she knew **nothing** could stand in her path."*



NO MORE WAITING...

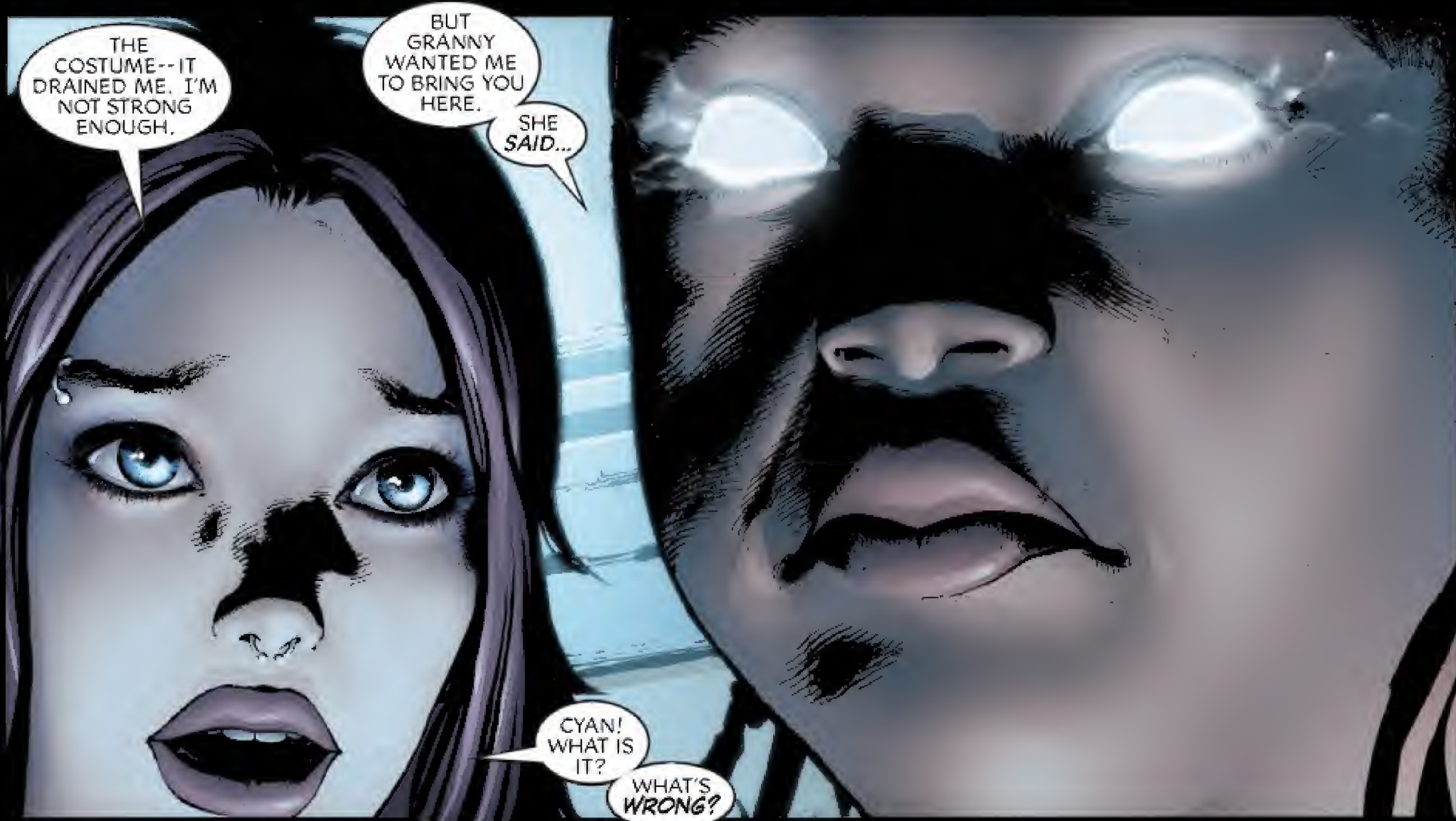
IT'S TIME!



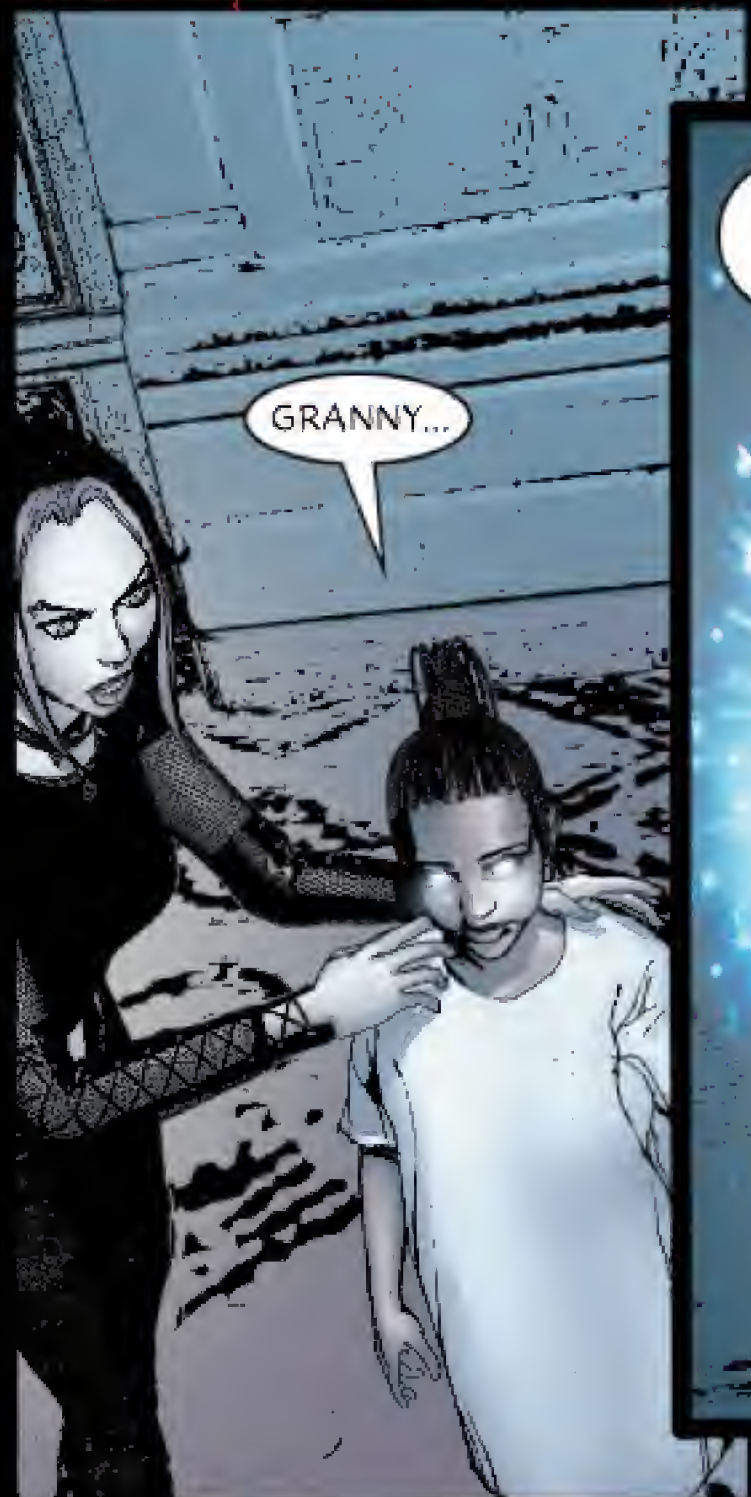


"At her words the very foundations of Limbo began to quake and on Earth, every man, woman and child felt an inexplicable chill in their heart."





"Cyan no longer heard Nyx's voice. Nor did she feel Nyx's hand on her shoulder."



GRANNY...



IT'S ALL RIGHT, CHILD. YOU HAVE TO **TRUST** ME-- AND YOURSELF.

YOU HAVE A GIFT. NOW YOU MUST USE IT. LOOK INTO THE FUTURE, **FURTHER** THAN YOU'VE EVER DONE BEFORE.

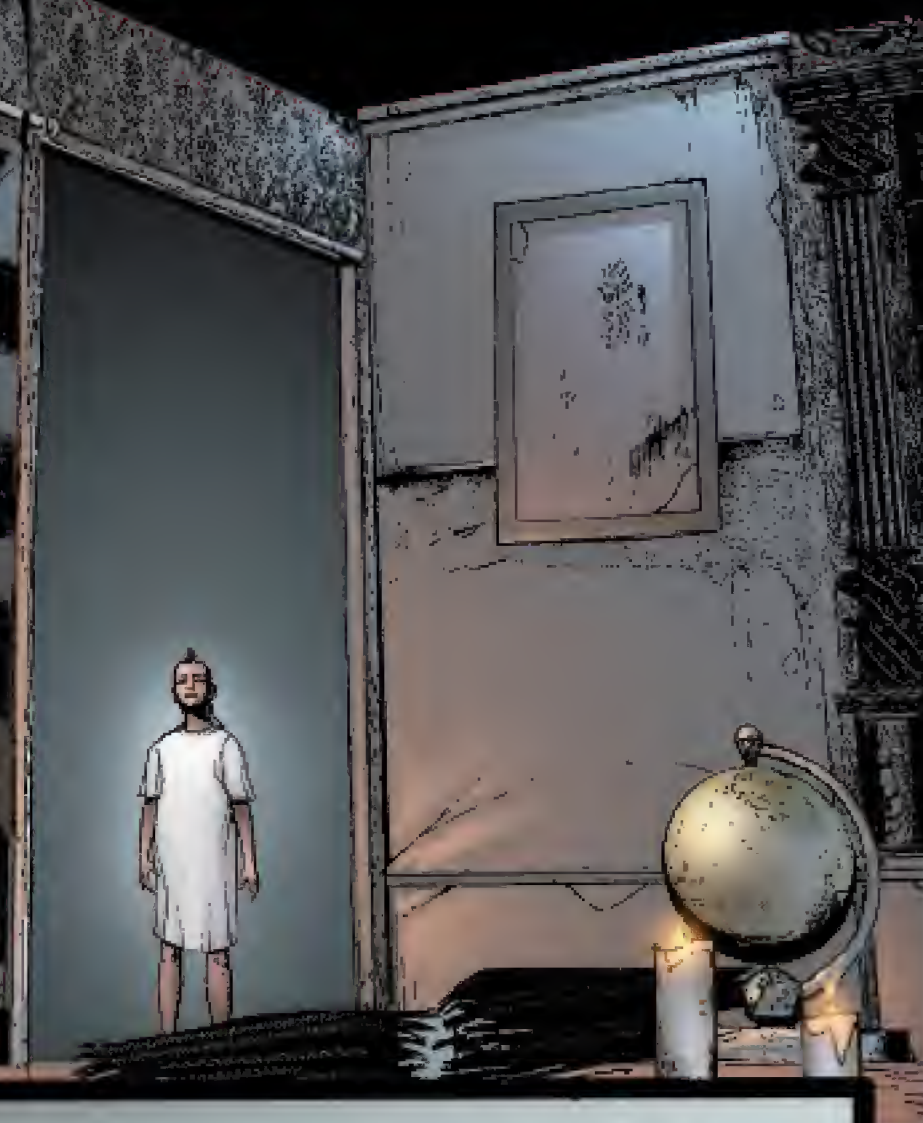
ALL THE WAY...

...TO THE END.

"For a moment, the child closed her eyes against the light. When she opened them, she was in another place."



WHERE AM I?



HOW DID YOU GET IN...



OH! IT'S YOU.



YOU
KNOW
ME?



YES.
VERY MUCH
SO.

LET ME
HAVE A
LOOK AT
YOU.



MY, MY--SO
YOUNG. YOUR
LIFE SHOULD BE
INNOCENT--
CAREFREE.



A PITY
THAT
YOU'VE HAD
TO SEE SO
MUCH.

BUT I KNEW
YOU'D COME
EVENTUALLY.
I JUST HOPED IT
WOULD HAVE
BEEN A WHILE
LONGER.

YOU
KNEW I
WAS
COMING?



THAT'S
RIGHT.

YOUR
GRANDMOTHER
TOLD YOU TO GO
AS FAR AS YOU
COULD, DIDN'T
SHE?



THAT
MEANS IT'S
TIME FOR ME
TO DIE.

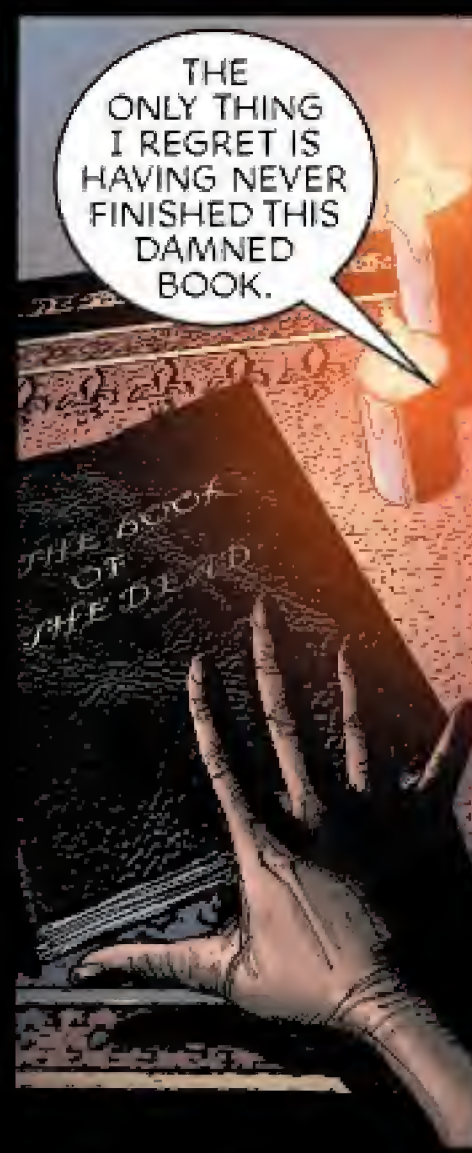
DIE?!



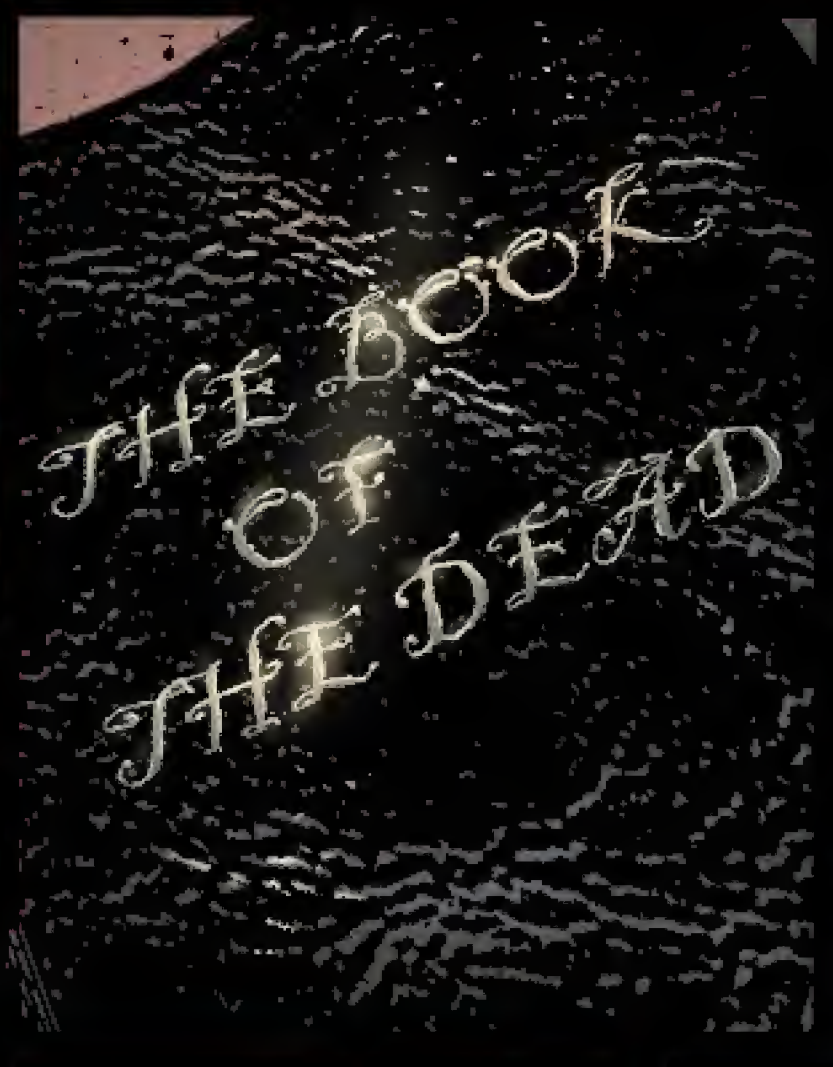
DON'T WORRY.

I'VE LIVED A LONG LIFE AND IT'S BEEN A GOOD ONE...

MOST OF IT.



THE ONLY THING I REGRET IS HAVING NEVER FINISHED THIS DAMNED BOOK.



CAN I LOOK AT IT?

NO, DEAR. BEST NOT.



THE WORLD HAS CHANGED. I DON'T THINK YOU'D WANT TO SEE WHAT'S OUT THERE.



WE SHOULD
LET THE FUTURE
UNFOLD ON ITS
OWN GOOD
TIME.

ALL YOU
NEED TO KNOW
IS WHAT HAPPENED
AFTER MORANA
TOOK THE
COSTUME.

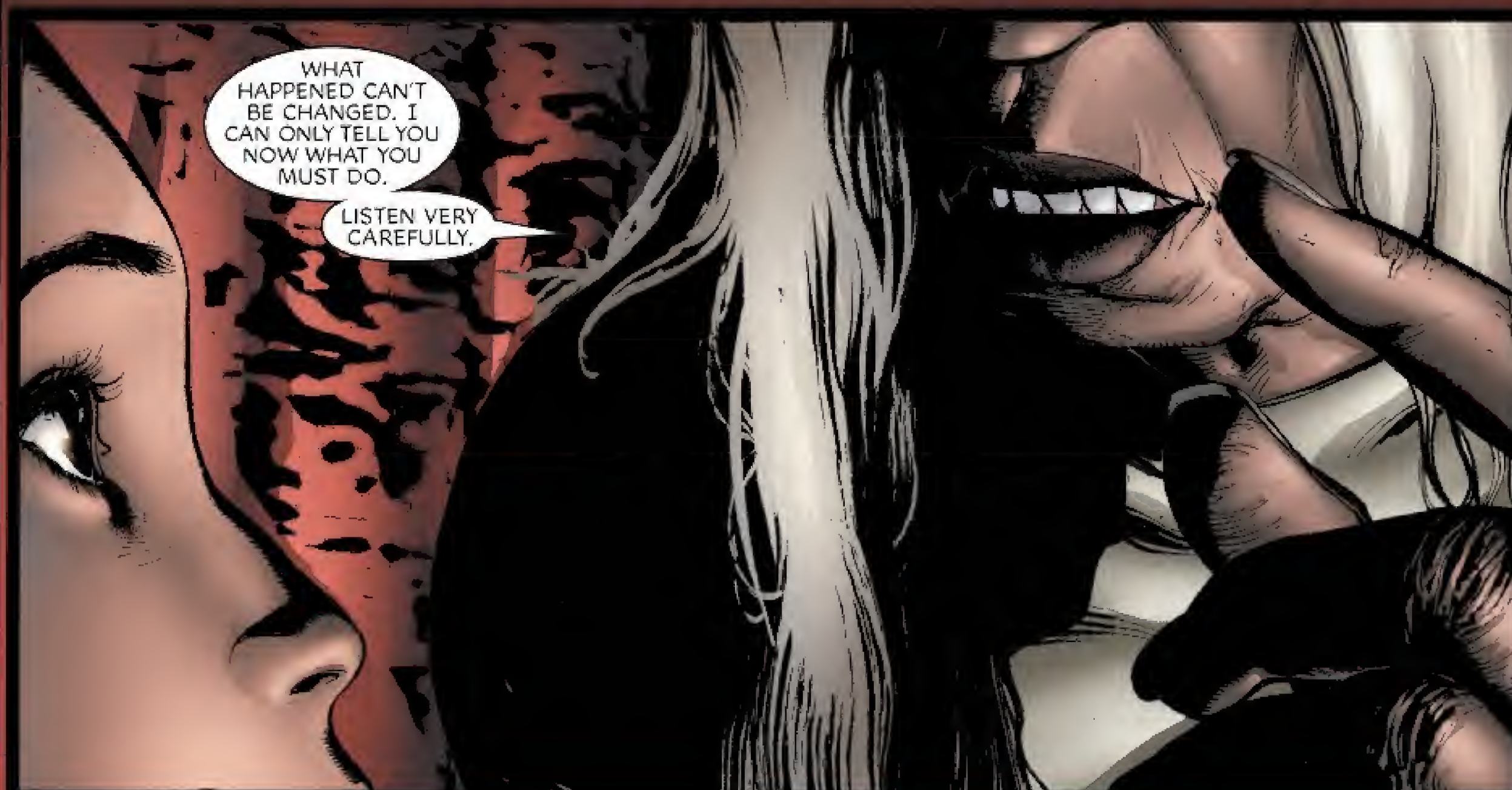
AND HOW
TO SAVE YOUR
MOTHER.

WHY?

SOMEONE
DIDN'T SAVE
THEM?

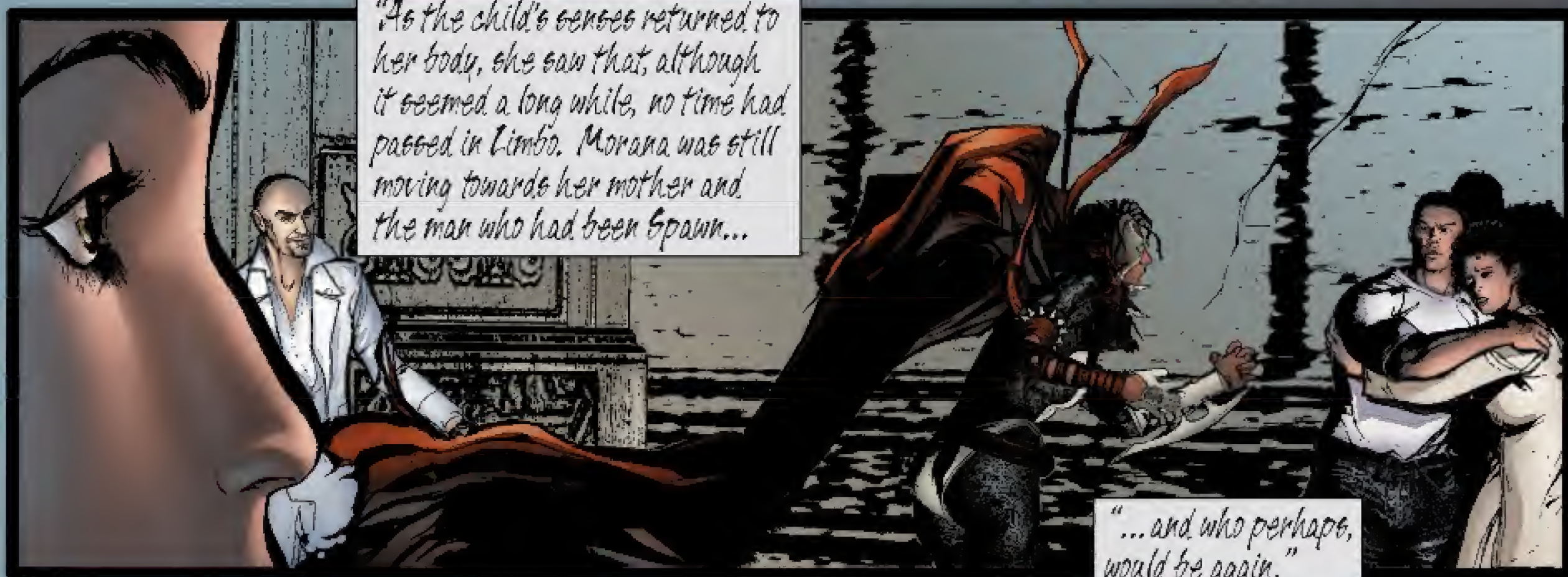
NOT
NYX OR
SPAWN!?

*"Cyan heard
the sadness in
the old woman's
voice. But
she also knew,
with absolute
certainty, that
she needed to
trust her."*



WHAT
HAPPENED CAN'T
BE CHANGED. I
CAN ONLY TELL YOU
NOW WHAT YOU
MUST DO.

LISTEN VERY
CAREFULLY.



"As the child's senses returned to her body, she saw that, although it seemed a long while, no time had passed in Limbo. Morana was still moving towards her mother and the man who had been Spawn..."

"...and who perhaps, would be again."



YOU CAN'T KILL THEM!

HOW DARE YOU TELL ME WHAT I CAN DO!

HOW DARE YOU!!



YOU GO TO HELL!

I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU. THERE ARE OTHERS THAT KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING.

LIKE THE MOTHER OF MIRACLES!

FOOL! YOU'VE BEEN DECEIVED!

SHE'S GONE! VANQUISHED!

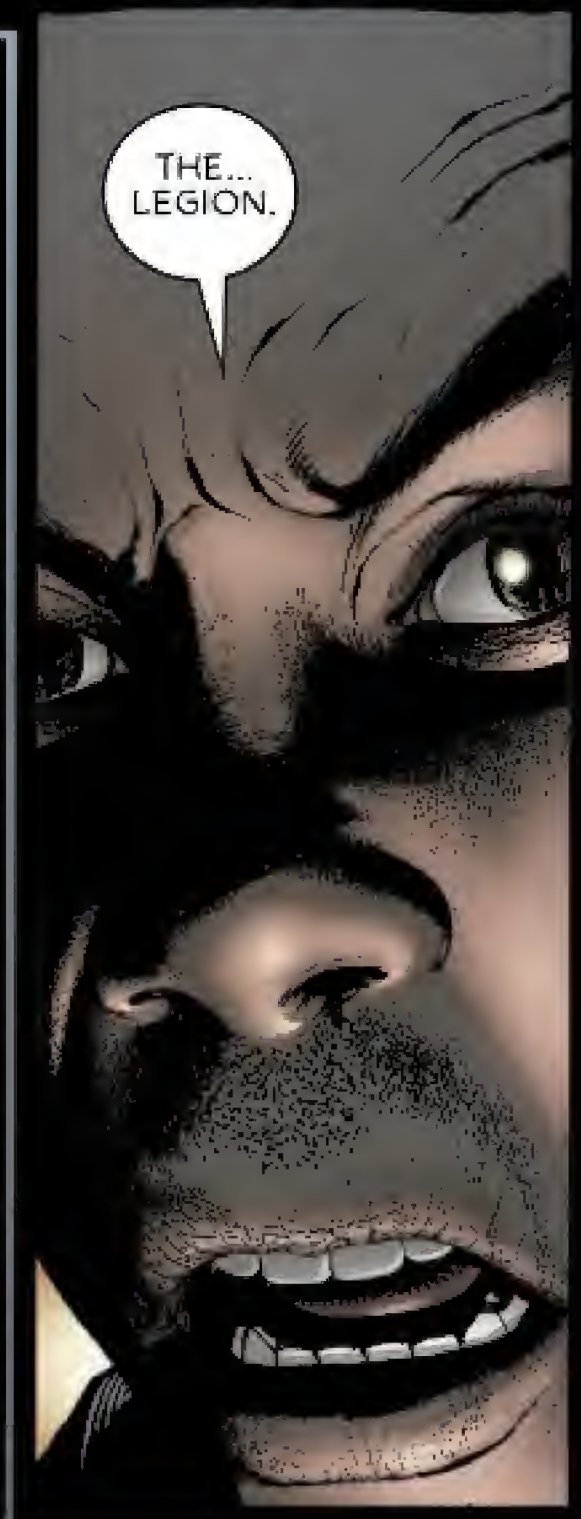
IT'LL BE TEN THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE HER RETURN, AND BY THEN MY POWER WILL HAVE GROWN BEYOND ANY OF HER CHALLENGES.



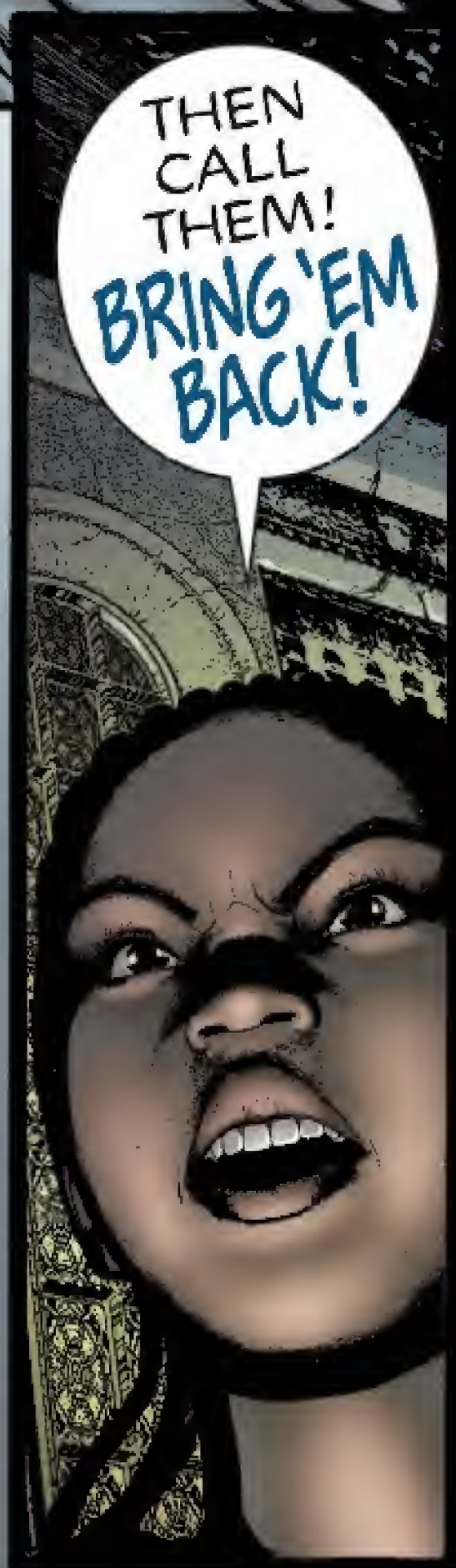
AL!

WHAT'S MAMMON FORGOTTEN? THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING!

THE ONE THING ABOUT SPAWN THAT HE CAN'T CONTROL?



THE...
LEGION.



THEN
CALL
THEM!
**BRING 'EM
BACK!**



THEY'RE
GONE. AFTER
THE WHITE
LIGHT, THEY
LEFT...



DAMMIT!
CALL THEM
NOW!

**DO
IT!**

MORANA!
FINISH THEM
BOTH!

**KILL
THEM!**

AL, FOR
GOD'S SAKE DO
WHAT CYAN SAYS.
CALL THEM!

TOO LATE,
MOMMY!

*"One word. That was enough to rebirth
the horde living within him.
Enough to bring back his insanity."*

COMMMME!!

*"Once again he heard
the voices in his head.
He jerked and twisted
as a dozen minds tried
to take control of his
body at once."*

"And they came, the souls of those who had died during the same hour as Al Simmons. First Christopher, the tragic child who had died in his mother's arms."

"Then Kamiko Kitamura and her grandfather, Hiroshi—the Zombie slayers—"

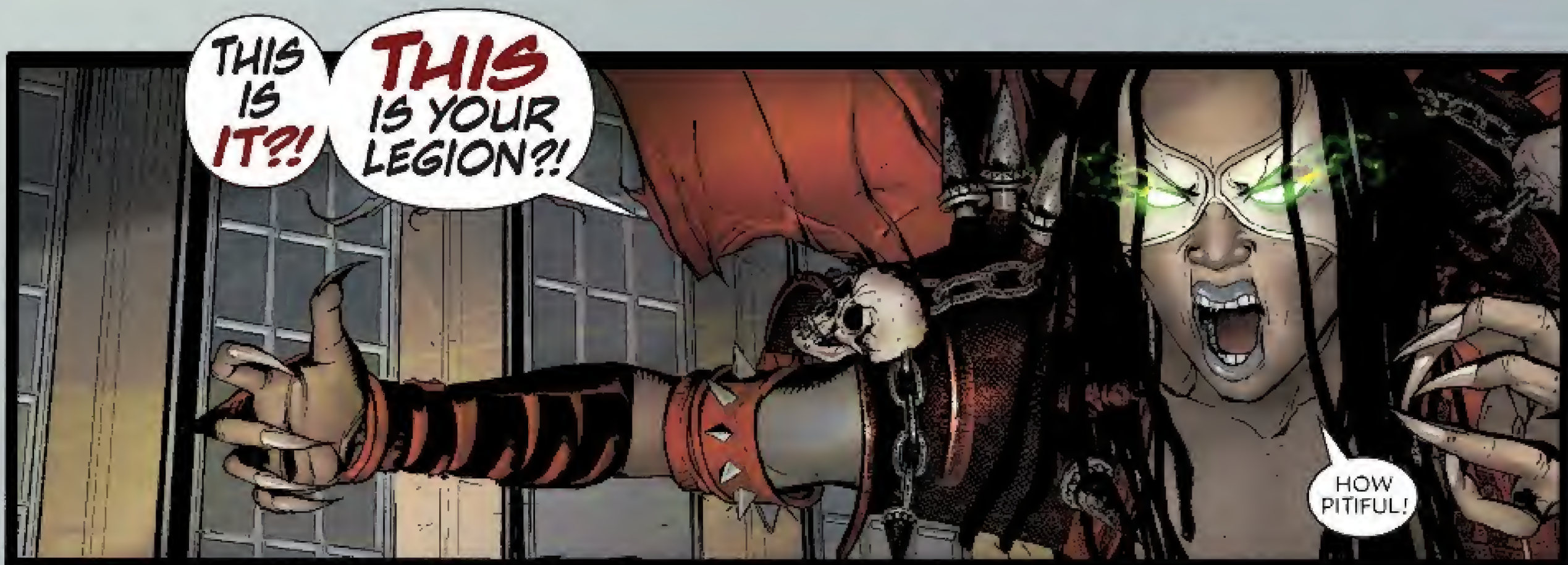
"One by one, the legion appeared."

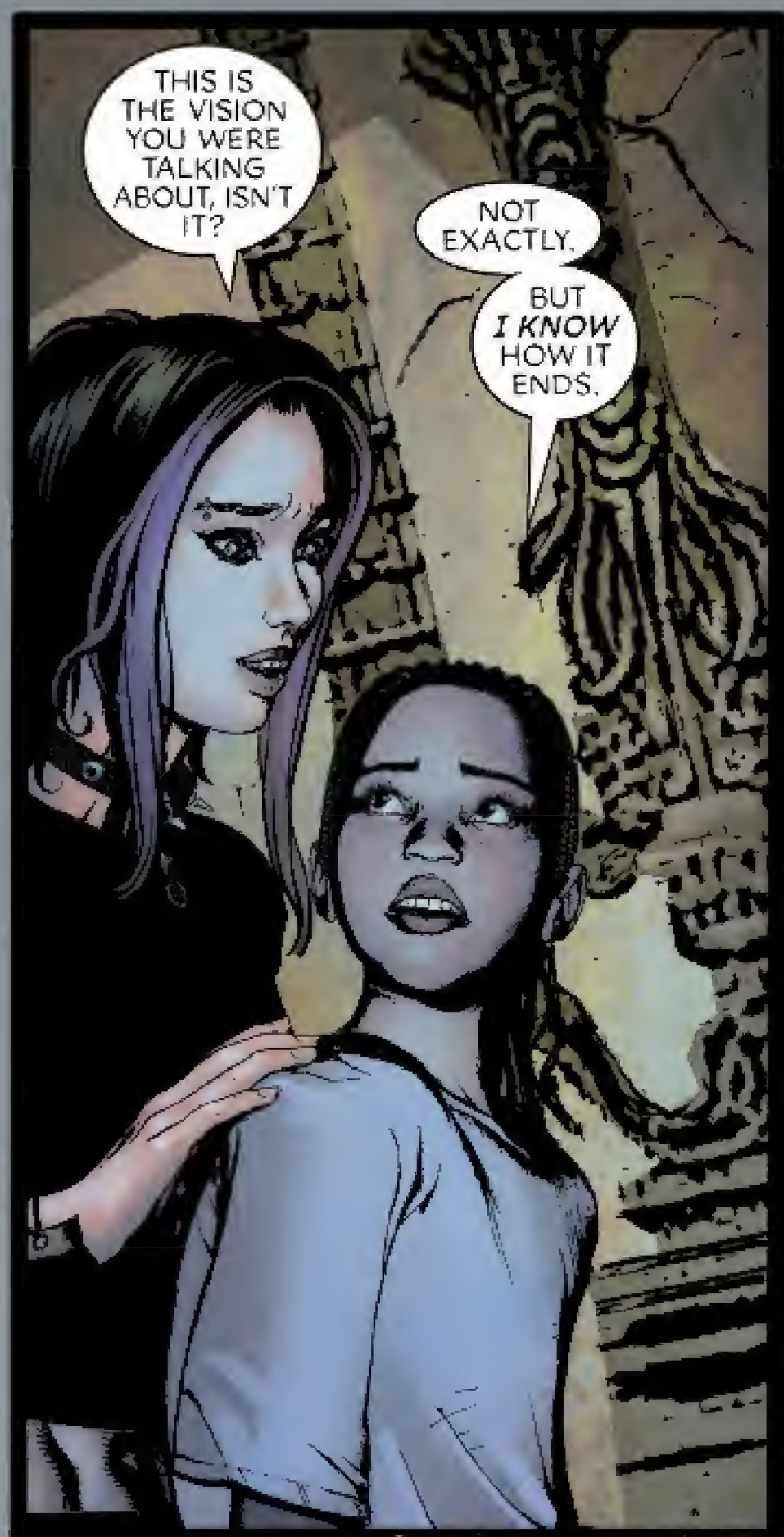


"Once, the souls had numbered over six thousand souls..."

"...now there were less than a dozen."









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THE END



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THIS IS IT THEN.
THE FINAL CHAPTER.

AT LEAST FOR
THIS PLAYER.

I'VE BEEN
PUTTING OFF
WRITING IT FOR
TOO LONG.



AND
THOUGH I PRAYED
IT GO DIFFERENTLY,
THERE WASN'T
ANYTHING I COULD
DO TO CHANGE
THINGS.

GOD
WASN'T
LISTENING.



SO NOW,
ALL THAT'S
LEFT IS FOR ME
TO MAKE A
RECORD OF THE
OUTCOME.

"As Cyan watched the last of the Legion attack Morana, she knew that she was responsible for what would happen next. The weight of that burden and guilt would stay with her for the rest of her life."

"At first it seemed that her visions had been wrong. That the LEGION wielded sufficient power to fend off any attack thrown their way."

LOSE?!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHY BRING THEM HERE JUST TO FAIL?

THEY'RE A DISTRACTION.

SOMEONE ELSE IS GOING TO FINISH THIS.

YEA? WHO THE HELL IS THAT?

"Though they fought with the ferocity of true warriors, in her heart, Cyan knew they were doomed to lose."





"For a second time, Kumiko watched her grandfather die, and as his body disintegrated, she attacked Morana with renewed fury."

DEMON!

NO!



"Though they fought valiantly, the Legion never stood a chance."

"In the shadows Al Simmons watched helplessly as the courageous Kumiko was ripped apart."

SHE'S TOO POWERFUL.

NO.

IT CAN'T END LIKE THIS.

AAAAAGH

AL!

YES!
LOOK AT HIM.
HE'S PART OF
THEM.

PART
OF THEIR
PAIN.

YOUR
HUSBAND NEVER
CAME BACK FOR
YOU.

THAT
MAN'S STILL
ROTTING IN A
GRAVE!





"Simmons watched as Morana destroyed the last of the Legion, and with each passing moment he realized Mammon's words were true. He had *ALWAYS* been Mammon's puppet.

"Even after he took everything from him. His wife. His daughter. *HIS LIFE.*"

"Mammon had won."





YES!
BUT NOT
BECAUSE
I'M AFRAID. I
KNOW WHAT'S
ON THE
OTHER
SIDE.

I'VE
SEEN
IT.

IT'S
BEYOND
HEAVEN AND
HELL, A PLACE
YOU CAN
BE AT
PEACE.

YOU
NEED TO
LET GO.



COME
WITH
US-S-S-S.



GET
OUT OF HERE,
CHRISTO-
PHER!

**SAVE
YOURSELF!**



YES...

JOIN THEM!

SCREW YOU BITCH!



I'M DONE BUYING INTO THESE LIES.

YOU'RE **NOT** MY DAUGHTER. YOU'RE **NOT** MY BLOOD!...

YOU'RE MY **ENEMY!!**



YOU'RE RIGHT.

I AM YOUR ENEMY. BUT DON'T THINK THAT'LL ERASE THE PAST-- AND ALL THAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME AND YOUR WIFE.



SHE'S CORRECT,
THE EMOTIONAL DAMAGE
DONE TO WANDA WILL
TORTURE HER FOREVER.
BECAUSE YOU KNOW THAT THE
ONE THING THAT WOULD
HAVE COMPLETED YOUR
LIFE WITH HER...

THE ONE
THING THAT
WOULD HAVE
MADE YOUR LIFE
PERFECT-- WAS
A **CHILD**. AND
YOU LET THAT SLIP
AWAY BECAUSE
OF YOUR
ANGER.

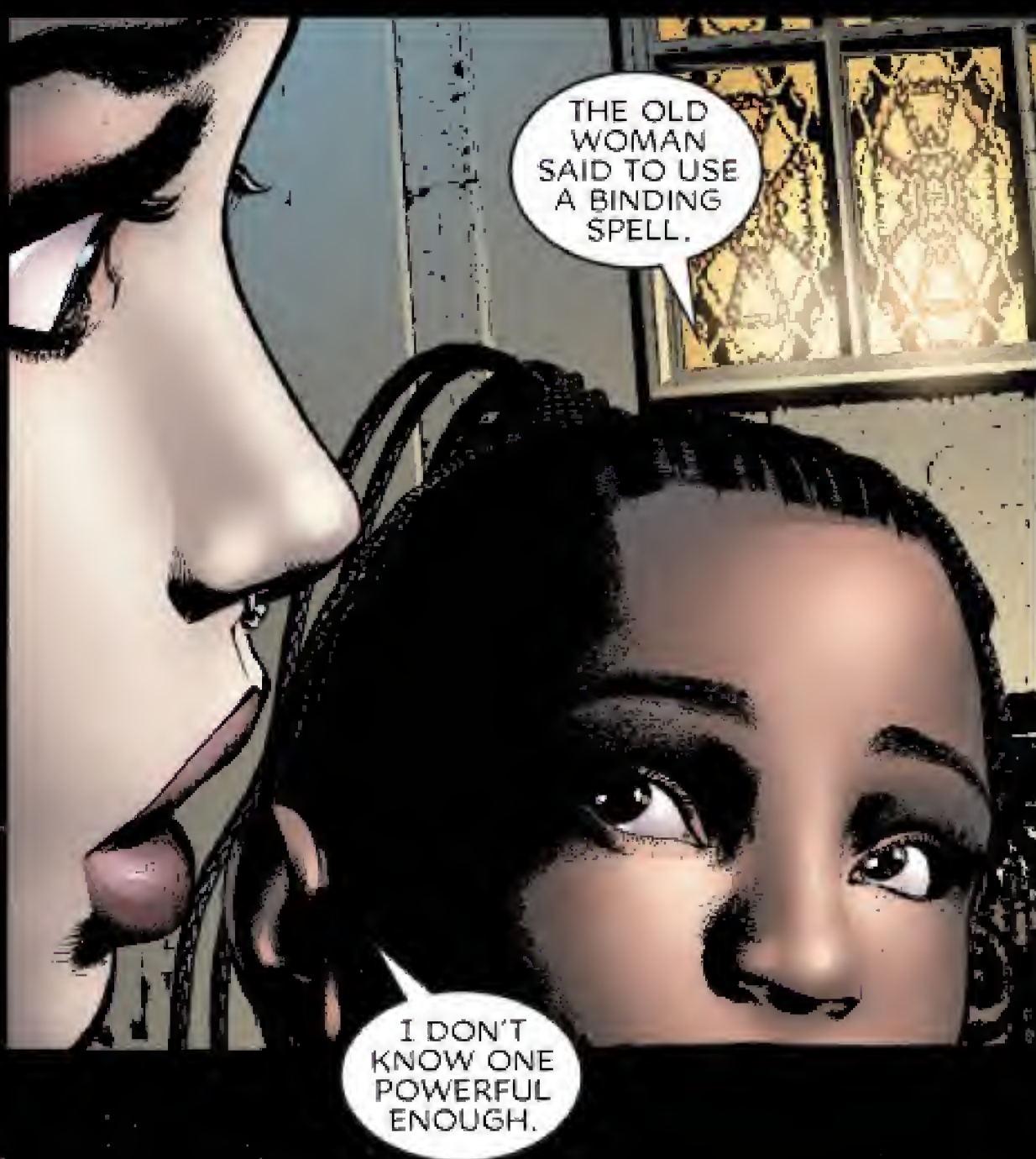
IT TOOK YOU
OVER. AND NOW,
IT'S **COST YOU**
EVERYTHING!!



NYX--
YOU HAVE
TO ATTACK
NOW, WHILE
SHE'S **WEAK**
FROM HER
BATTLE.

WEAK?
ARE YOU
CRAZY?

LOOK
AT HER!

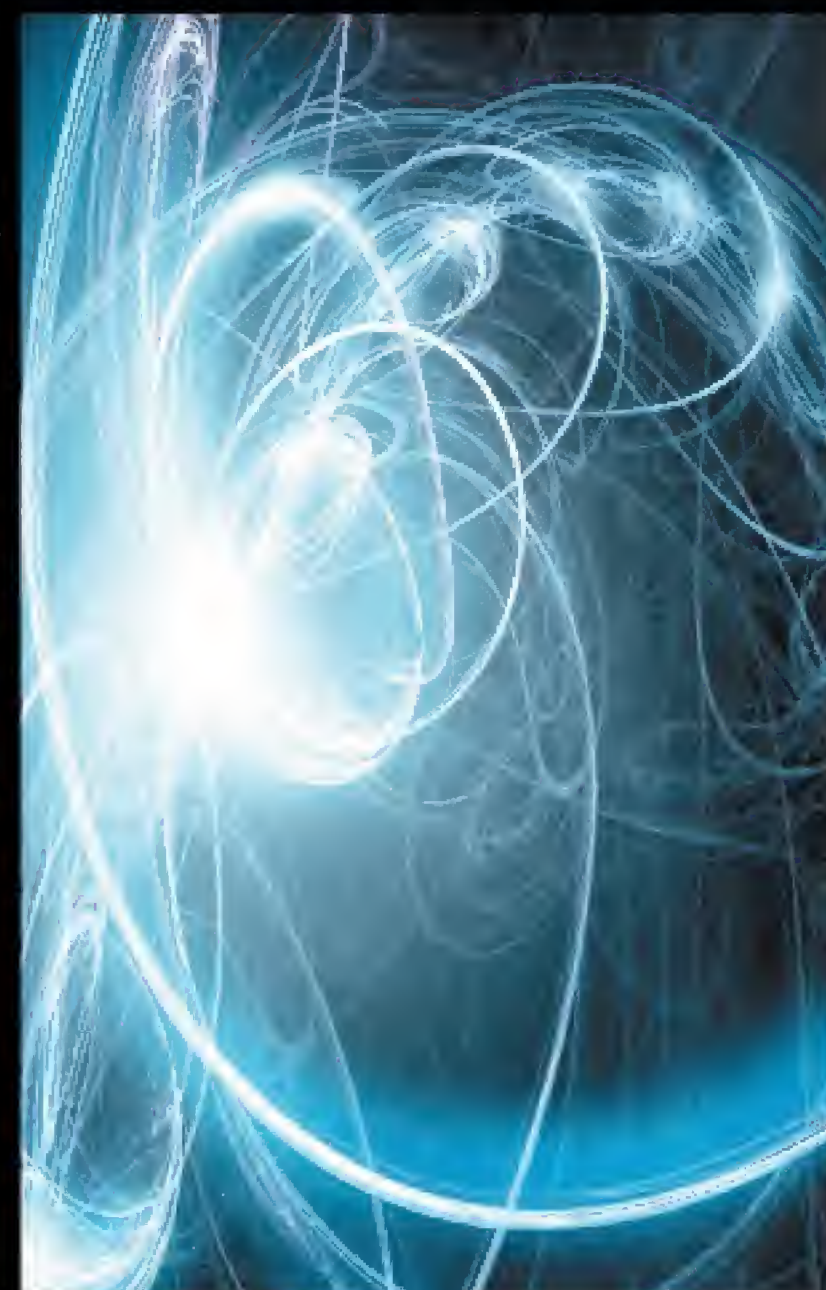
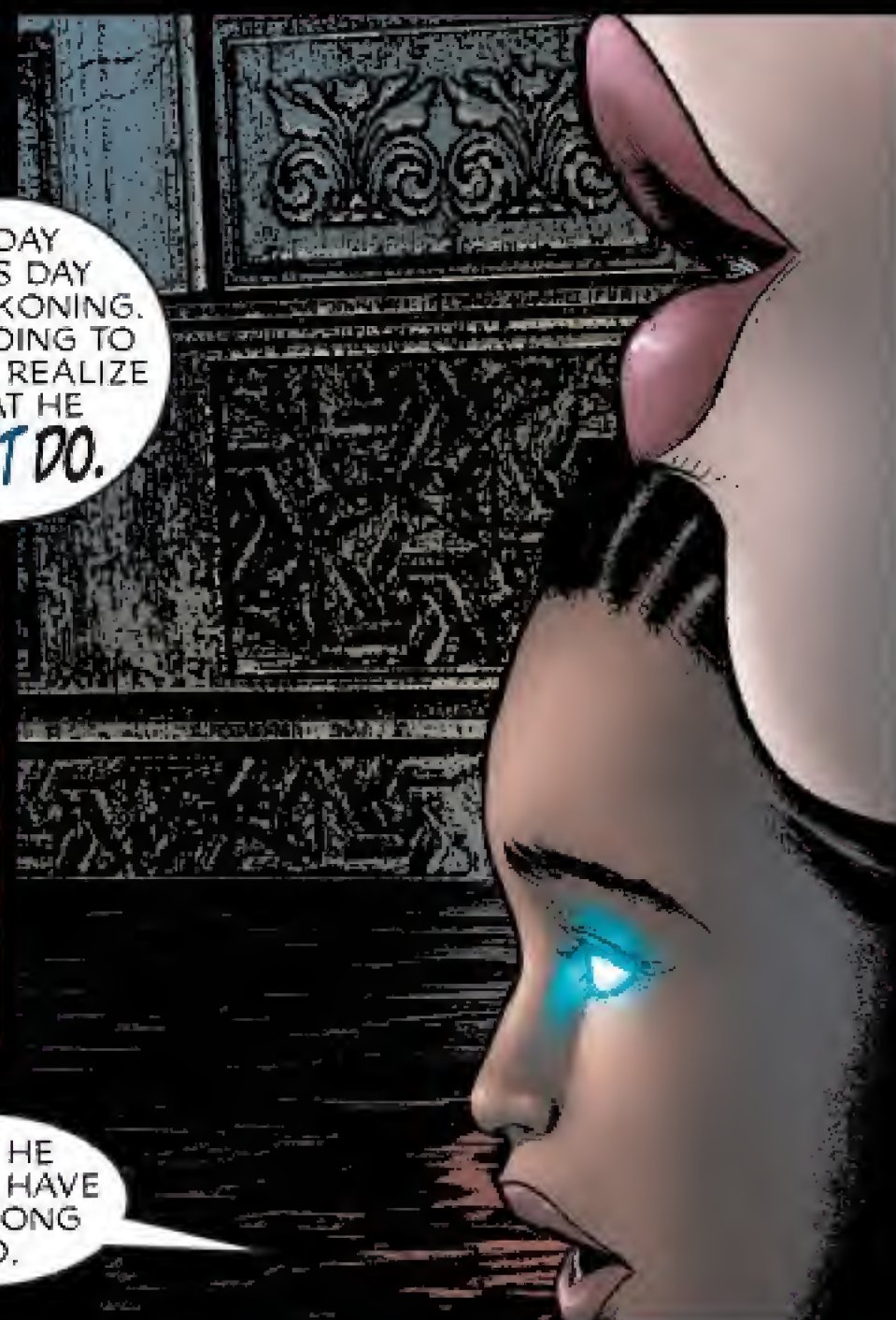
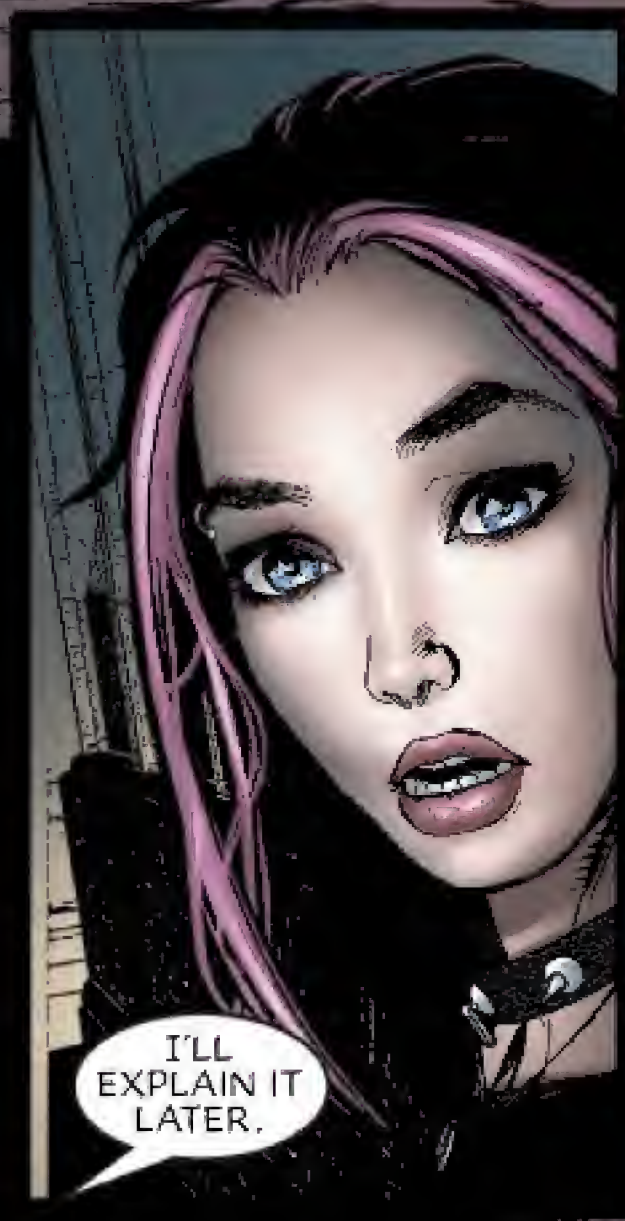


THE OLD
WOMAN
SAID TO USE
A BINDING
SPELL.

I DON'T
KNOW ONE
POWERFUL
ENOUGH.



I DO.





MAMMON!
WHAT'S SHE
DOING?

I... BIND...
THEE!

ALL YOUR
HATE-- AND
YOUR EVIL,
THEY'LL SPREAD
NO FURTHER.

I BIND
THEE!

THE CRUSADE
OF THIS SPAWN WILL
BE FINISHED **TONIGHT**.
THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO
LIVE WITH THE GUILT OF
KNOWING YOU WERE
THE ONE THAT TRULY
WOKE HIM UP!

THAT YOU
WERE THE ONE
THAT CREATED
YOUR OWN
DOWNFALL.*

*Next issue is the beginning
of that downfall-- Tom.



IT'S NOT
POSSIBLE!

YOU
DON'T
HAVE THE
POWER.



YES I
DO.

IN THE
FUTURE--
I DO.

CYAN JUST
REMINDED ME
WHERE TO
FIND IT.



AND
WHO
GAVE IT TO
ME.



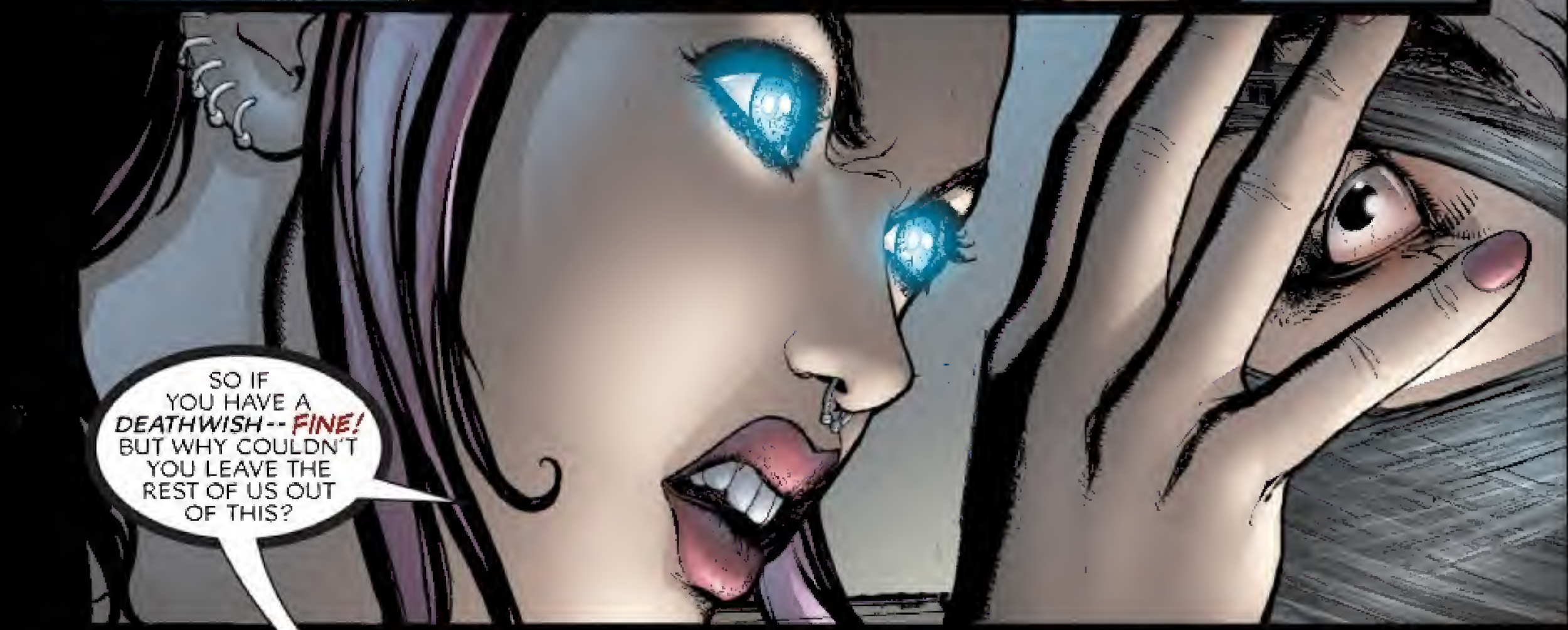
YOU CAN'T KNOW THAT.

WHY?

BECAUSE YOU'VE LIVED SO LONG WITHOUT ANYONE OPPOSING YOU? YOUR ARROGANCE HAS *BECOME* A LIABILITY. YOU TALK ABOUT SPAWN AND *HIS* ANGER, WELL YOU JUST PINNED INTO A CORNER THE ONLY BEING THAT CAN *DESTROY* YOU.



BUT WHAT'S WORSE-- GODDAMN YOU!-- IS THAT THIS SAME SPAWN HAS THE ABILITY TO DESTROY ALL OF US, *EVERYTHING* IN EXISTENCE!



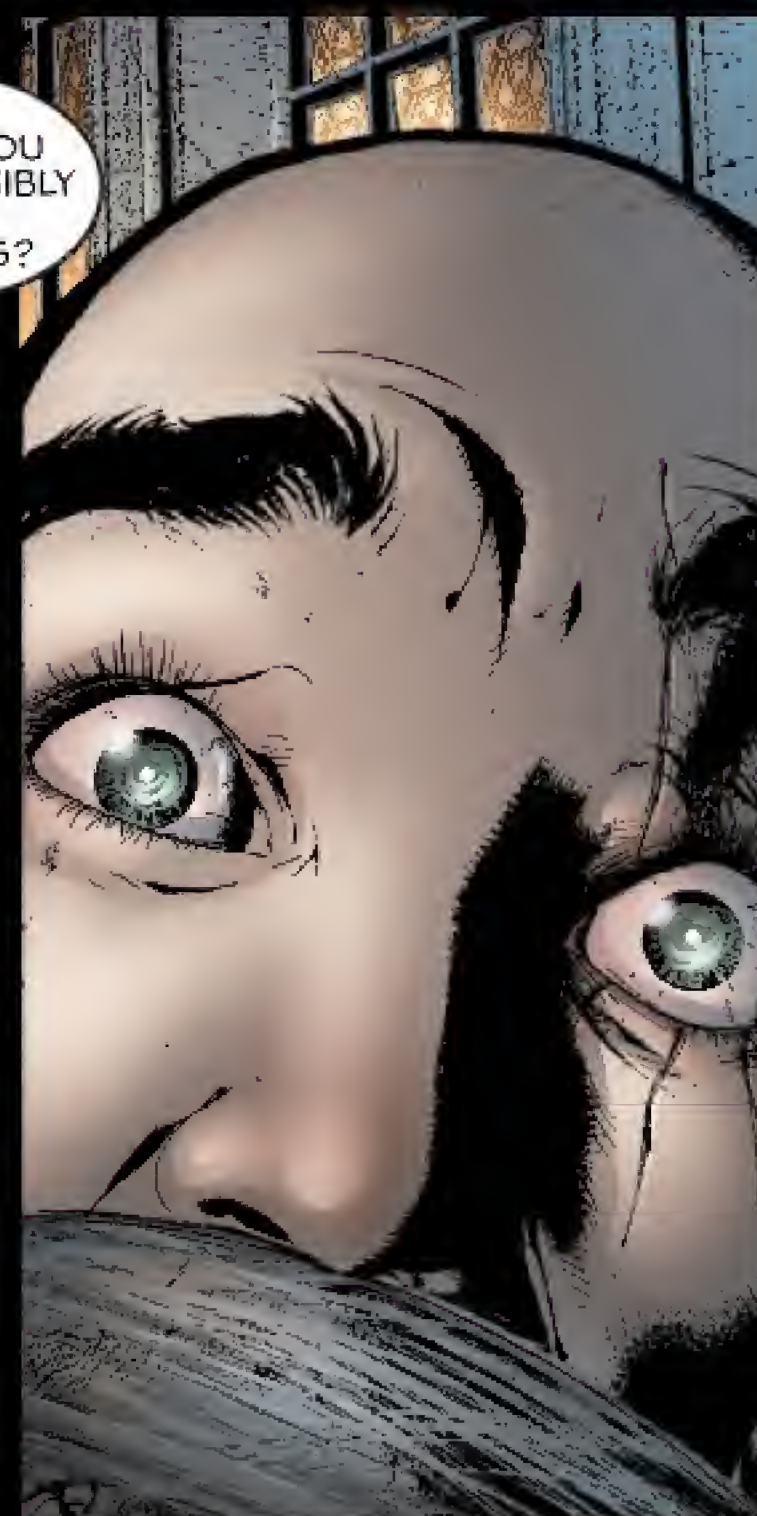
SO IF YOU HAVE A *DEATHWISH*-- *FINE!* BUT WHY COULDN'T YOU LEAVE THE REST OF US OUT OF THIS?



WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DOOM ALL OF US?



why?



WHAT COULD YOU HAVE POSSIBLY BEEN THINKING?



YOU CAN FEEL SPAWN CAN'T YOU?

HE'S TALKING TO ME FROM THE FUTURE.

BUT HIS IMAGE IS GETTING BLACKER AND BLACKER...

LIKE HE'S DISAPPEARING.



WHATEVER YOU JUST DID YOU HAVE TO DO THE SAME TO MORANA.

SHE'S TOO DANGEROUS TO LEAVE LIKE THIS.



NO!

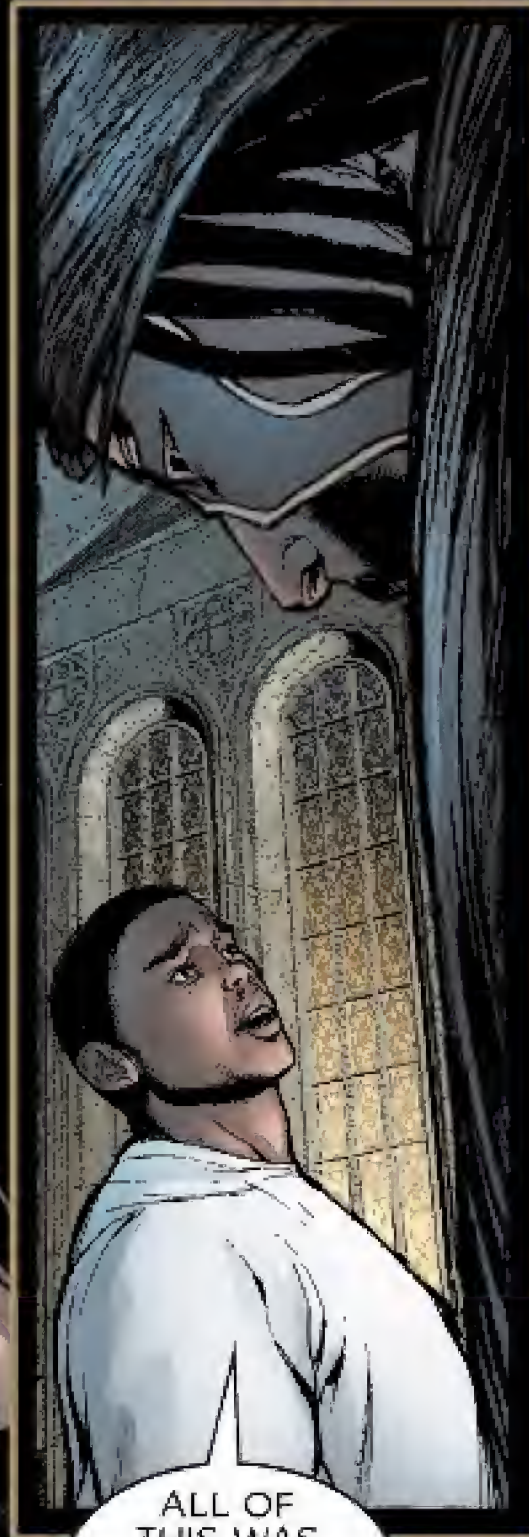
STOP HER, AL!



THAT'S NOT YOUR DAUGHTER-- OR MINE. SHE'S A **TRAP!** A LIE TO MAKE YOU BELIEVE YOU'D LOST SOME PART OF YOU.

DON'T DO THAT TO YOURSELF.

NYX, DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO.



ALL OF THIS WAS JUST A WAY TO GET BACK AT ME.

HE WAS USING YOU. LIKE HE DOES EVERYTHING ELSE.

HE WANTS **ME...** AND YOU WERE AN EASY TARGET.



MOM...? PLEASE HELP ME.



DON'T LISTEN TO HER WANDA. SPAWN'S RIGHT THAT ISN'T WHAT YOU THINK IT IS.

WE HAVE TO LEAVE. NOW!

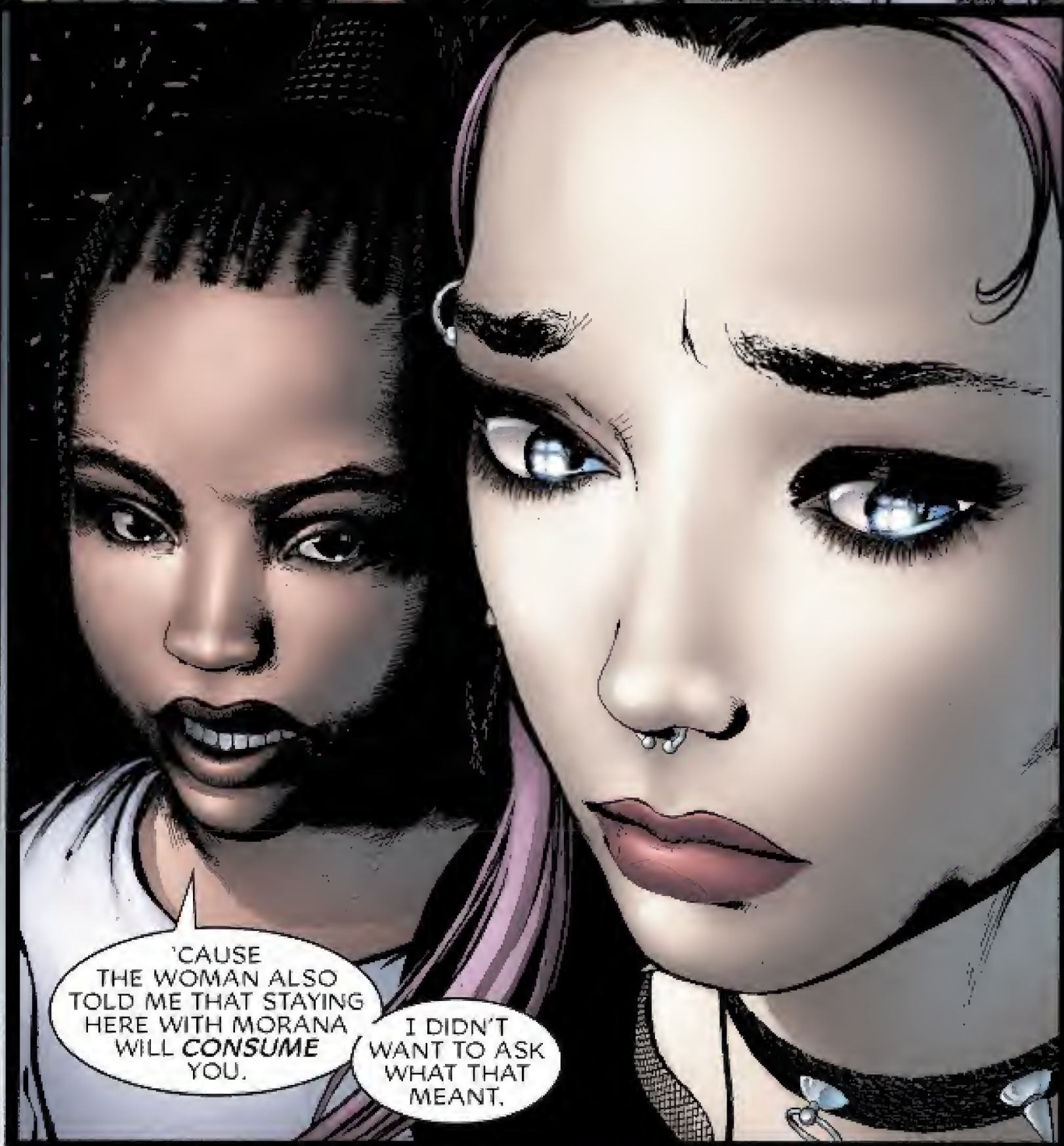
MY VISIONS TELLING ME TO GET MY MOM OUT OF HERE BEFORE SHE DOES SOMETHING SHE'LL REGRET.



WHAT ABOUT HER?

WILL MY SPELL *HOLD* HER?

THE OLD WOMAN DIDN'T SAY, BUT WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THAT. I NEED TO GET MOM AWAY FROM HERE. AND YOU TOO.



'CAUSE THE WOMAN ALSO TOLD ME THAT STAYING HERE WITH MORANA WILL *CONSUME* YOU.

I DIDN'T WANT TO ASK WHAT THAT MEANT.



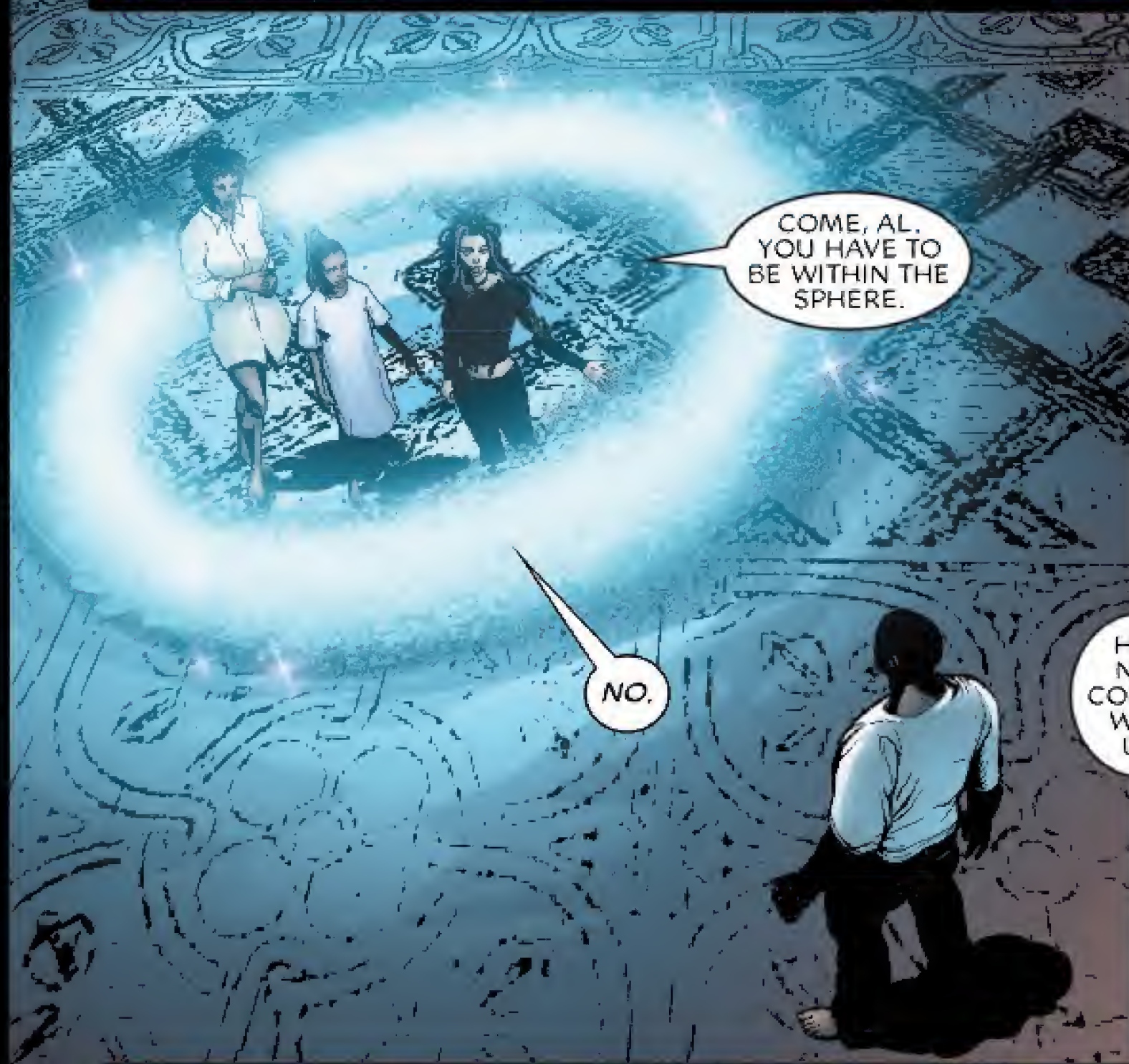
SO WE JUST LEAVE HER?



YES. NOW JUST RELAX.

I'LL CONJURE A SPELL TO GET US SOMEWHERE SAFE.





COME, AL,
YOU HAVE TO
BE WITHIN THE
SPHERE.

NO.

HE'S
NOT
COMING
WITH
US.



WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

HE'S GOING
SOMEWHERE *ELSE*.
THE OLD LADY, SHE
KNOWS.

WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?



DOESN'T
SHE?

SHE KNOWS
WHAT YOU'RE GOING
TO DO, RIGHT?

DID SHE
TELL YOU WHAT
THAT WAS?

NO.

GOOD. YOU
DON'T NEED TO
KNOW.

WILL IT
HURT?

I'M NOT
SURE.



BUT I'VE GOT TO DO IT-- THAT'S THE ONLY WAY ANY OF THIS **EVER** WILL STOP.



TAKE CARE OF THEM WANDA. THEY'LL NEED YOUR STRENGTH.

MORE IMPORTANTLY, TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF. YOU DON'T DESERVE TO HURT ANY-MORE.



AL...



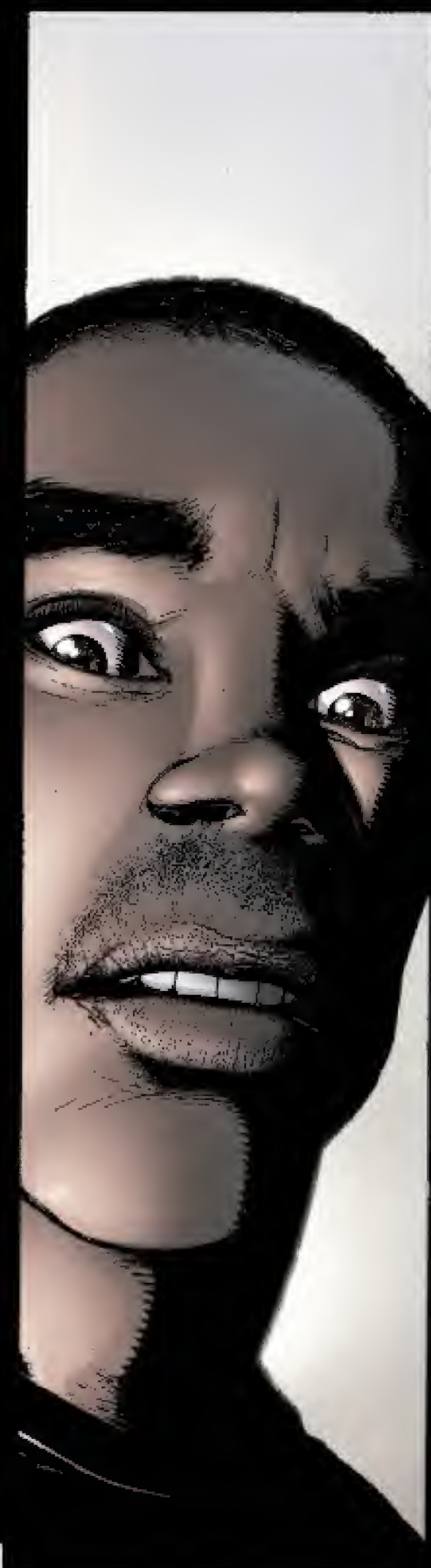
please.

I WISH I COULD HAVE BEEN A BETTER HUSBAND.





"And so it began..."



"Beneath a carpet of discarded souls, this Spawn needed to touch the place of his BIRTH one last time."



"Only this time there wasn't anything there for him. And he knew his journey would be long and gruelling until he could find the DOORWAY he needed to cross."



"Day after day he walked."

"And as each day passed, his resolve grew stronger."



"Mammon's plan had backfired. Instead of breaking the spirit of this creature, it instead lit a spark deep inside the Spawn's belly."

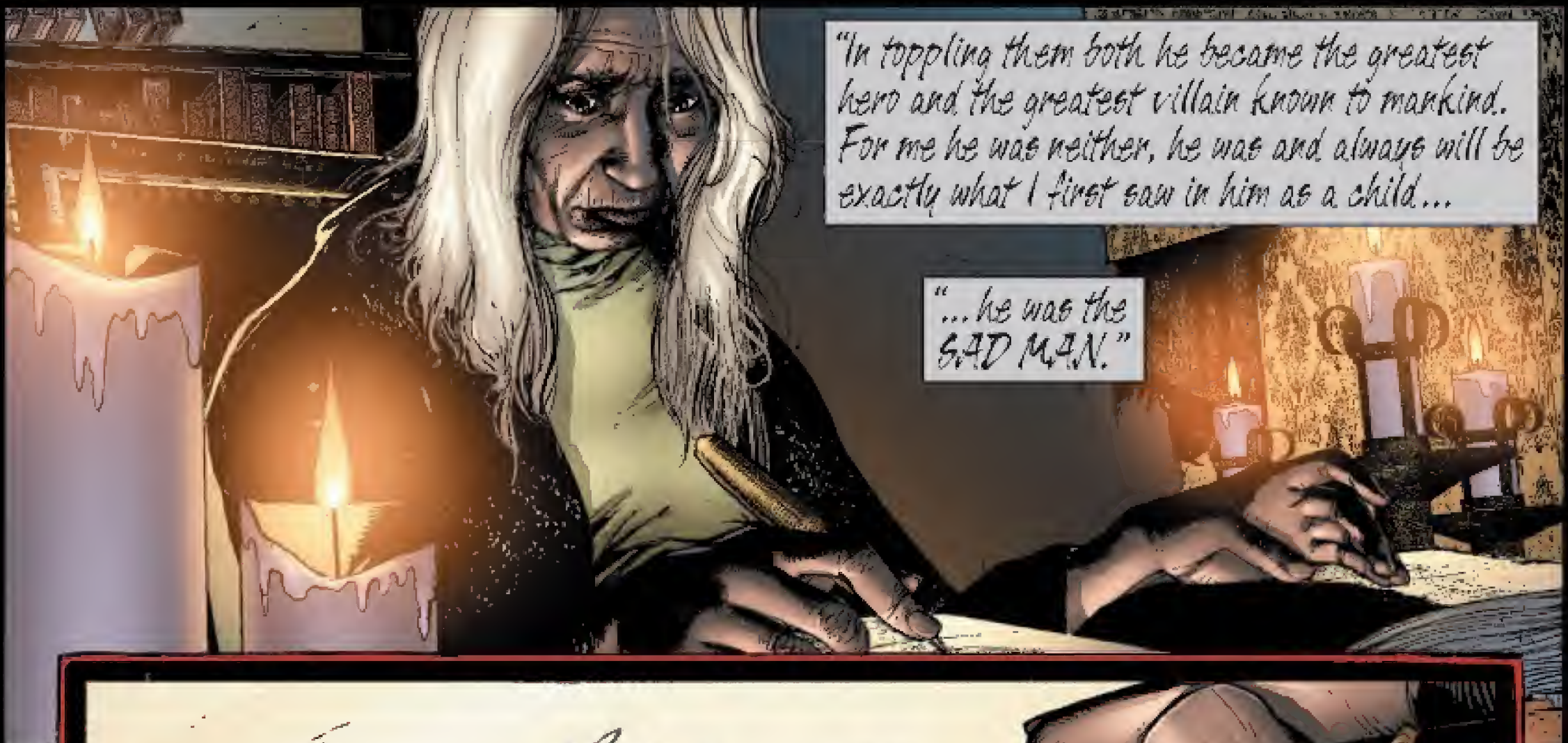


"And that spark was soon to be turned into a RAGING INFERNO."

"I've seen the results of what happened after that day... and may God have mercy on those that once stood in his way."

"But even that prayer is hollow now because BOTH Heaven and Hell fell in the wake of Spawn's revenge. Making God AND his mercy, nothing more than a mere memory."

I KNOW
WHAT I
HAVE TO
DO.



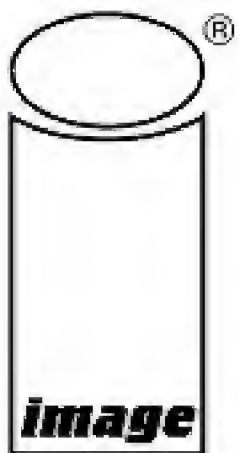
"In toppling them both he became the greatest hero and the greatest villain known to mankind. For me he was neither, he was and always will be exactly what I first saw in him as a child..."

*"...he was the
SAD MAN."*



**next issue: the beginning of SPAWN'S
NEW DIRECTION!**





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DIGITAL EDITION

McFARLANE
PORTACIO
HOLGUIN

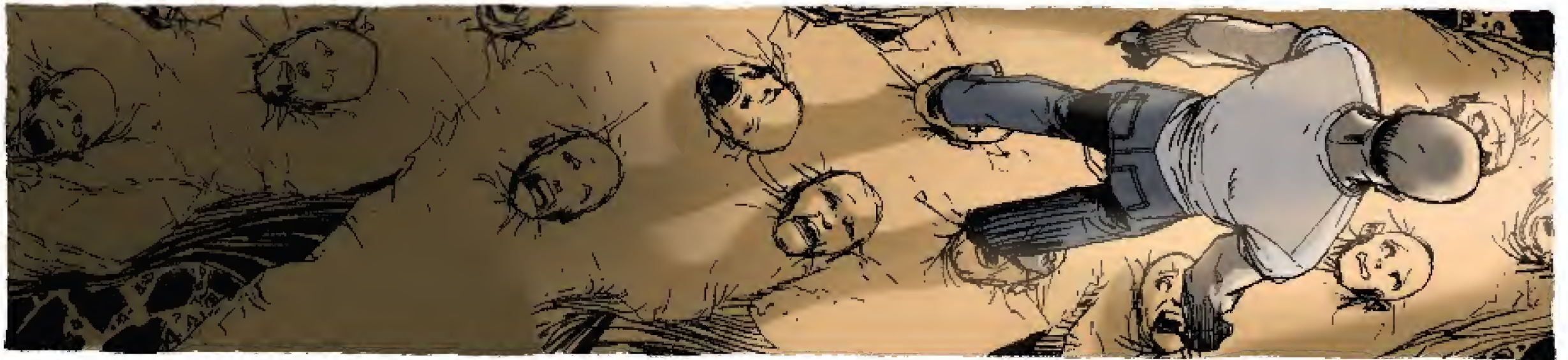
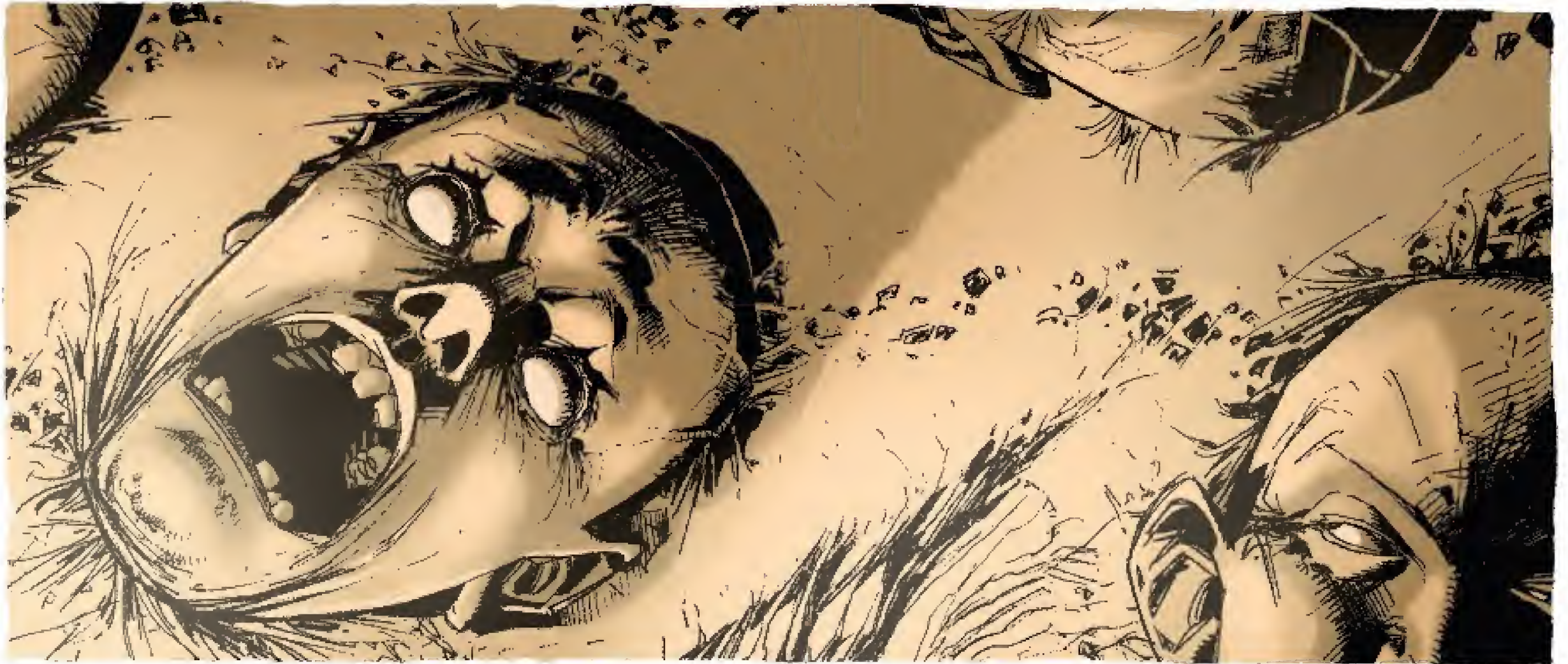
SPAWN®

ENDGAME PART ONE

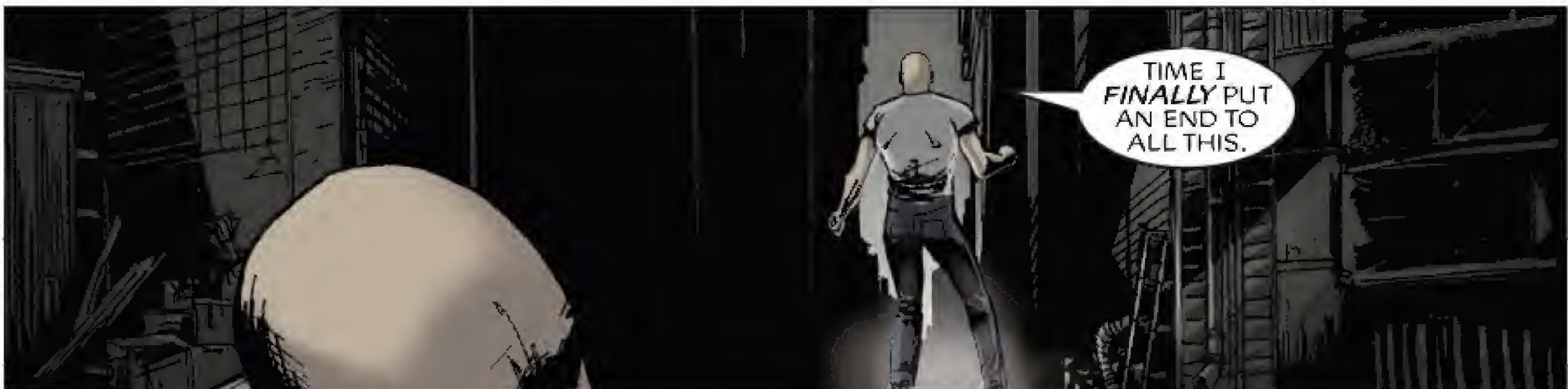
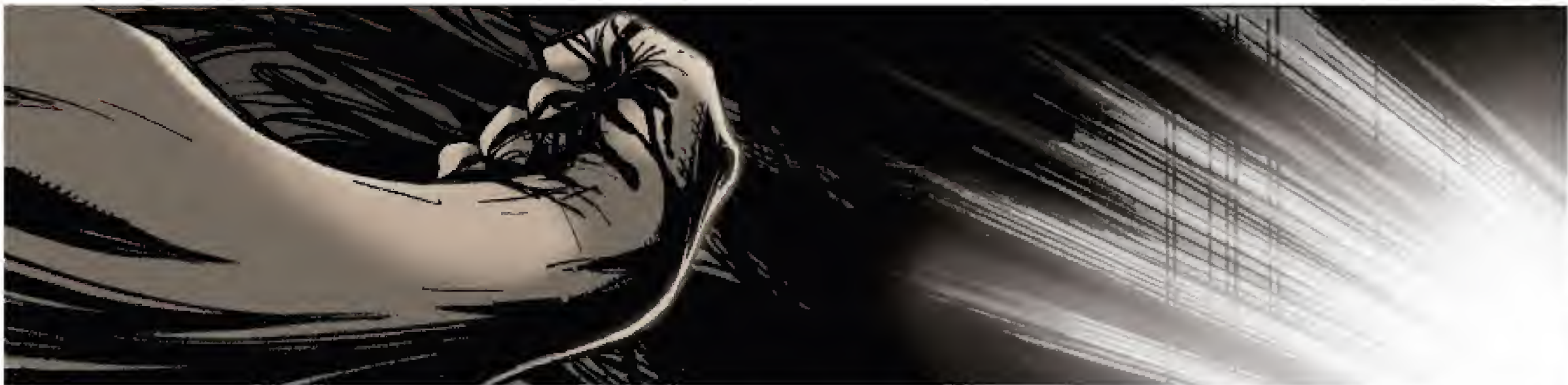


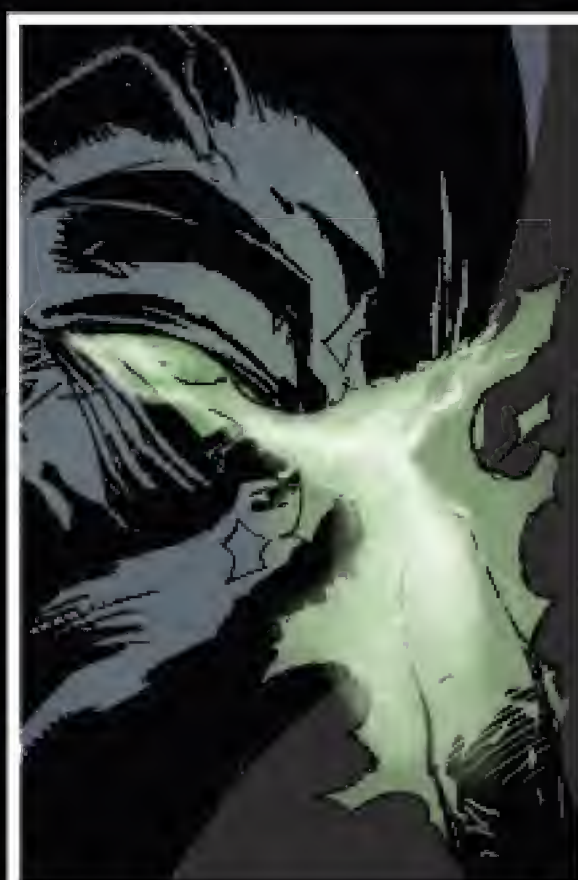
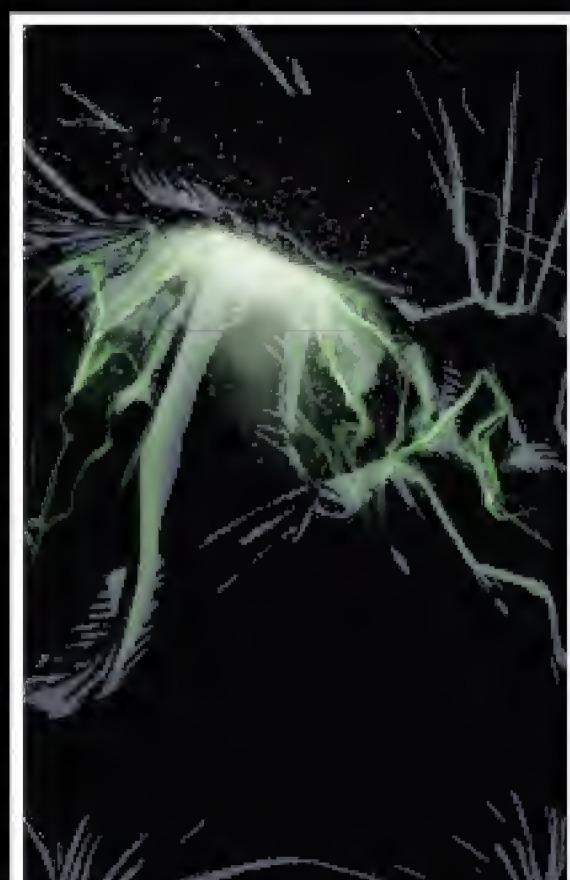
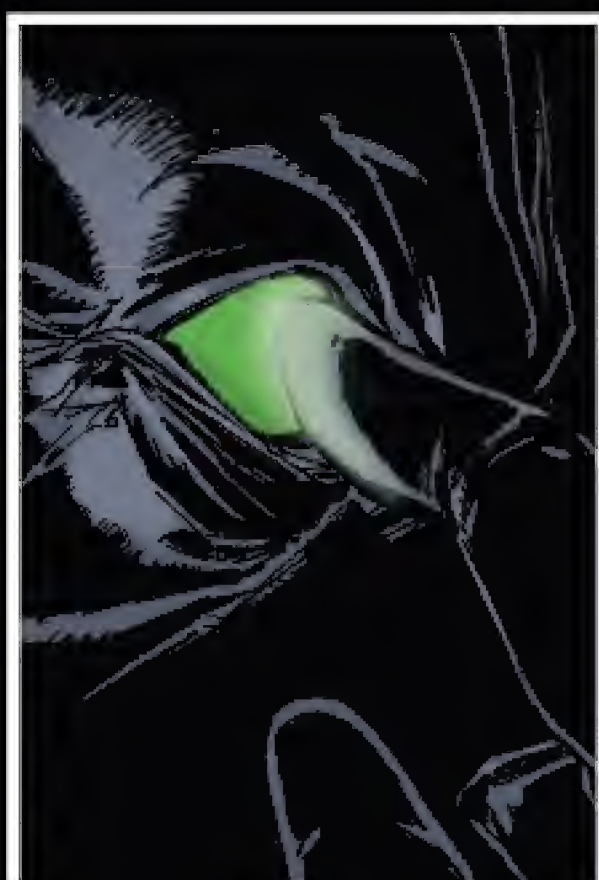
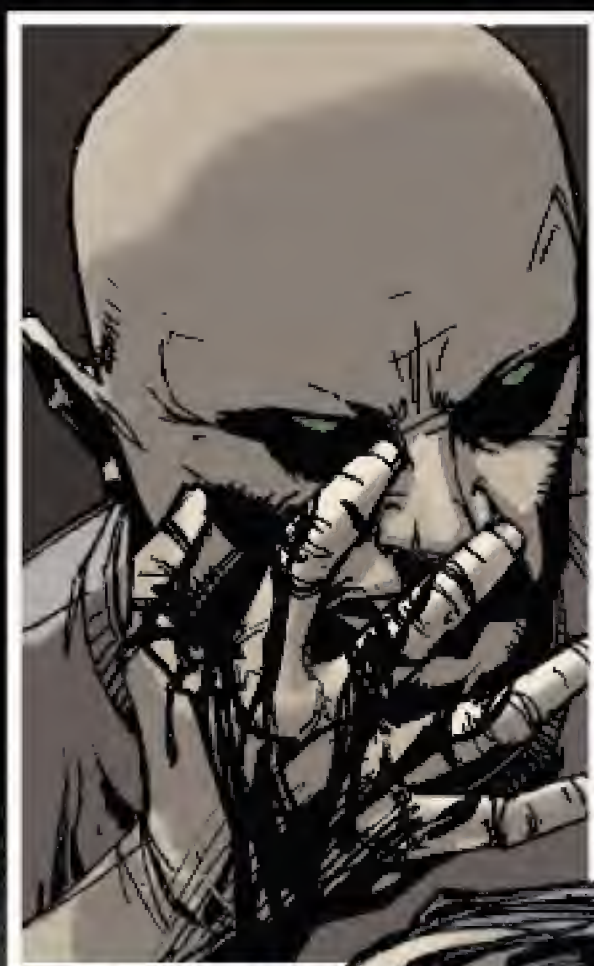
McFARLANE

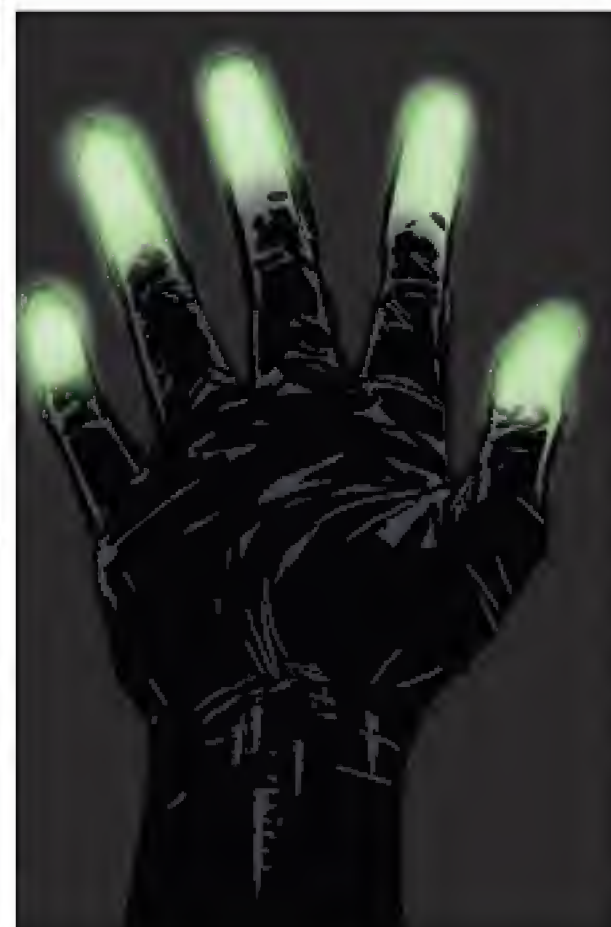
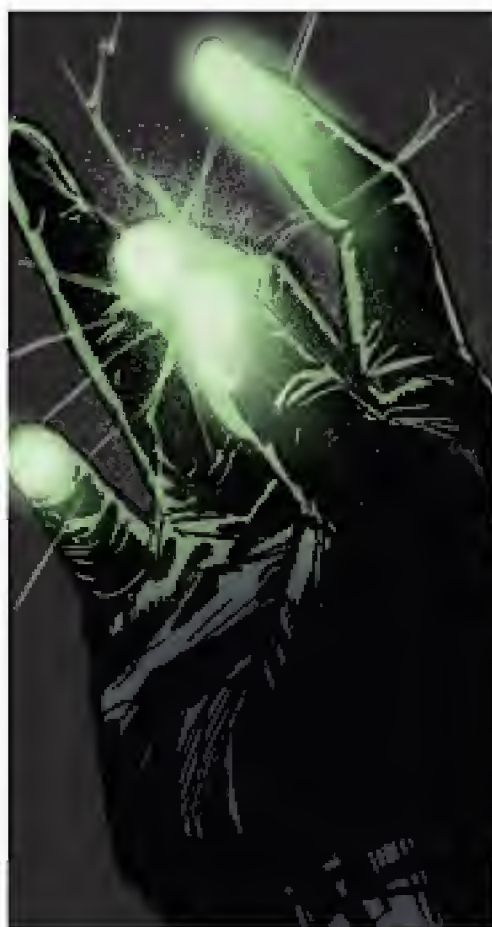
Jim Lee



IT'S TIME.



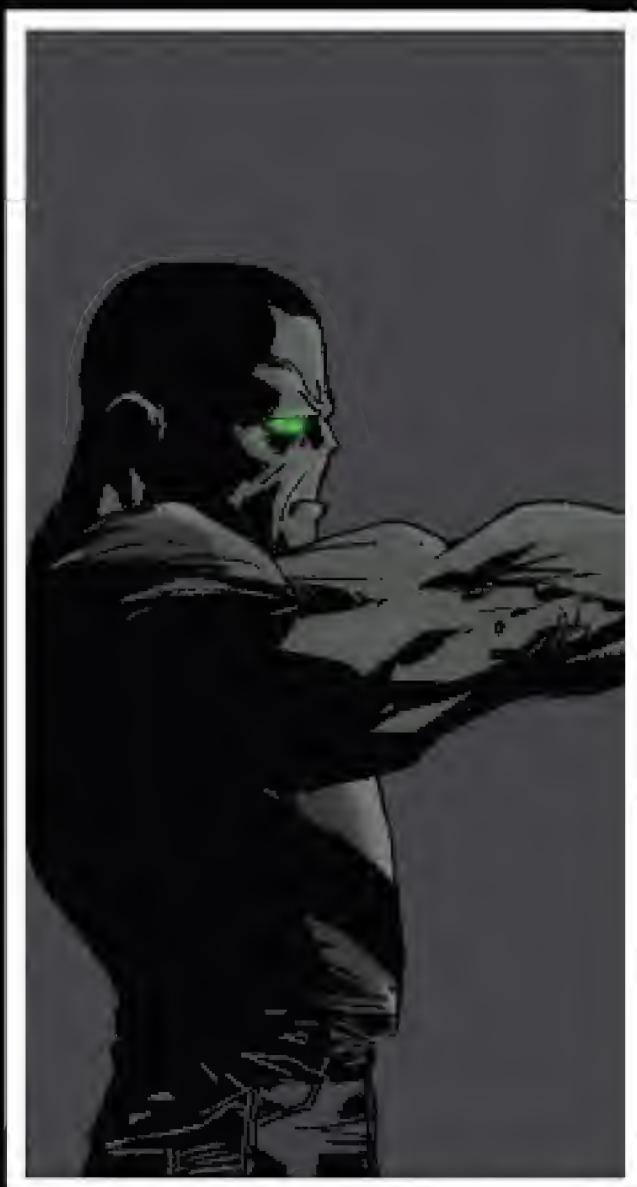
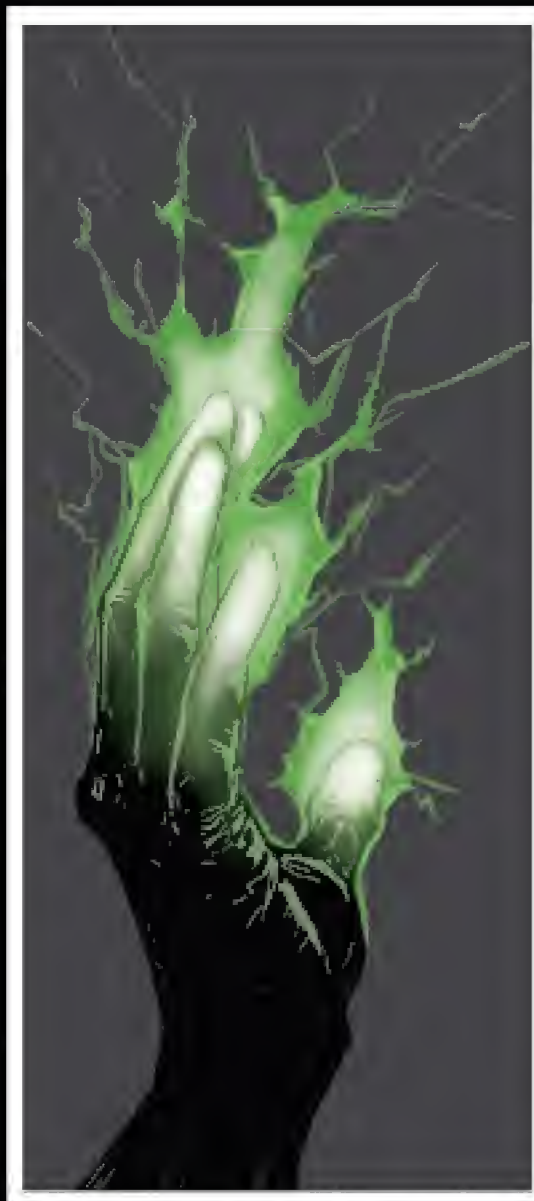
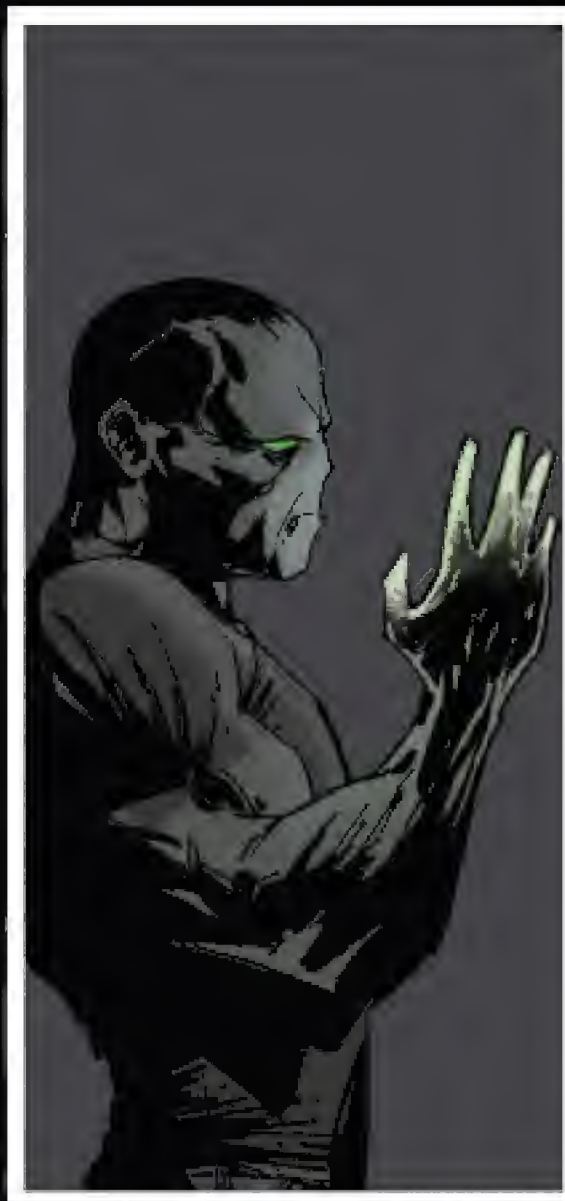


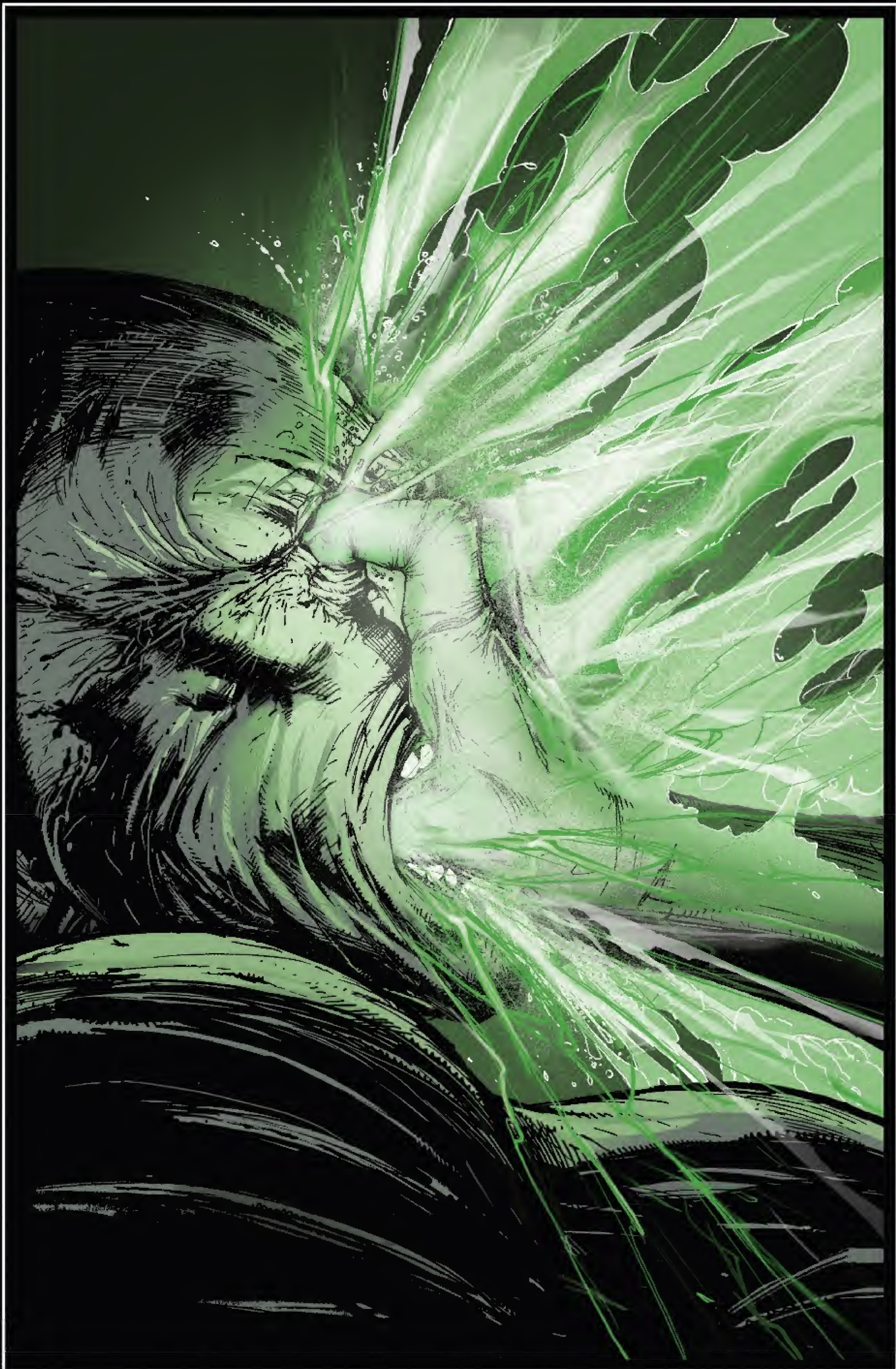


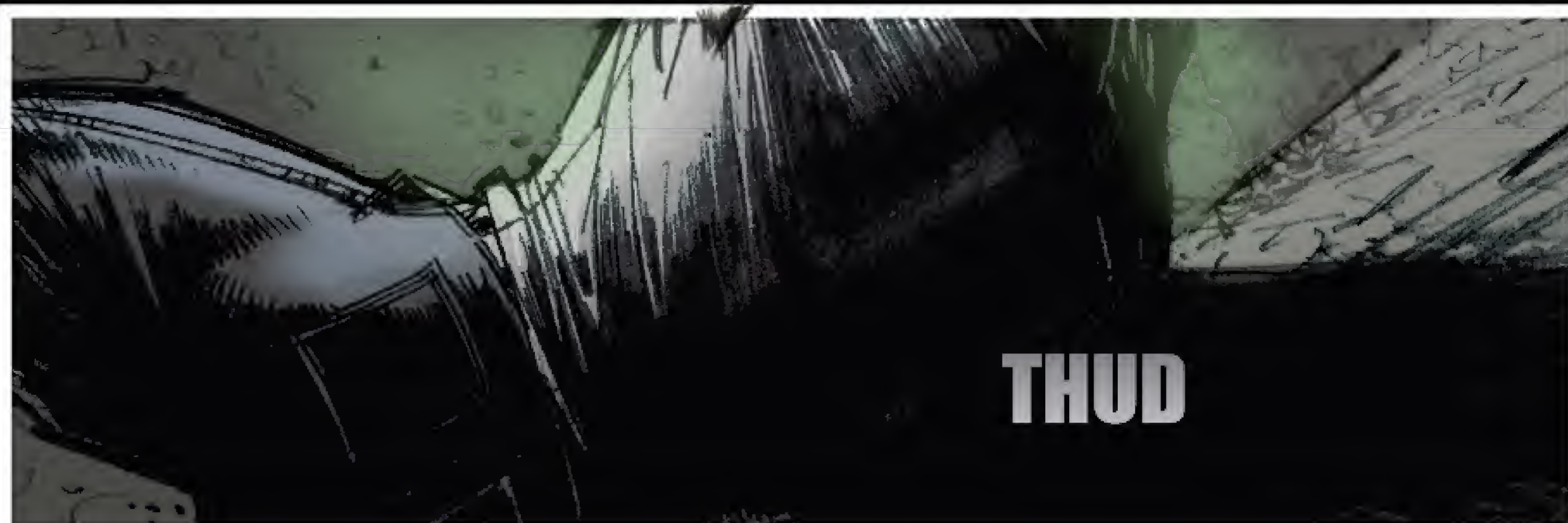
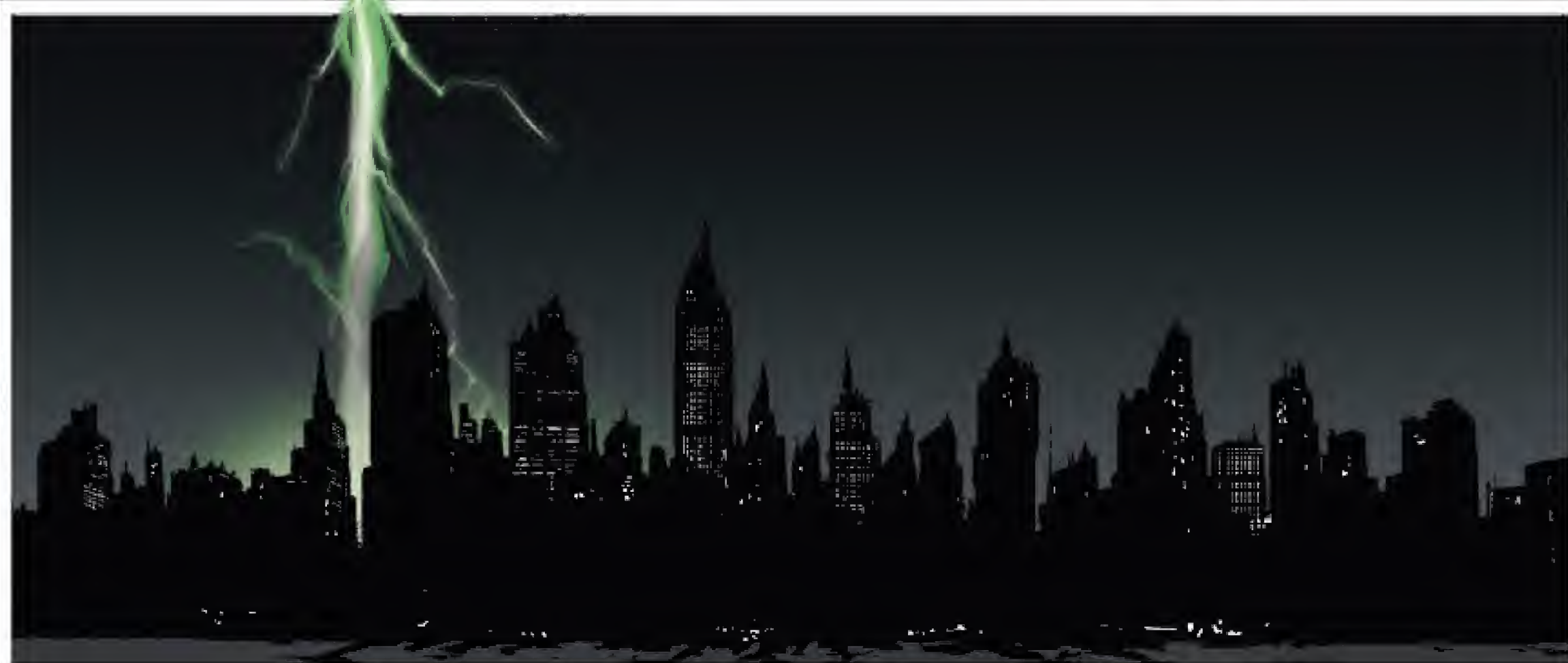
NOW...



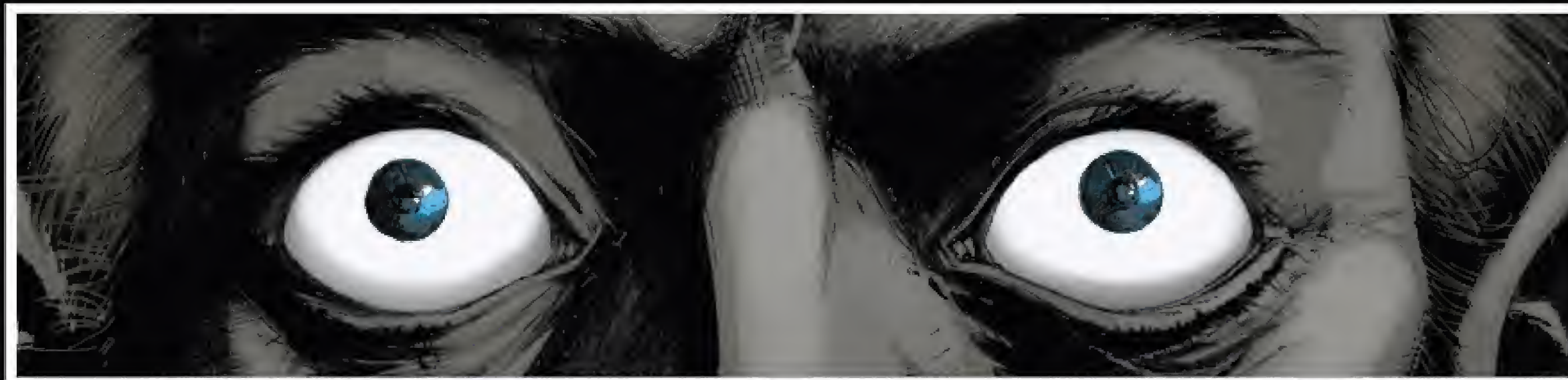
TO FIND
THE **EXACT**
SPOT,
RIGHT...

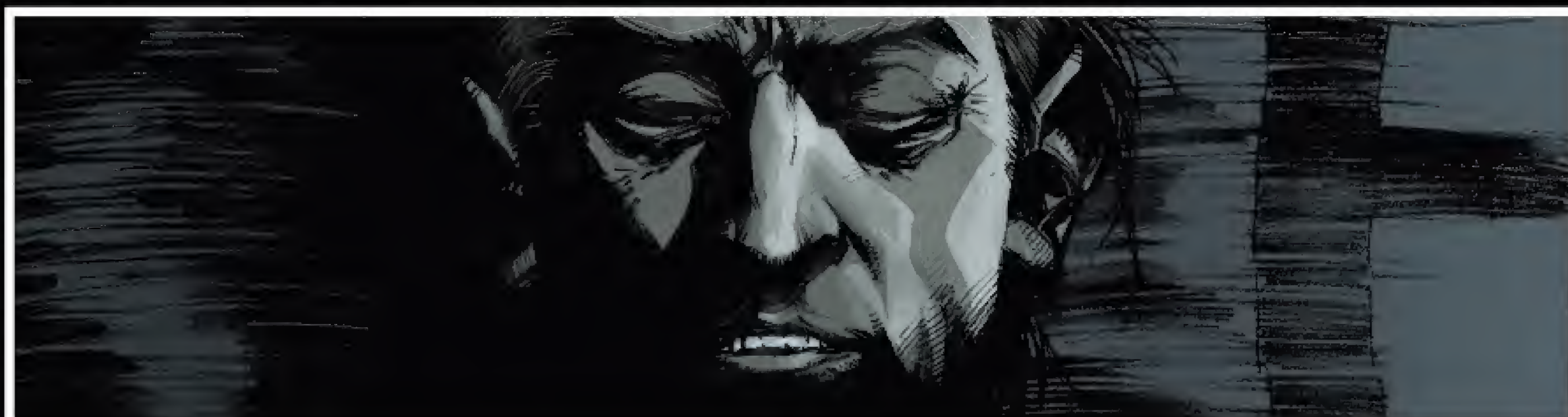
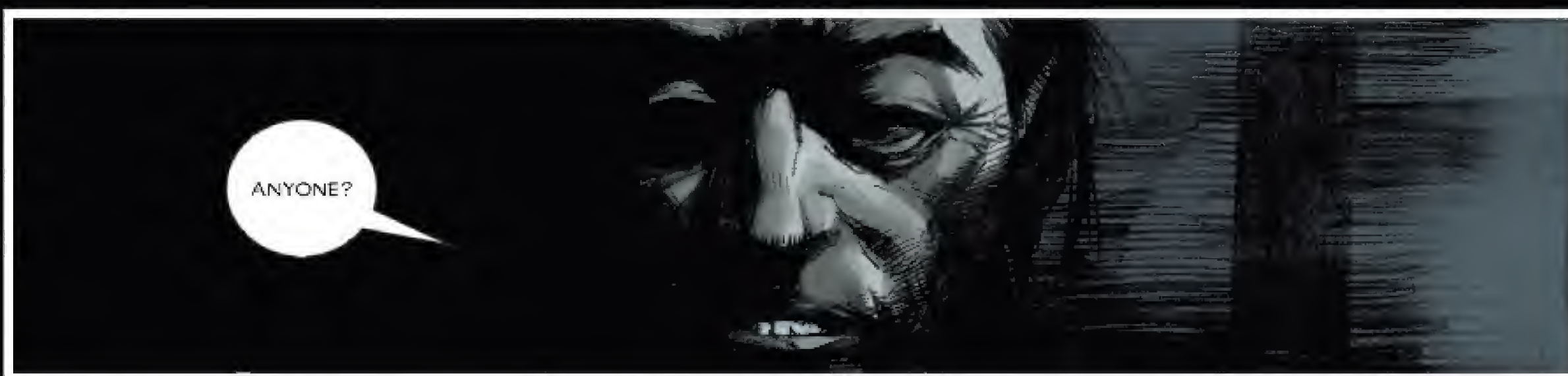
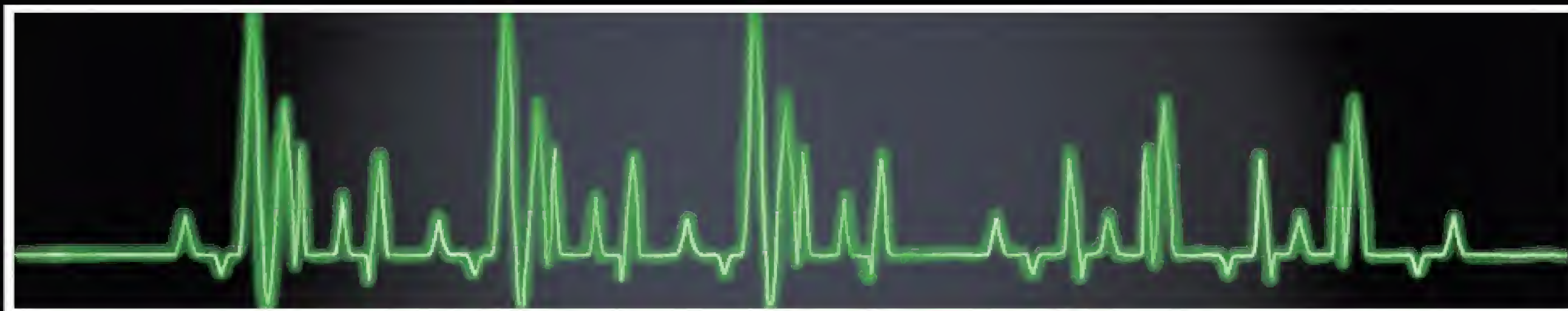
















"THIS MAKES NO SENSE--HIS CHART SHOWS NO JUMP IN HIS VITALS?"

"I KNOW, I'VE LOOKED AT THEM--NURSE SAID SHE JUST WENT TO CHECK SOMETHING IN HIS ROOM AND THERE HE WAS."



SON, CAN YOU HEAR ME? DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

YOU'VE JUST COME OUT OF A COMA. IT'S NO WONDER YOU'RE A LITTLE DISORIENTED.

MY NAME IS DR. BAXTER. I'LL BE TAKING CARE OF YOU. I KNOW ALL THIS ACTIVITY CAN BE A BIT FRIGHTENING, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE FINE.

WE JUST NEED TO RUN A FEW TESTS, MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS WORKING LIKE IT'S SUPPOSED TO.

LOOK HERE. GOOD.

AND HERE. EXCELLENT.

CAN YOU LIFT YOUR HEAD? GOOD. NOW HOW ABOUT YOUR ARM? TERRIFIC.

DID SOMEONE PULL HIS FILE YET?

HERE YOU ARE.



NO, NOT HIS CHART-- I WANT HIS COMPLETE PATIENT HISTORY.

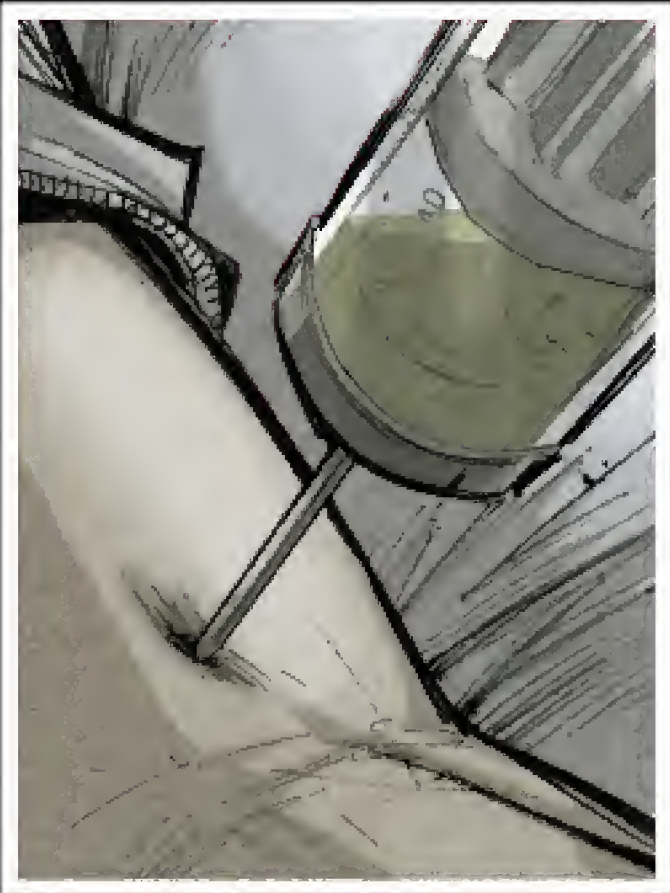


JUST RELAX. THIS MIGHT STING A LITTLE. THERE WE GO.

YOU'RE DOING GREAT. IT MIGHT NOT FEEL LIKE IT NOW, BUT YOU'RE A VERY LUCKY YOUNG MAN.

HOW'S THAT FILE COMING?

WE CAN'T LOCATE
HIS FILE, DOCTOR.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I DON'T KNOW. THEY THINK
THAT IT GOT LOST WHEN
EVERYTHING SWITCHED OVER TO
THE NEW COMPUTER SYSTEM.



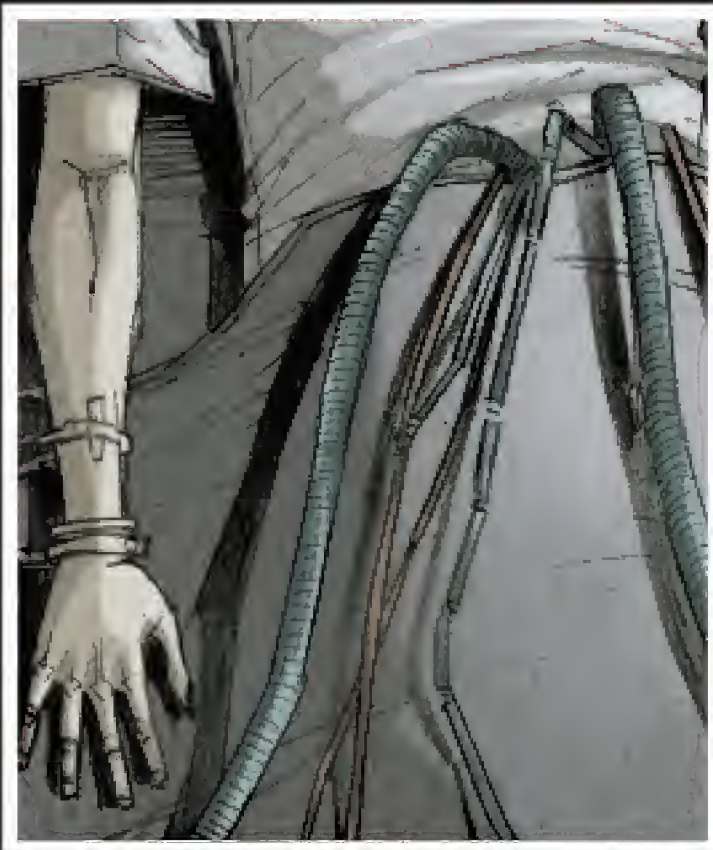
NEW SYSTEM? THAT WAS
OVER A YEAR AGO. HOW
LONG'S THIS PATIENT
BEEN HERE?



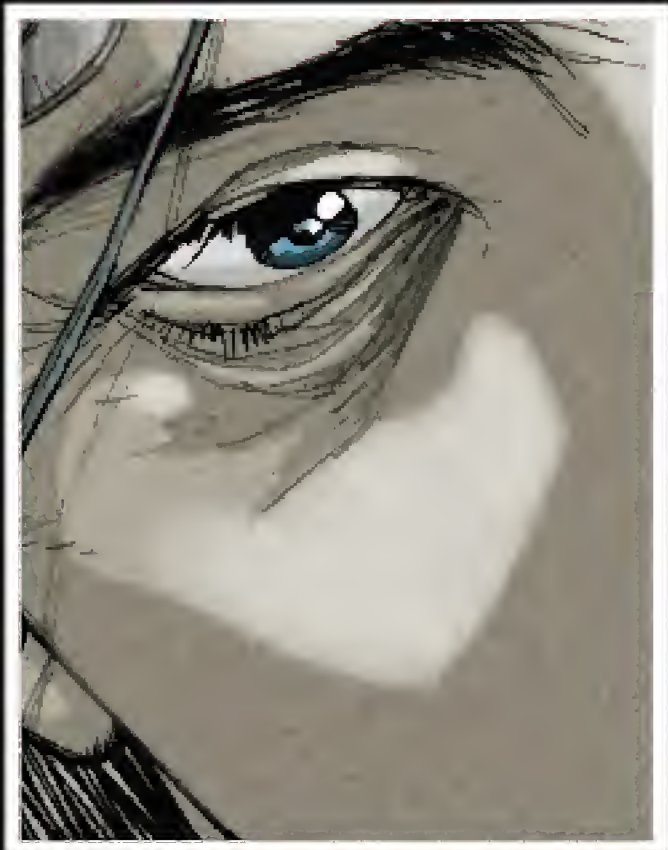
I'M NOT SURE. LET ME ASK...
NEVER MIND. ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT, SON? TRY TO RELAX.



HEARTBEAT IS JUMPING!
I NEED YOU TO RELAX.
LOOK AT ME.



IT'S GOING TO BE FINE.
NOW, PLEASE, IF YOU
CAN, TAKE A DEEP
BREATH FOR ME...





LOOK--
ALL I'M TRYING
TO SAY IS THIS IS
UNPRECEDENTED.
CELLULAR REGENERA-
TION, COGNITIVE
RESPONSE--AND
HIS MUSCLE MASS.
HOW THE HELL IS
IT GROWING AT
THAT RATE?

THIS GUY
SHOULD BE AN
EIGHTY-POUND
VEGETABLE AND
INSTEAD HE SEEMS
TO BE GETTING
STRONGER BY
THE HOUR.

AND
YOU'RE
TELLING ME
YOU WANT TO
KEEP QUIET
ABOUT
THIS?

LOOK, SOME
TEAM IS GOING TO
MAKE THEIR CAREER OFF
OF THIS. THEY'RE GOING TO
BE TEACHING THIS CASE IN
MED SCHOOL TO OUR
GRAND KIDS.

WHY HAND
IT OFF TO SOME
OUTSIDE SPECIALISTS
SO THEY CAN CLAIM
THE CREDIT? I SAY WE
KEEP THIS **BETWEEN**
US FOR NOW.

EXACTLY.

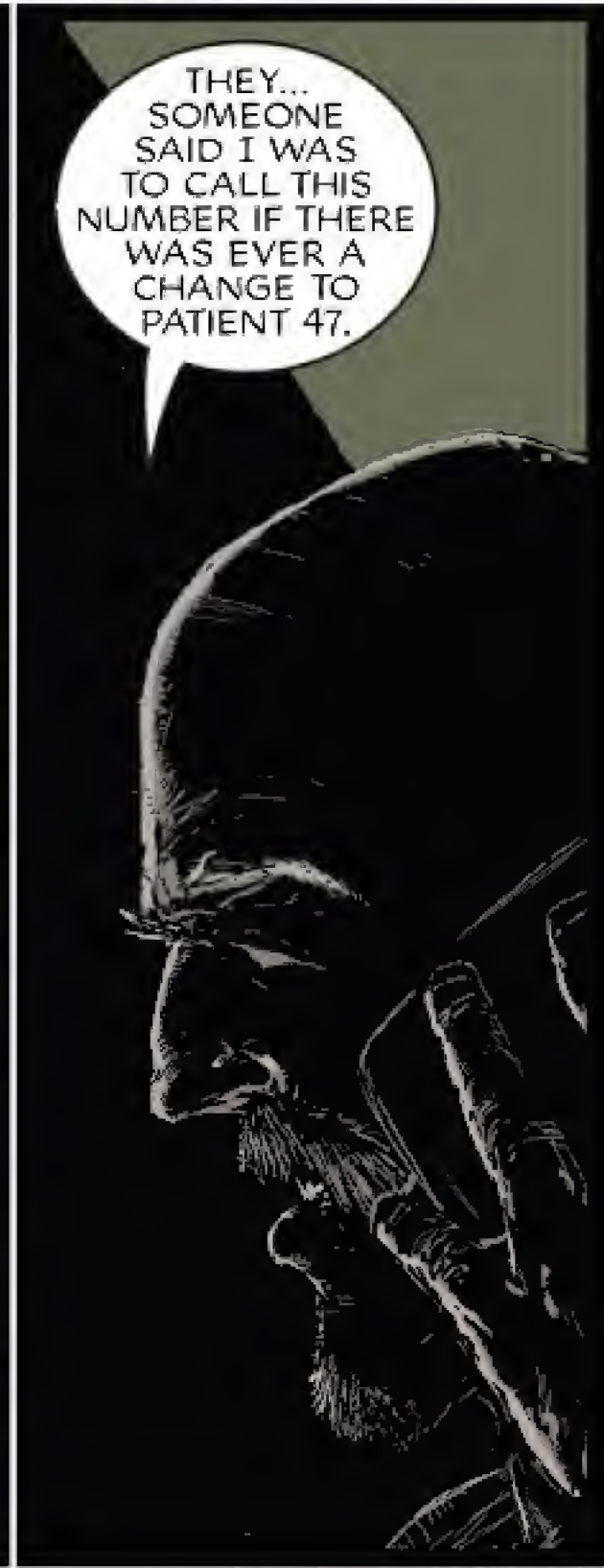
WHY GIVE
THE COVER
STORY OF **JAMA**
TO SOMEONE
ELSE?



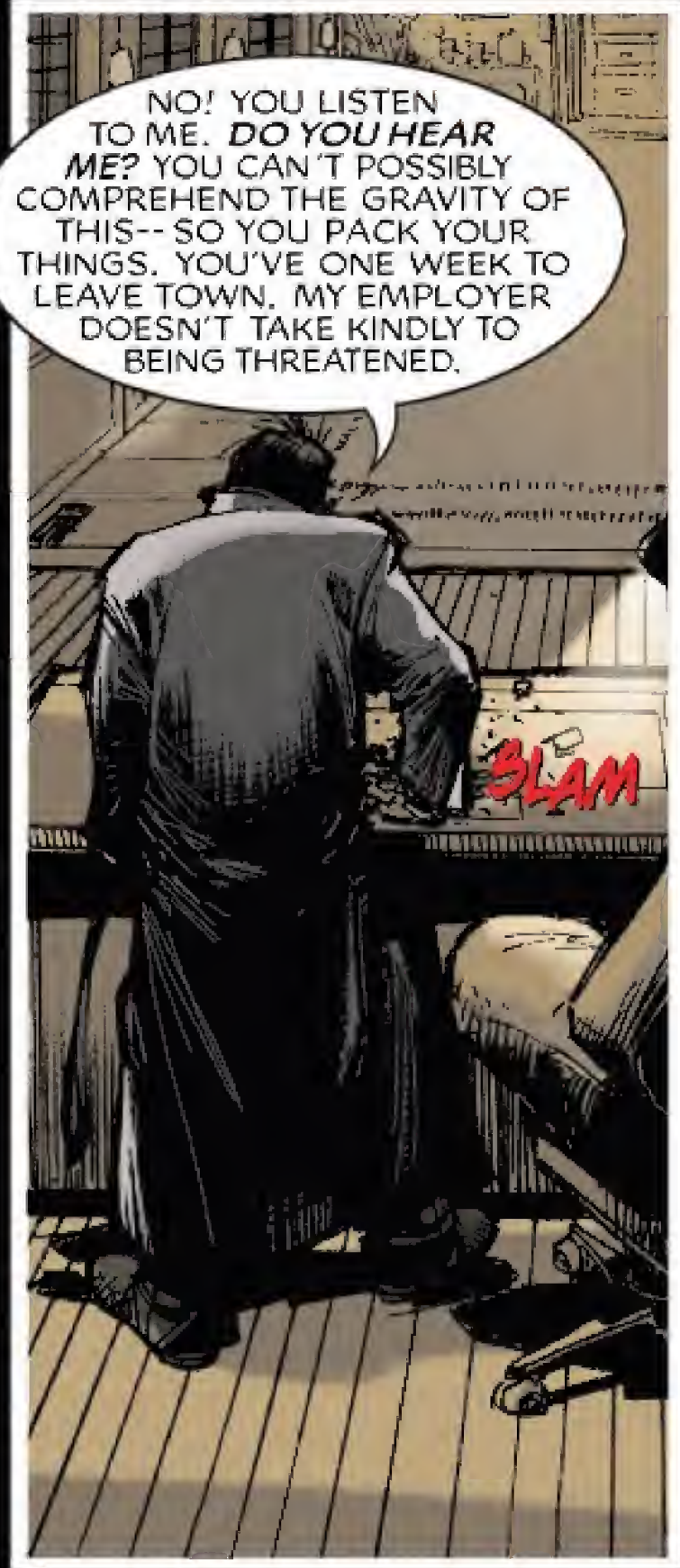
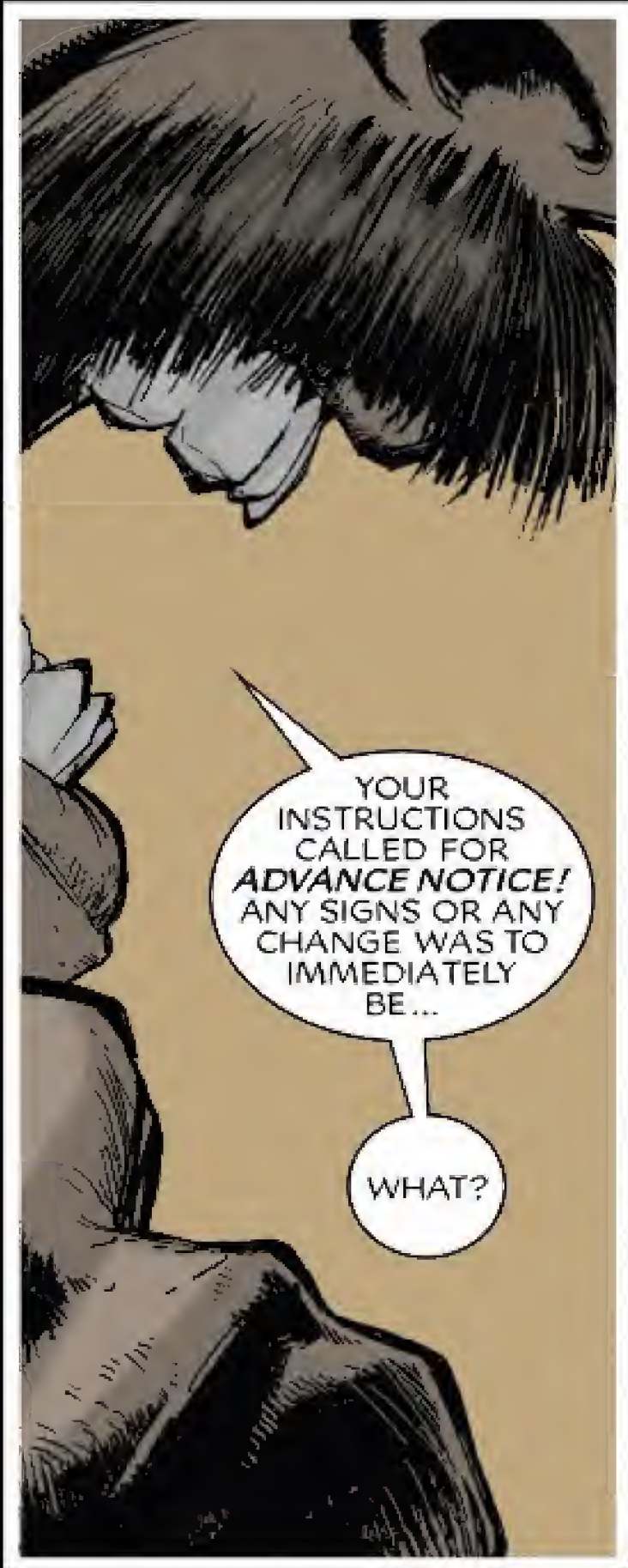
"SO FOR NOW,
THIS DOESN'T LEAVE
THE BUILDING.
AGREED?"



Um...
HELLO?



THEY...
SOMEONE
SAID I WAS
TO CALL THIS
NUMBER IF THERE
WAS EVER A
CHANGE TO
PATIENT 47.





HE'S AWAKE.

PATIENT 47.

YES, I KNOW.

I ASSURE YOU, IT WAS COMPLETELY UNFORESEEABLE. NO ADVANCE WARNING.

YES, SIR.

NO.

I JUST RECEIVED THE CALL.

I'M NOT MAKING EXCUSES. I DID WHAT I BELIEVED...



YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR. I SHOULD HAVE DONE THAT.



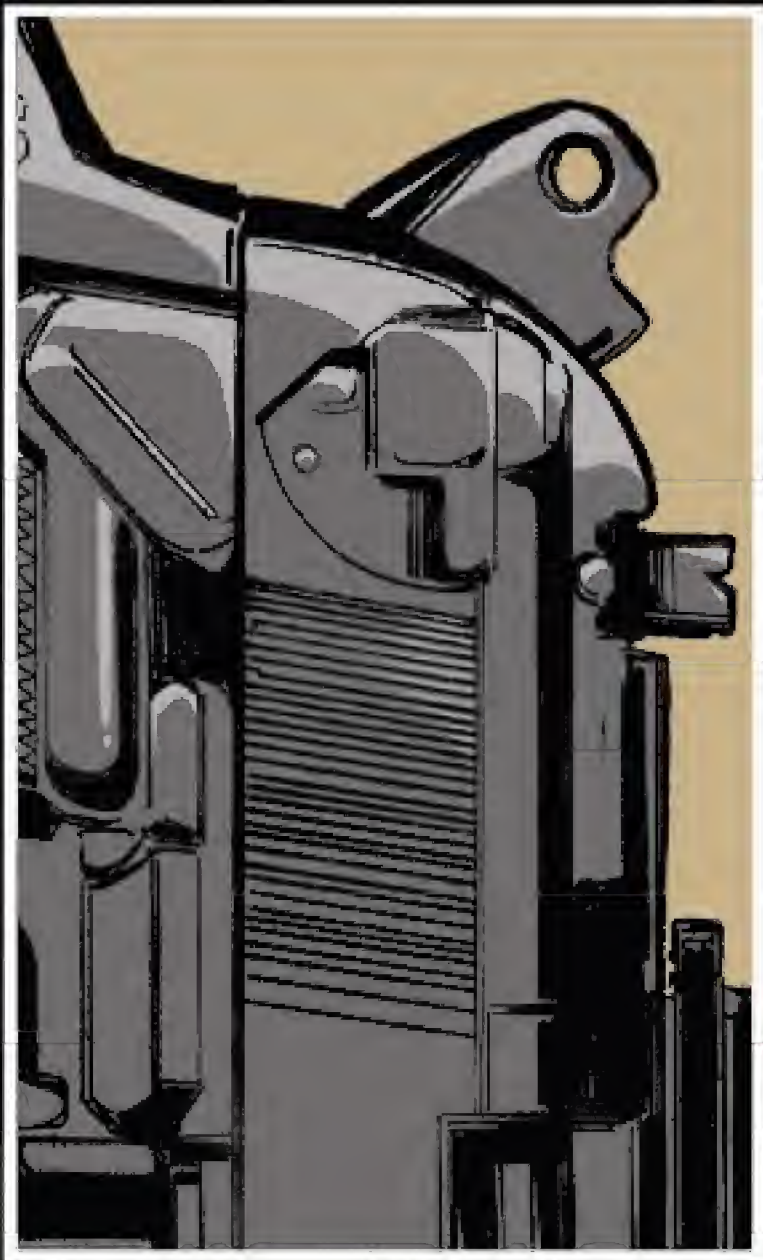
YES.

YES.



I UNDERSTAND.

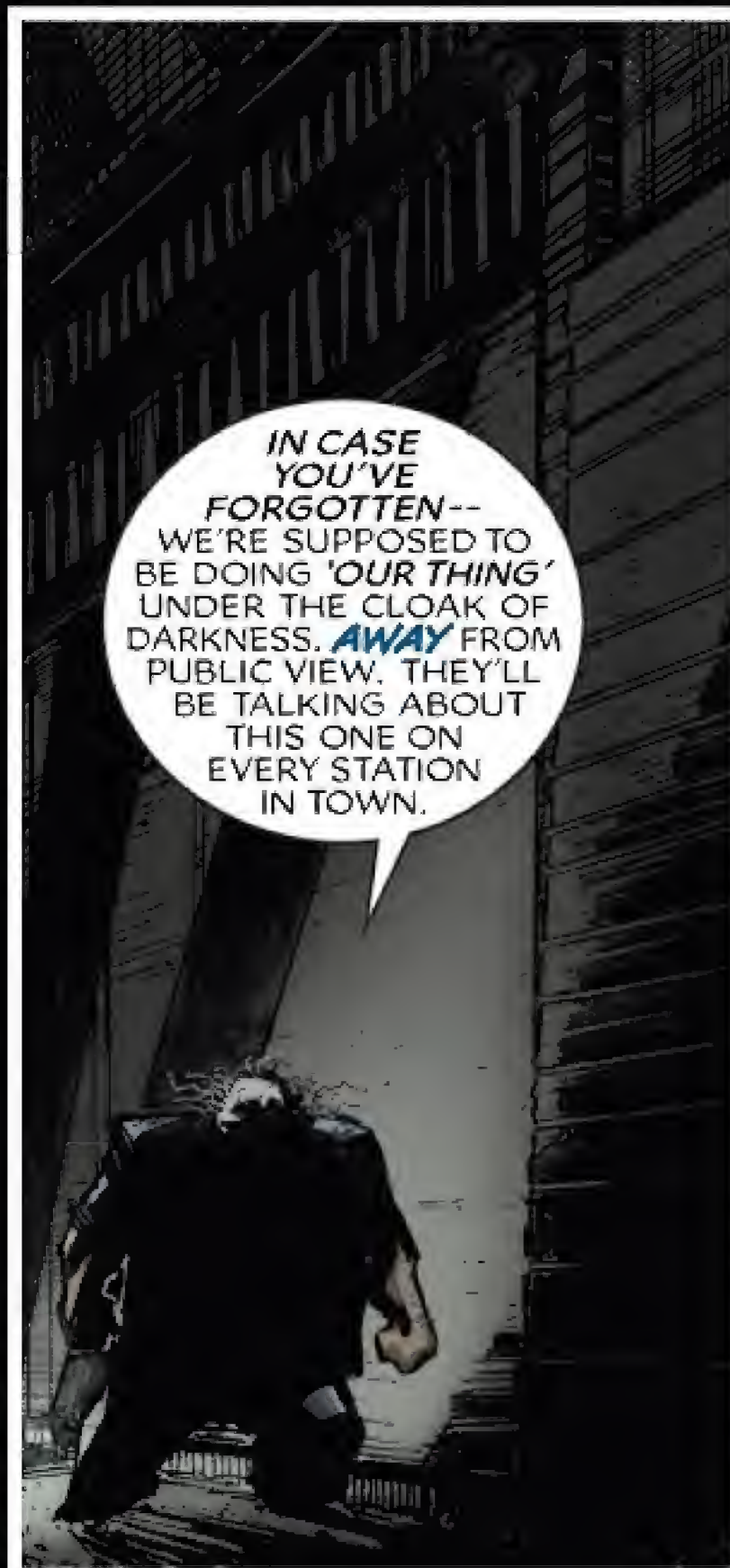
CLICK



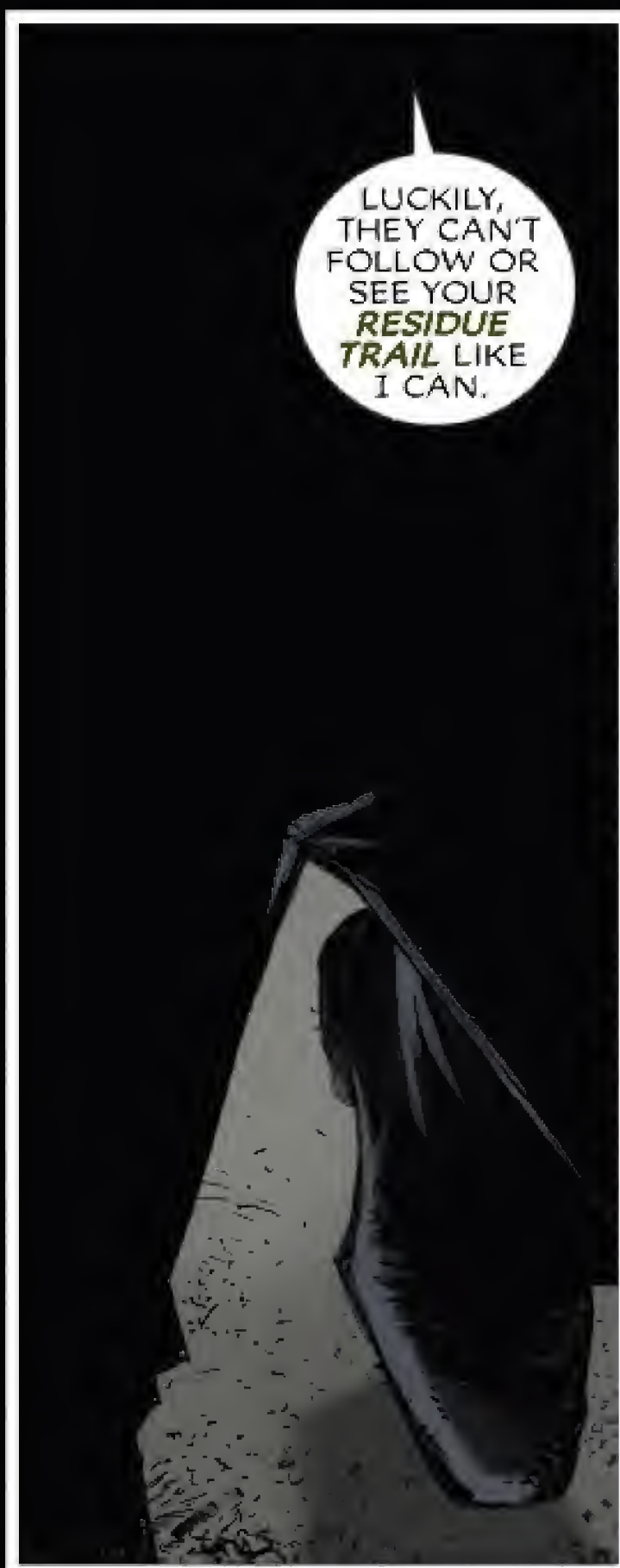




YOU
THINK YOU
CAN LIGHT
UP THE SKY
LIKE THAT AND
NO ONE'S
GOING TO
NOTICE?



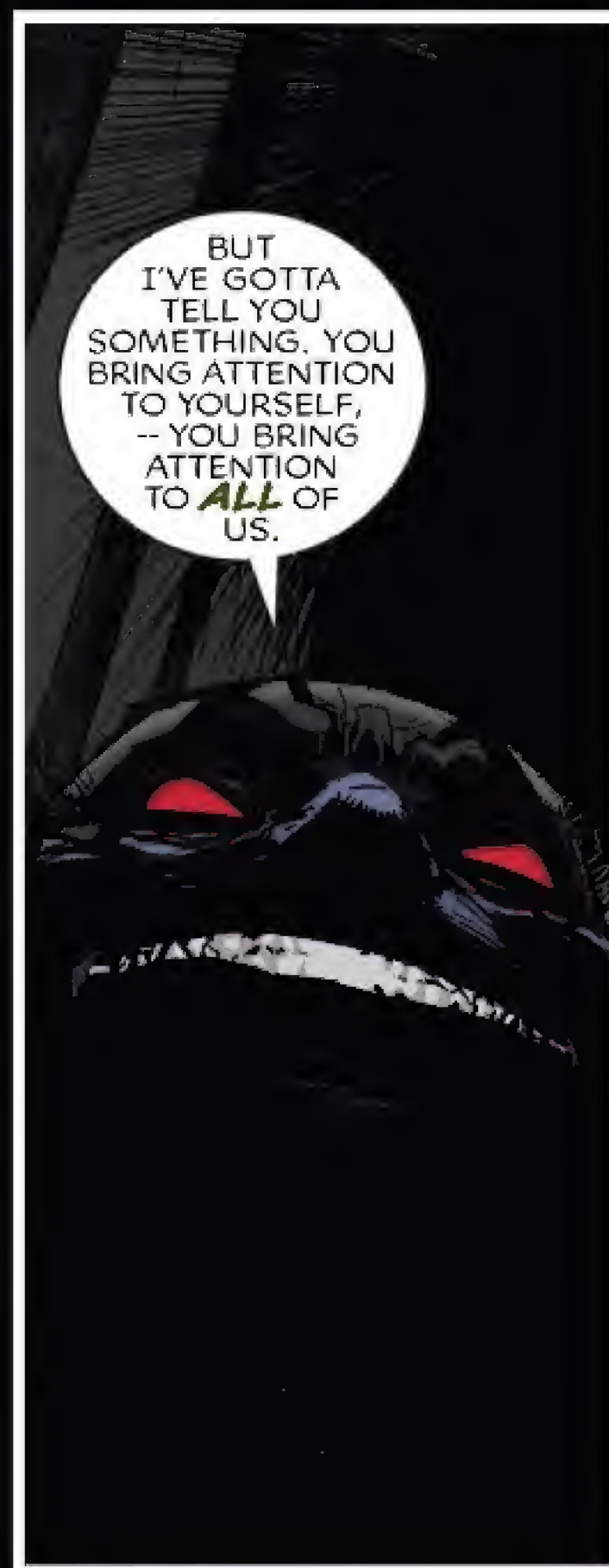
IN CASE
YOU'VE
FORGOTTEN--
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO
BE DOING 'OUR THING'
UNDER THE CLOAK OF
DARKNESS. **AWAY** FROM
PUBLIC VIEW. THEY'LL
BE TALKING ABOUT
THIS ONE ON
EVERY STATION
IN TOWN.



LUCKILY,
THEY CAN'T
FOLLOW OR
SEE YOUR
**RESIDUE
TRAIL** LIKE
I CAN.



SO
THEY'LL SOON
GET BORED OF
THE STORY--
THEN MOVE
ON.



BUT
I'VE GOTTA
TELL YOU
SOMETHING. YOU
BRING ATTENTION
TO YOURSELF,
-- YOU BRING
ATTENTION
TO **ALL** OF
US.



AND
THAT REALLY
PISSES
ME OFF!

BECAUSE
SOME OF US
ARE TRYING TO
BLEND IN.



BUT YOU
NEVER
GAVE A DAMN
ABOUT THAT
DID YOU?

**DID
YOU!**

...

HELLO...?
IS ANYONE
LISTENING?

FINE.
BE IMMATURE
ABOUT IT.



I CAN
SEE YOU LURKING
THERE IN THE SHADOWS.
I FULLY UNDERSTAND WHY
YOU'D WANT TO HIDE
FROM ME--KNOWING MY
REPUTATION AND ALL--
'CAUSE I KINDA SCARE
MYSELF TOO.



BUT I
PROMISE I
WON'T...



WHOA.



THERE
ISN'T
SUPPOSED
TO BE A
**DEAD
ZONE**
HERE!

WHAT'S
GOING ON
SIMMONS?
WHAT ARE YOU
TRYING TO PULL?
NO ONE MOVES A
PORTAL WITHOUT
PERMISSION
FROM...



GUESS I
WAS WRONG
ABOUT YOU
SIMMONS.

I NEVER
THOUGHT
YOU'D
HAVE THE
BALLS...

image[®]

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DIGITAL
EDITION

McFARLANE
PORTACIO
HOLGUIN

SPAWN[®]

ENDGAME PART TWO

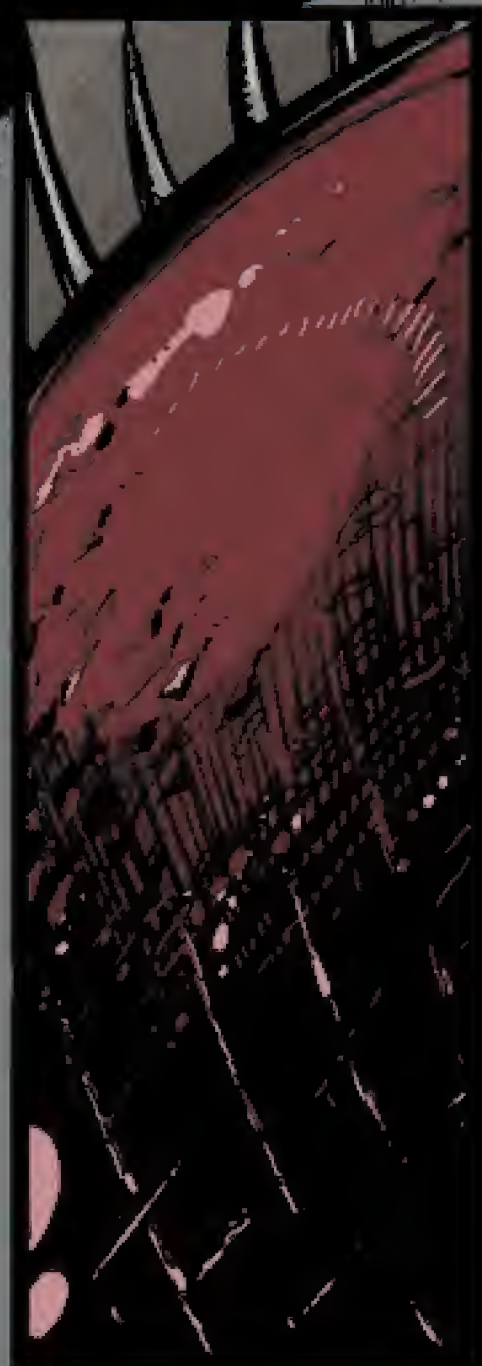


Whit
McFARLANE

Jim Hsu



WHY?



WHY WOULD HE GIVE UP NOW? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

AND WHY DO IT HERE IN *THIS* SPOT-- WHICH SHOULDN'T EVEN EXIST.



MY CYNICAL SIDE SAYS IT'S SOME KIND OF TRICK-- A *TRAP*. BUT THERE'S NO 'LIFE FORCE' AND **NO** SPAWN CAN EXIST WITHOUT IT. *NOT* HERE. *NOT* IN HELL. *NOWHERE!*

MEANING...



**I'M
FREE!**

BECAUSE
NOW THEY'RE **BOTH**
DEAD! MALEBOLGIA
AND SPAWN. OH, SURE
I WISH IT WAS ME
WHO HAD KILLED
THEM, BUT I KNEW THE
'**ELDERS**' WERE
WATCHING.



SO I
CONTINUED
TO PLAY THE
CLOWN-- THEIR
ETERNAL
FOOL.

BECAUSE
IF THEY REALLY
KNEW WHAT I'D
WANTED--WHAT
I'D BEEN HOPING
FOR--THEY'D
HAVE EXECUTED
ME CENTURIES
AGO.



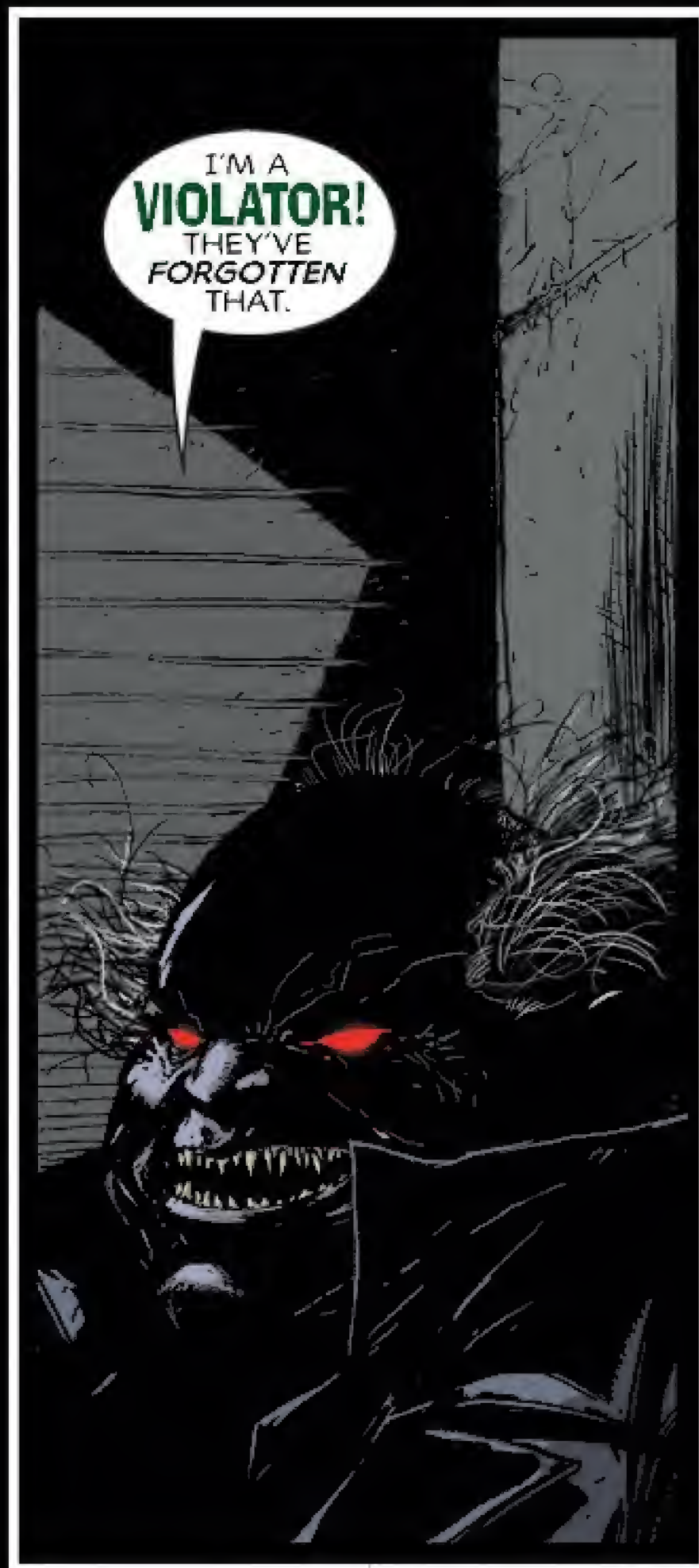
LIKE THEY
DID MY
FATHER.



SPLAT!



WHICH
MEANS I NEED TO
SNATCH THIS OPPORTUNITY
NOW! BEFORE ANYONE
KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENED.
BUT EVEN IF THEY DO, THAT'S
OKAY-- BECAUSE SPAWN'S
DEATH WILL CONFUSE
EVERYONE FOR A
WHILE.



EXACTLY
How
I GOT THAT
NAME!

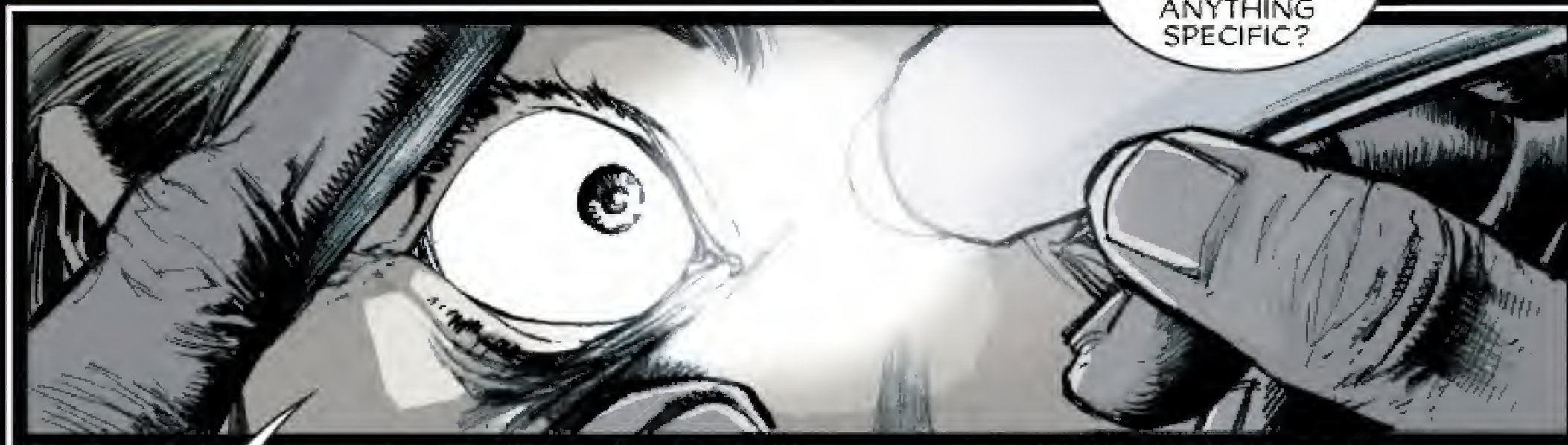


Long Island.

WE'RE NEARLY DONE-- JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES. BREATHE OUT... GOOD. AND ONCE AGAIN.

EXCELLENT.

YOUR MEMORY? HAVE YOU BEEN ABLE TO RECALL ANYTHING SPECIFIC?



NO. NOT YET.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT. IT'LL COME. YOUR RESULTS SHOW THERE ISN'T ANY PHYSICAL TRAUMA TO THE MEMORY CENTERS OF YOUR BRAIN.

JUST KEEP TRYING. SOMETIMES IT JUST TAKES ONE FAMILIAR IMAGE FROM YOUR PAST TO GET THINGS GOING. A BIRTHDAY OR SPECIAL EVENT. YOUR HOUSE OR A CHILDHOOD TOY.

EVEN A NAME-- OR A FACE.



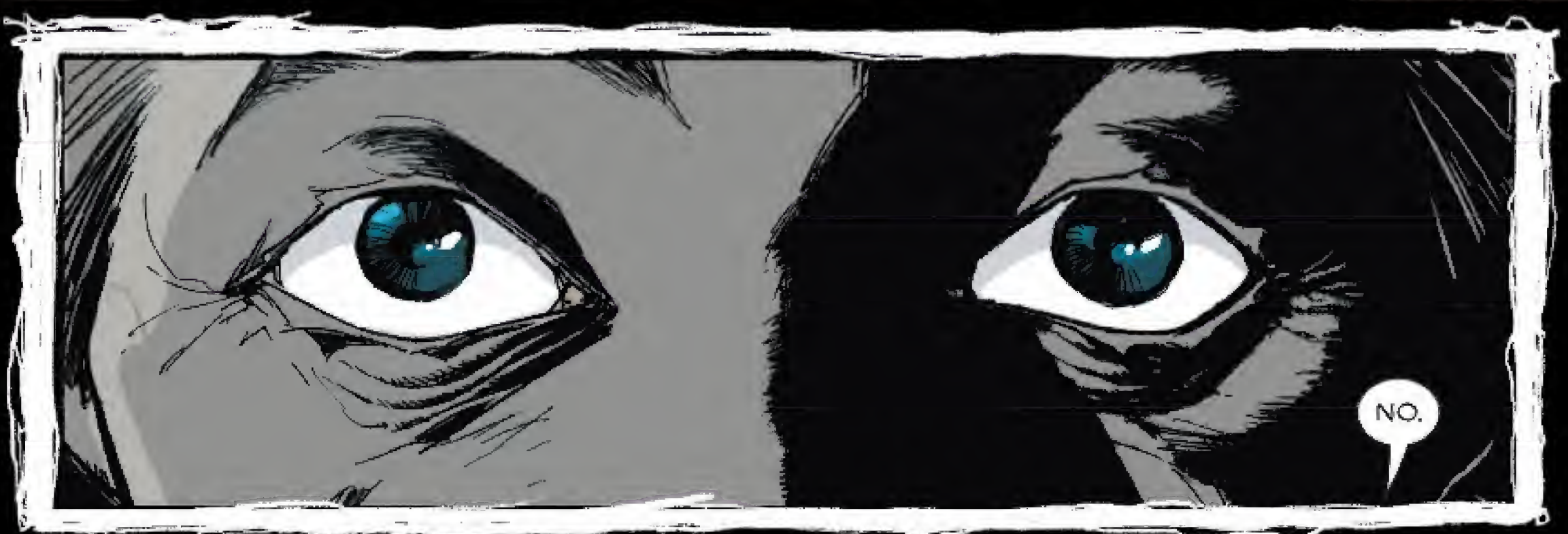
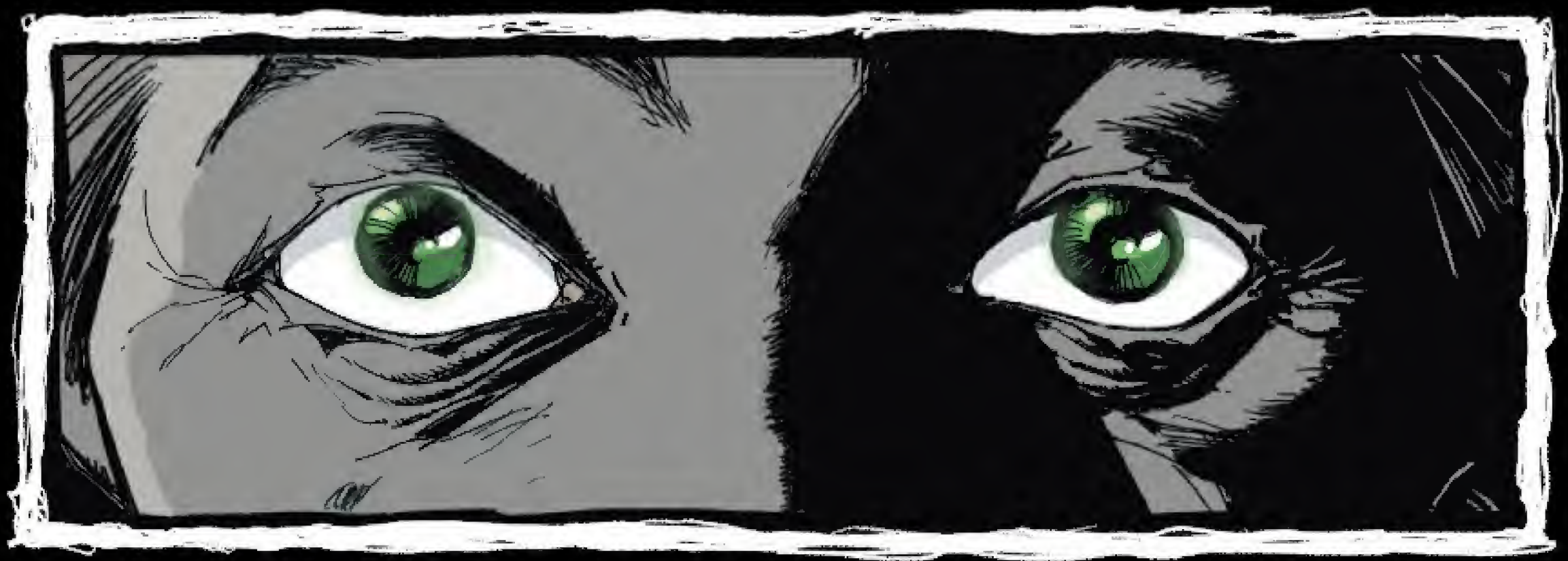
A FACE?



SURE. A SINGLE MEMORY CAN TRIGGER AN AVALANCHE OF REVELATIONS.

YOU RECALL SOMETHING LIKE THAT?







WELL, KEEP TRYING. DR. BAXTER AND DR. WAKE WILL BE IN IN A BIT TO RUN A FEW MORE TESTS.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT WITH ME. I'M FINE. YOU CAN GO.

I DON'T MIND.



CAN I ASK YOU SOMETHING?

SURE.

DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?



IT'S JIM.

JIM DOWNING.

THAT'S WHAT ALL YOUR CHARTS SAY. THOUGH WE HAVEN'T FOUND YOUR COMPLETE FILES YET.



HOW LONG WAS I IN A COMA?



I DON'T-- NO ONE KNOWS FOR SURE. THAT'D BE IN YOUR FILES AND OUR COMPUTERS CAN'T SEEM TO FIND THE REST OF YOUR INFORMATION.

THEY'VE BEGUN ASKING EVERYONE...



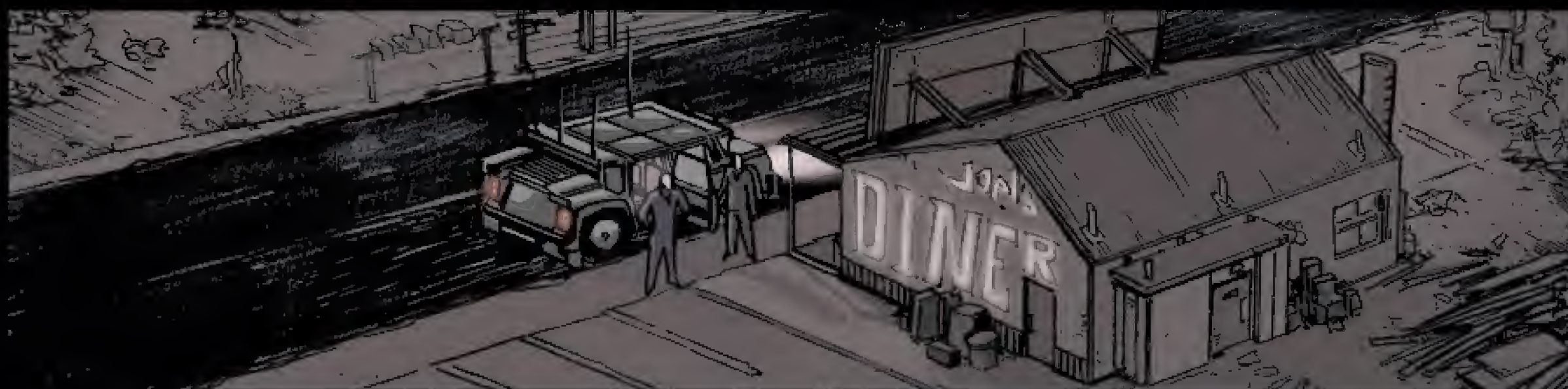
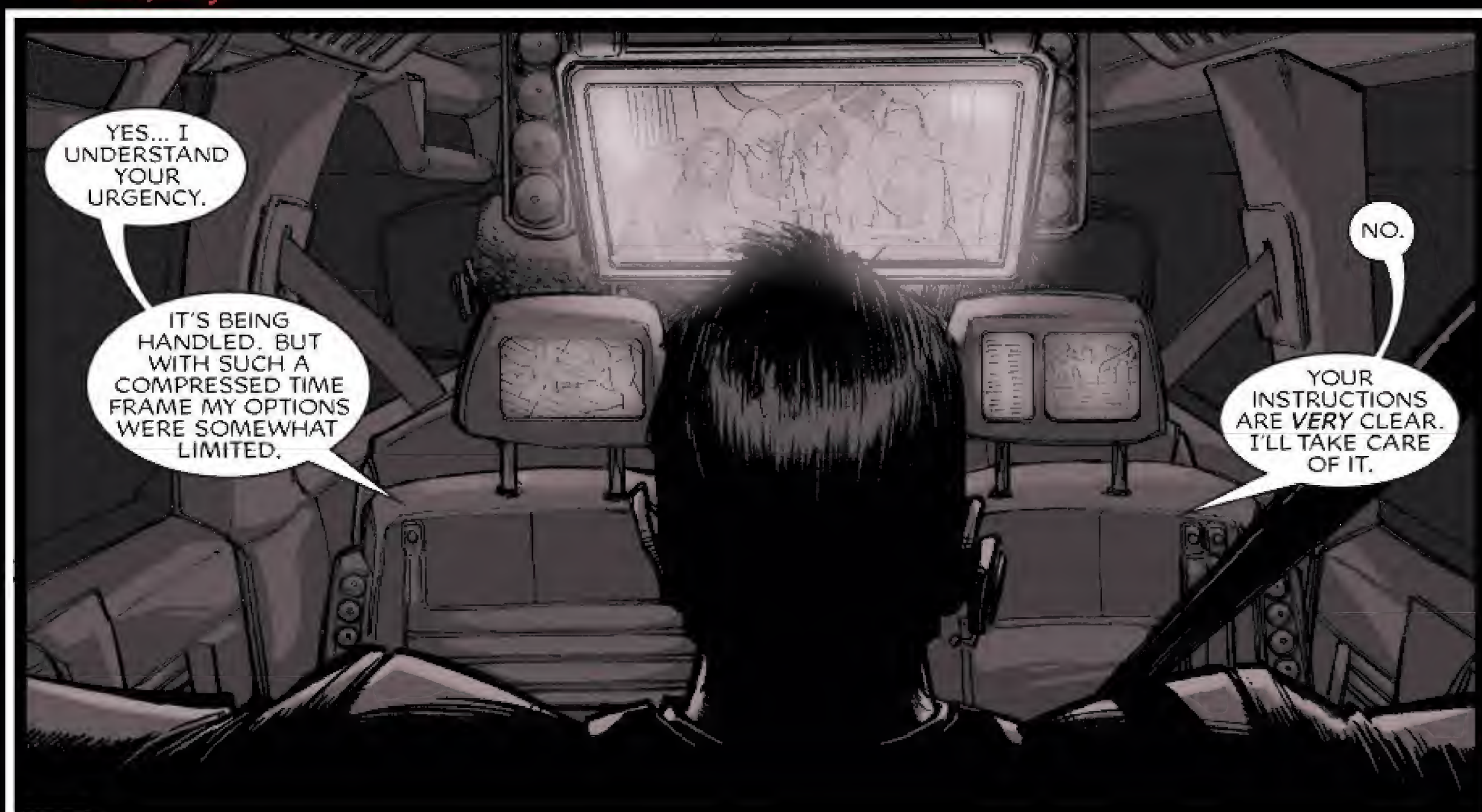
...BUT THERE ISN'T ANY STAFF THAT'S BEEN HERE LONGER THAN YOU.



AND THAT'S BEEN...?

AT LEAST FOUR YEARS.

South Jersey.





THAT DOESN'T CONCERN YOU.

COOL. I GET IT. THAT'S COOL.

SO WHAT ARE YOU SHOPPING FOR?

YOU WANT LIKE A MATT DAMON TYPE? OR A VIN DIESEL GUY? OR MAYBE YOU'D PREFER AN UNDERSTATED PRESENCE.



I WANT YOUR BEST.

AND I DON'T WANT HIM ATTRACTING ATTENTION. THIS IS A SIMPLE 'SNATCH AND GRAB'.

let me think now...

OH!

I'VE GOT THE PERFECT GUY! YOU'LL LOVE HIM!

HE'S A BIT PRICIER THAN THE OTHERS-- A REAL RISING STAR, YOU KNOW-- BUT I'M SURE WE CAN WORK OUT A...



MY PRICE ISN'T NEGOTIABLE.

HERE -- TAKE THIS

DO NOT CALL ANYONE. DO NOT TEXT ANYONE WITH IT. UNDERSTAND?



THREE HOURS PRIOR TO-- THE "GIG"-- YOU'LL RECEIVE A MESSAGE DETAILING THE JOB LOCATION AND A BANK PASS CODE TO ACCESS YOUR FEES.



AFTER THAT THE PHONE WILL GO DEAD AND WE'LL HAVE NO FURTHER CONTACT WITH ONE ANOTHER.

GOOD DAY.

YEAH. YEAH. YOU TOO.



AND DON'T WORRY! I'VE GOT THE GUY! BELIEVE ME, YOU'LL LOVE HIM! HE'S A FREAKIN' STAR!

I'LL GIVE HIM TO YOU AT SCALE-- THIS TIME! BUT SIX MONTHS FROM NOW, EVERYONE'LL BE LINING UP TO PAY TRIPLE!

TRUST ME!

WE'VE
DONE THIS
A THOUSAND
TIMES BEFORE,
BUT TONIGHT'S
GOING TO BE
DIFFERENT.



YOU'RE STILL
ASLEEP, I KNOW, BUT
THAT'S *NOT THE SAME*
AS A COMA-- I GUESS
THAT'S WHY I'M FEELING
SO NERVOUS.



AND
GUILTY.

THESE TALKS
AND NIGHTLY
PRAYERS HAVE
MEANT SO MUCH TO
ME-- I STILL CAN'T
BELIEVE IT'S BEEN
ALMOST *TWO*
YEARS.

BUT NOW
THE DOCTORS
ARE SAYING YOU'RE
MAKING AN AMAZING
RECOVERY. THEY'VE
NEVER SEEN ANYTHING
LIKE IT. YOUR WEIGHT,
METABOLISM, *ALL* OF
YOUR VITALS, EVERY-
THING IS JUST-- WELL,
THEY SAY YOU'RE
A *MIRACLE*.

I'M NOT
READY TO BE
ALL ALONE
AGAIN.

AND THOUGH
NOBODY'S SAID WHEN--
I'M SURE YOU'LL BE GOING
HOME SOON. SO I DON'T
KNOW HOW MANY MORE
NIGHTS WE'LL HAVE TOGETHER.
THAT'S WHERE *MY GUILT*
COMES IN. I DON'T WANT
YOU TO GO-- AT LEAST
NOT YET.



SO BEFORE
WE GET STARTED,
I NEED TO SAY
SOMETHING TO
YOU. SOMETHING I
SHOULD HAVE SAID
A LONG TIME
AGO...



THANK
YOU.

THANKS
FOR ALWAYS
BEING THERE WHEN
I NEEDED SOMEONE
AND-- AND THANKS
FOR SIMPLY
LISTENING
TO ME.



IT'S GOTTEN
ME THROUGH
MANY ROUGH
TIMES. ESPECIALLY
WHEN IT SEEMED LIKE
GOD WASN'T LISTENING
TO MY PRAYERS. YOU
WERE THE ONLY
ONE I COULD
TURN TO.



THE STAFF HERE
NEVER UNDERSTOOD IT. SOME
OF THE THINGS THEY SAY BEHIND MY
BACK ARE VERY HURTFUL. "SAD
SARA" THEY CALL ME. GOD'S TOLD
ME TO BE STRONG. TO NOT LET THEM
TAKE AWAY FROM MY PURPOSE
HERE ON EARTH.

THOUGH,
I KEEP
WAITING FOR
HIM TO TELL ME
WHAT THAT
'PURPOSE' IS.

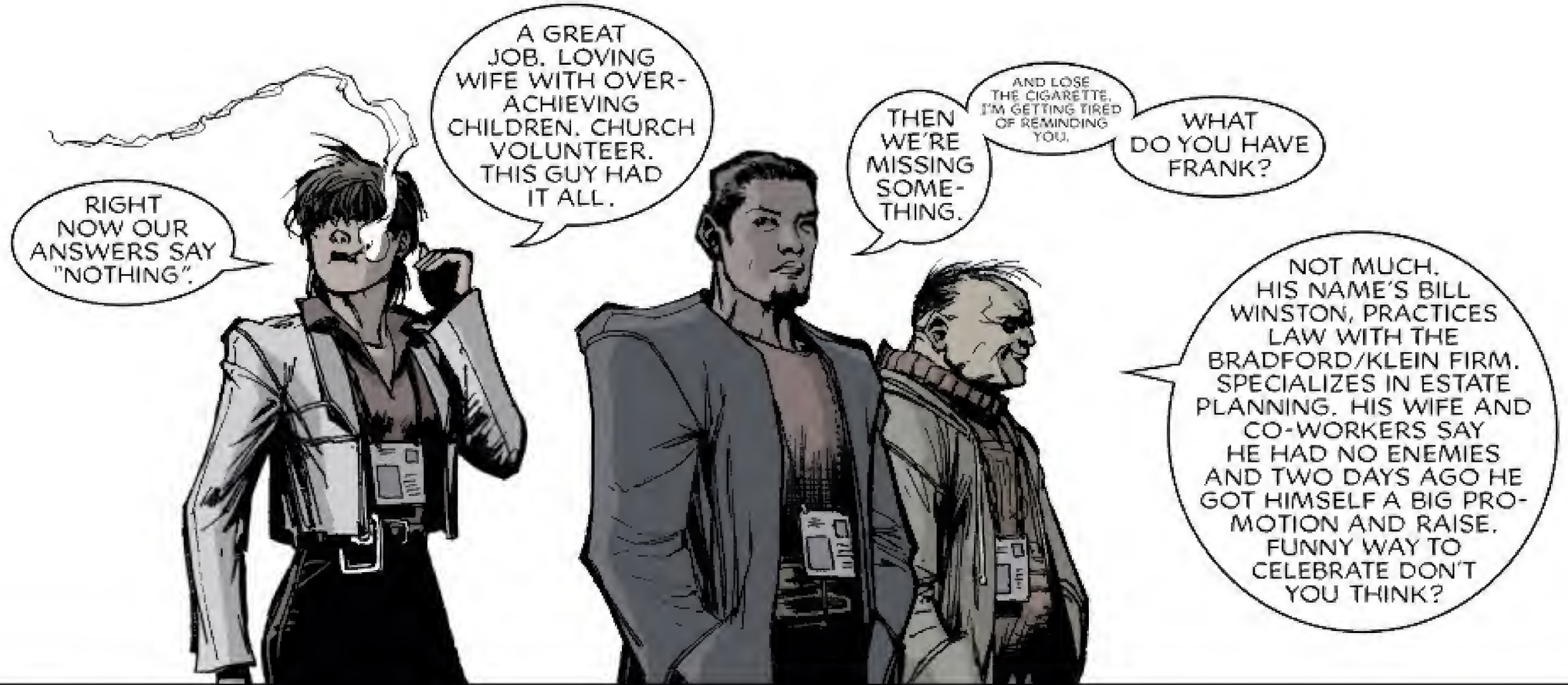


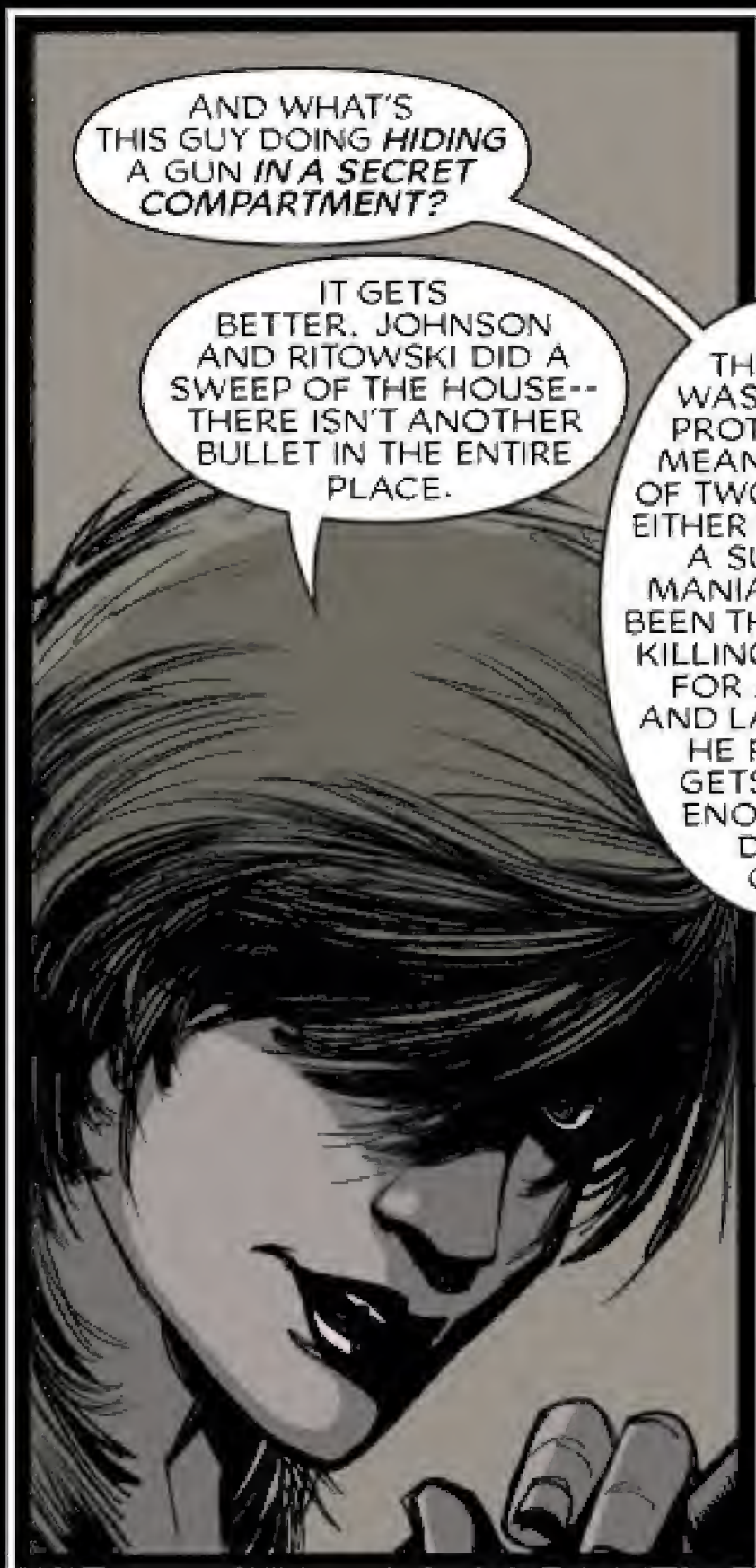
Langley, Virginia.



JESUS.

WHAT
COULD
POSSIBLY DRIVE
A MAN TO THAT
POINT?





AND WHAT'S THIS GUY DOING *HIDING* A GUN IN A SECRET COMPARTMENT?

IT GETS BETTER. JOHNSON AND RITOWSKI DID A SWEEP OF THE HOUSE-- THERE ISN'T ANOTHER BULLET IN THE ENTIRE PLACE.

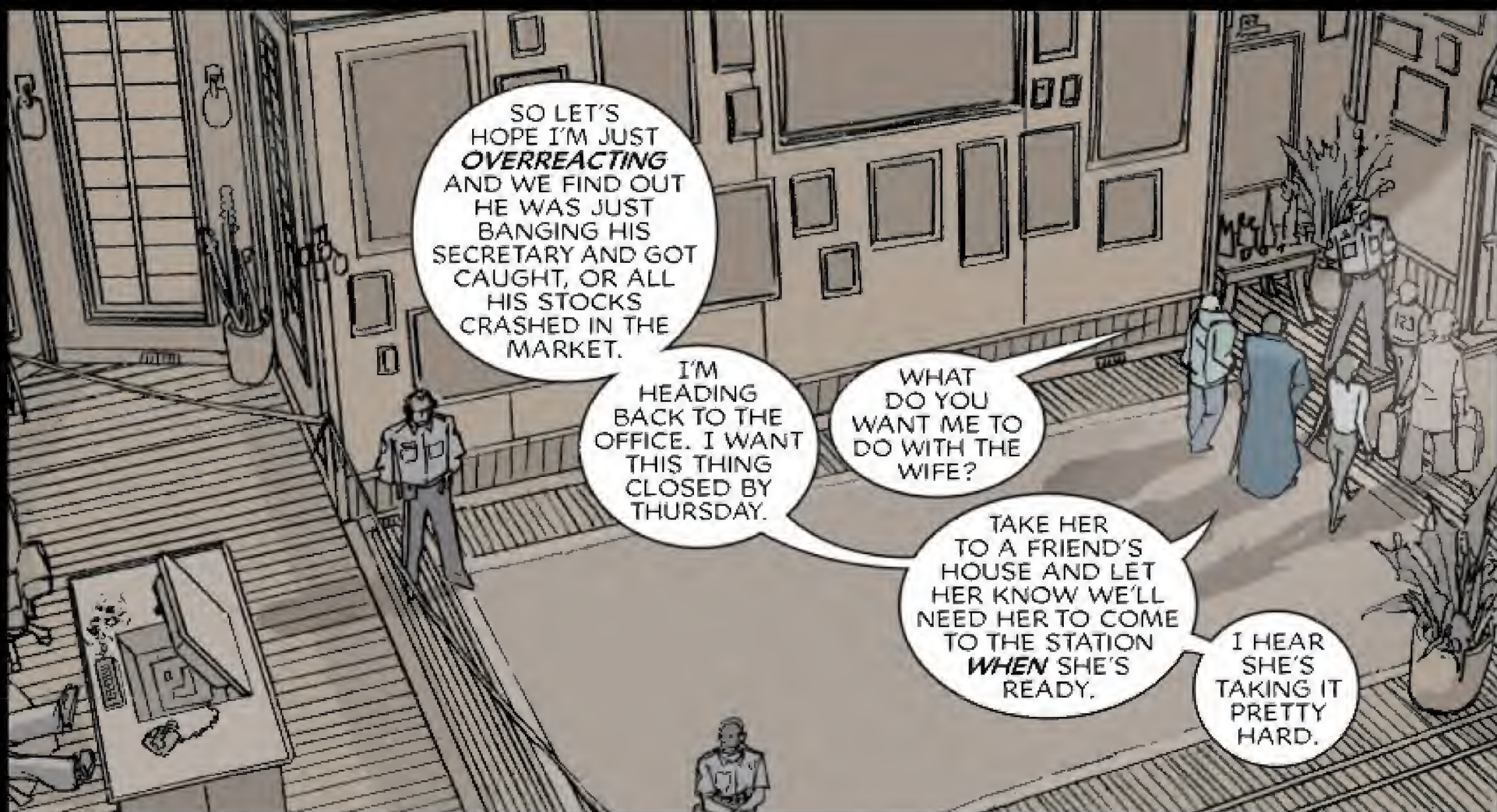
SO THE GUN WASN'T FOR PROTECTION. MEANING ONE OF TWO THINGS-- EITHER THIS GUY'S A SUICIDAL MANIAC WHO'S BEEN THINKING OF KILLING HIMSELF FOR A WHILE AND LAST NIGHT HE FINALLY GETS BRAVE ENOUGH TO DO IT, OR...



HE WAS AFRAID OF SOMETHING ELSE.

EXACTLY.

AND HE KNEW THIS DAY WOULD EVENTUALLY COME.



SO LET'S HOPE I'M JUST **OVERREACTING** AND WE FIND OUT HE WAS JUST BANGING HIS SECRETARY AND GOT CAUGHT, OR ALL HIS STOCKS CRASHED IN THE MARKET.

I'M HEADING BACK TO THE OFFICE. I WANT THIS THING CLOSED BY THURSDAY.

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO WITH THE WIFE?

TAKE HER TO A FRIEND'S HOUSE AND LET HER KNOW WE'LL NEED HER TO COME TO THE STATION **WHEN** SHE'S READY.

I HEAR SHE'S TAKING IT PRETTY HARD.



YOU'D BE TOO IF YOU FOUND THE DOG LICKING YOUR HUSBAND'S BRAINS OFF THE CARPET.

NICE, FRANK.

I'M JUST SAYING.

3:27 A.M.



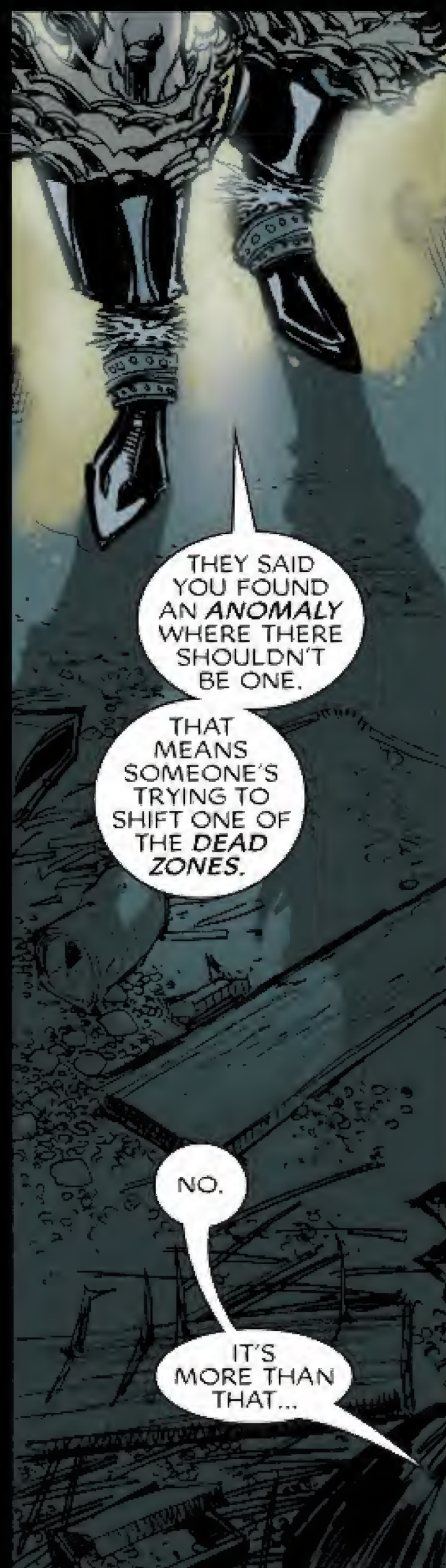
DON'T USE
YOUR *NATURAL*
STATE--YOU NEED A
TANGIBLE FORM
HERE.



HOW'S
THIS?



A BIT
MELODRAMATIC,
BUT IT'LL DO.

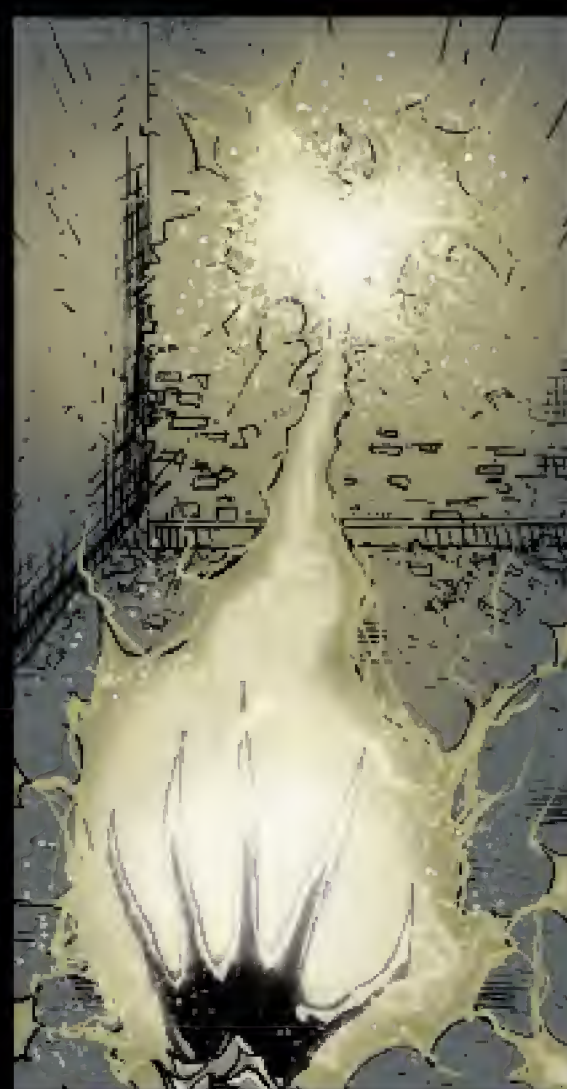
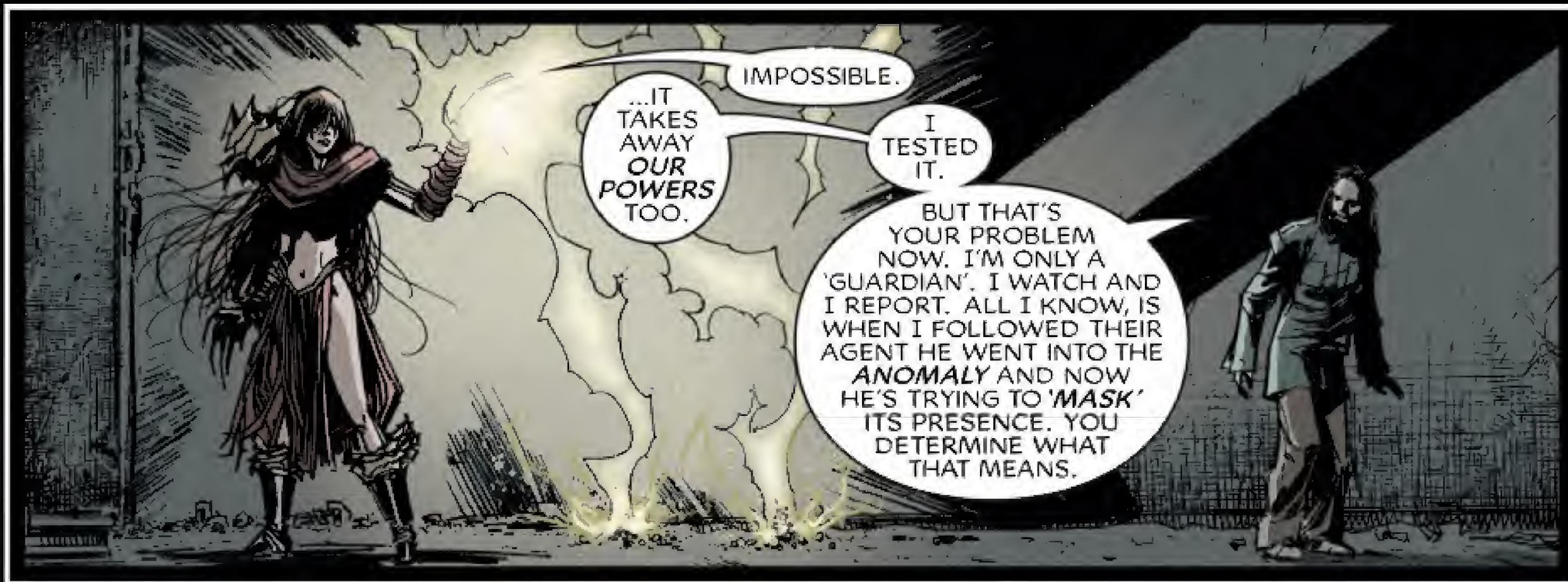


THEY SAID
YOU FOUND
AN *ANOMALY*
WHERE THERE
SHOULDN'T
BE ONE.

THAT
MEANS
SOMEONE'S
TRYING TO
SHIFT ONE OF
THE *DEAD*
ZONES.

NO.

IT'S
MORE THAN
THAT...





...SHE SAID I SPENT TOO MUCH TIME IN MY ROOM. THAT I WASN'T TRYING HARD ENOUGH TO BE LIKE THE OTHERS OR THAT I'D NEVER GET A DATE BECAUSE THE BOYS WOULDN'T LIKE SOMEONE THAT WAS AFRAID TO GO OUT OF THE HOUSE. THAT'S WHAT SHE ALWAYS SAID--THAT I WAS **AFRAID**.

JUST ONCE.

EVEN AFTER I FOUND OUT I'D BEEN ADOPTED, YOU'D THINK THAT WOULD HAVE GIVEN HER CAUSE TO WONDER WHY HER DAUGHTER WAS SUCH AN OUTCAST. AND EVERY TIME DAD TRIED TO GET INVOLVED, HE ONLY SEEMED INTERESTED FOR ABOUT A DAY. THEN HE'D IGNORE IT. HE WAS THE **OPPOSITE** OF MOM-- ACTING AS IF NOTHING WAS EVER WRONG.

BUT, SHE **NEVER** ASKED ONCE WHY I WAS DOING IT. YOU'D THINK MAYBE SHE'D HAVE WANTED TO KNOW WHAT WAS KEEPING ME IN MY ROOM SO MUCH...

AND I PRAYED TO GOD EVERY NIGHT TO TAKE AWAY MY LONELINESS AND HELP MAKE ME **FIT IN**.

I GUESS HE MUST BE BUSY WITH PROBLEMS BIGGER THAN MINE.

LIKE YOURS.



I NEED TO GO NOW-- SLEEP TIGHT.



sara.









image

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DIGITAL
EDITION

McFARLANE
PORTACIO
HOLGUIN

SPAWN

ENDGAME PART THREE



NEW YORK CLARION

MARC!
I NEED THOSE
NUMBERS
ANALYZING THE
STOCK...

ALREADY
SENT.
CHECK YOUR
E-MAIL.

WHAT
ABOUT THE
BUDGET
UPDATES?

I'M ON IT.
GIVE ME
TWO MORE
SECONDS...

THERE!
IT'S IN YOUR
INBOX.

WHERE
DID THE
JONESTOWN
SUICIDES
TAKE PLACE
AGAIN?

GUYANA.
DOWN IN
SOUTH
AMERICA.

HOW MANY
GRAMMYS DOES
NELLY HAVE?

THREE.

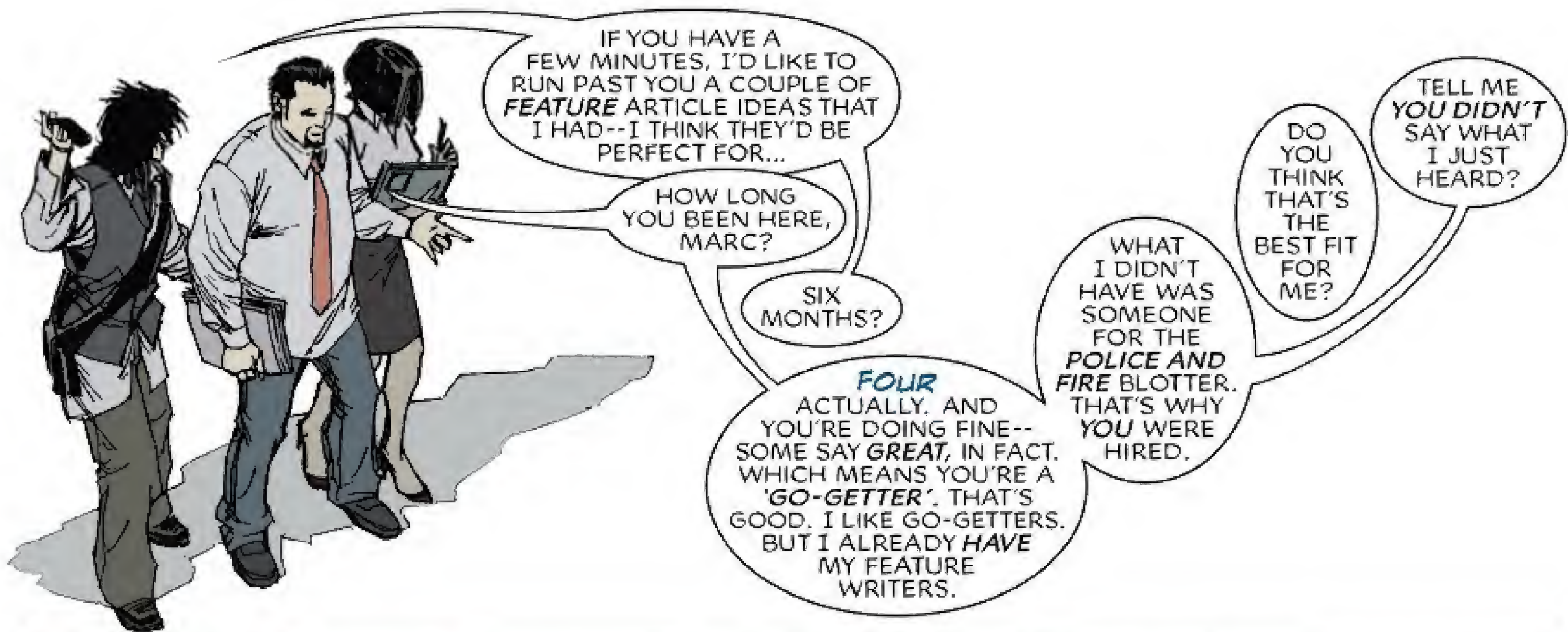


MR.
DeLEON?
I MEAN
BOB...

YOU
HAD IT RIGHT
THE *FIRST*
TIME-- WHAT
DO YOU
NEED?



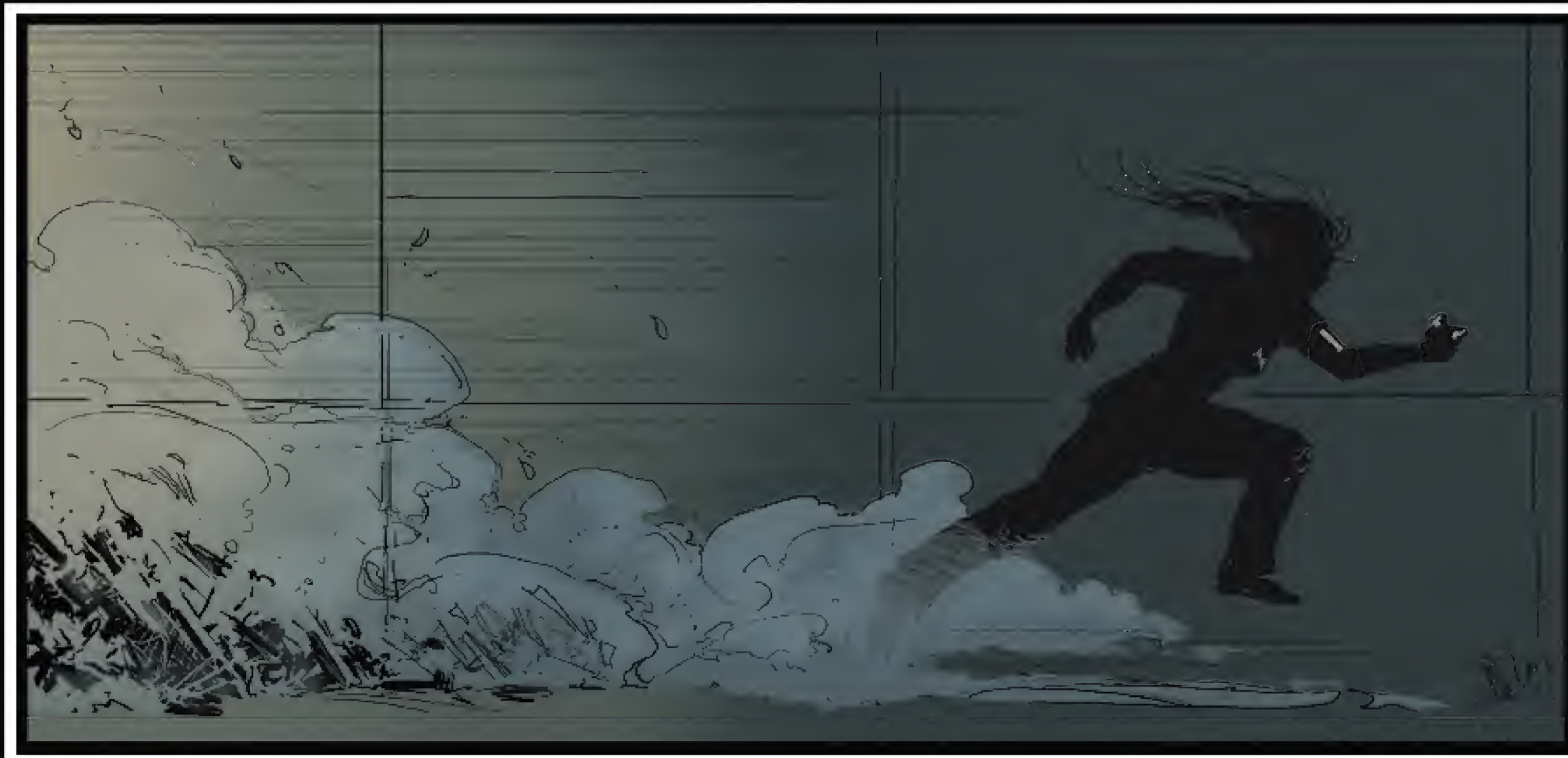
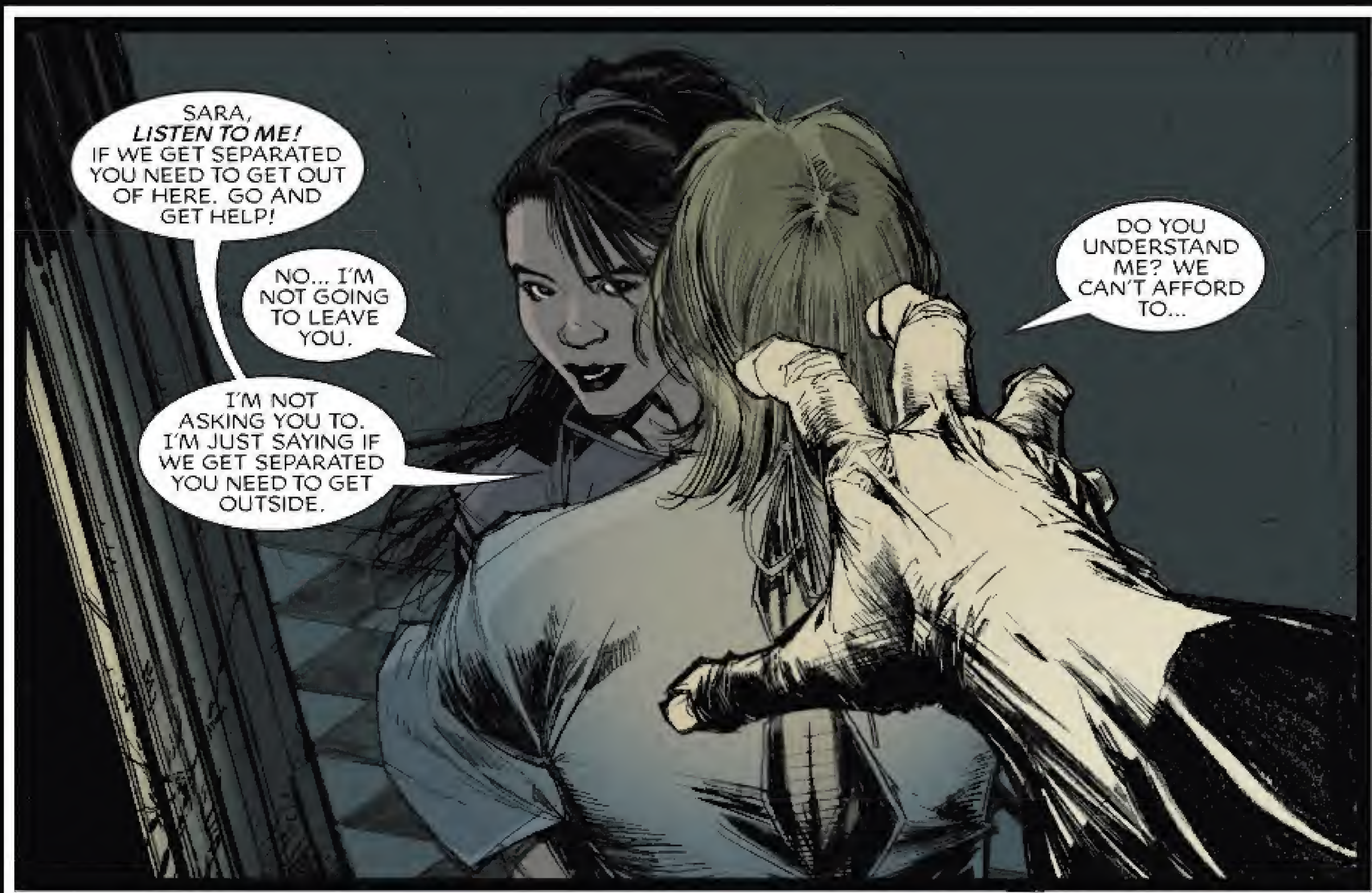
Um...
EXCUSE
ME,
EVERY-
ONE.





DID
YOU HEAR
ME...?

YOU'RE
COMING
WITH
ME!





puff
puff



sara.
saraaaaaa....

WHO'S
THERE?

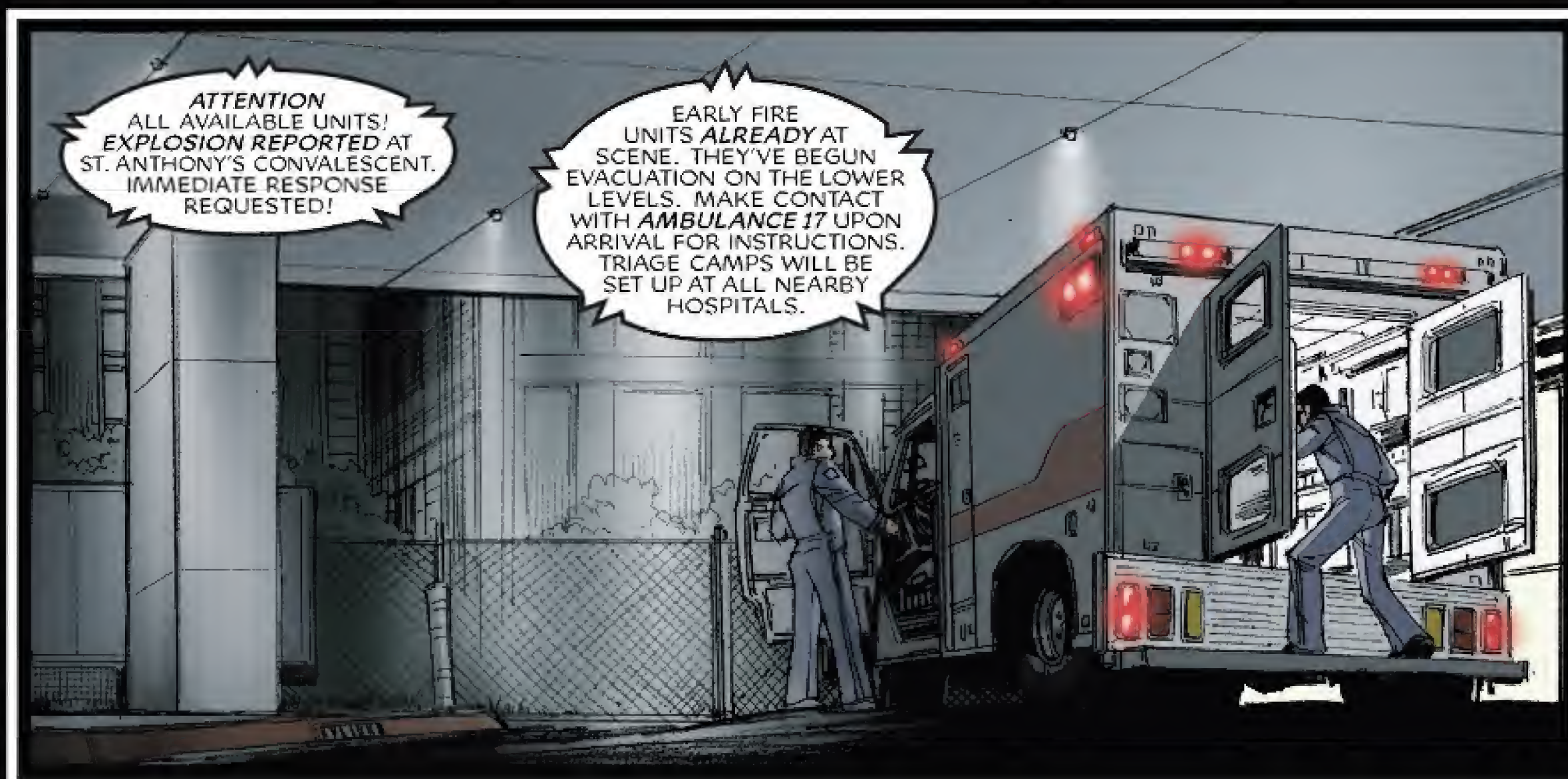


CLOSE
YOUR EYES.
SLEEP...

AND
FORGET.











EXTRACTOR!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
DO YOU HAVE YOUR
TARGET?!

RESCUE
UNITS ARE
INSIDE THE BUILDING.
GRAB YOUR GUY
AND GET THE
HELL OUT OF
THERE!

DO YOU
COPY?



FLOORS ONE
THROUGH FOUR
ARE CLEAN. GIBSON,
TAKE THREE MEN WITH
YOU TO THE TOP. LET
ME KNOW HOW FAR
THE FLAMES HAVE
REACHED.

THE REST
OF YOU, COME
WITH ME TO THE
SIDE DOOR.

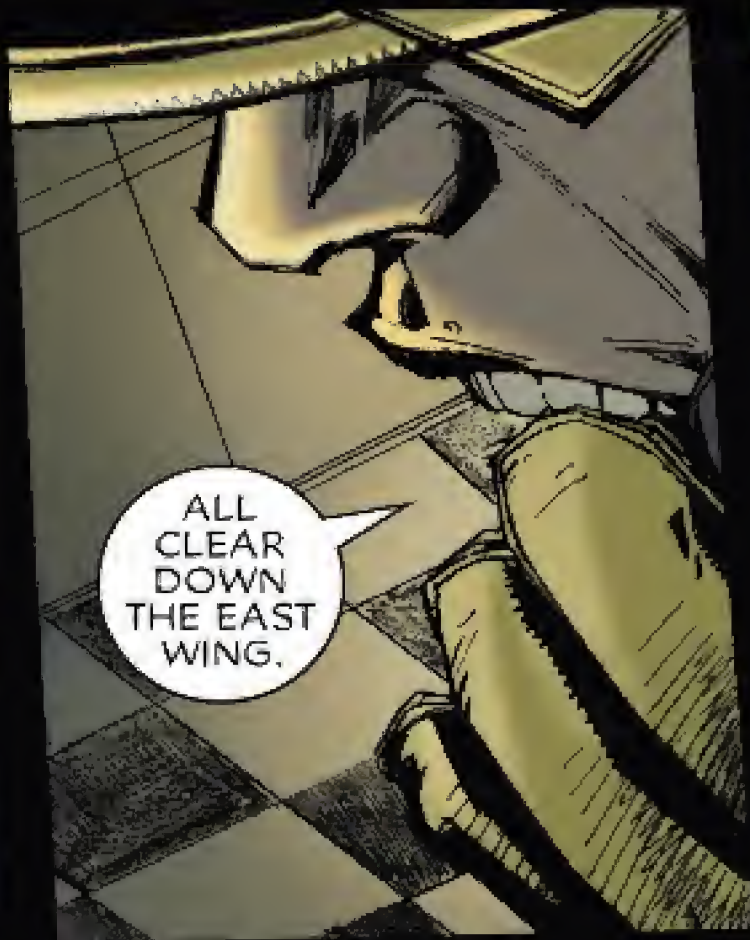
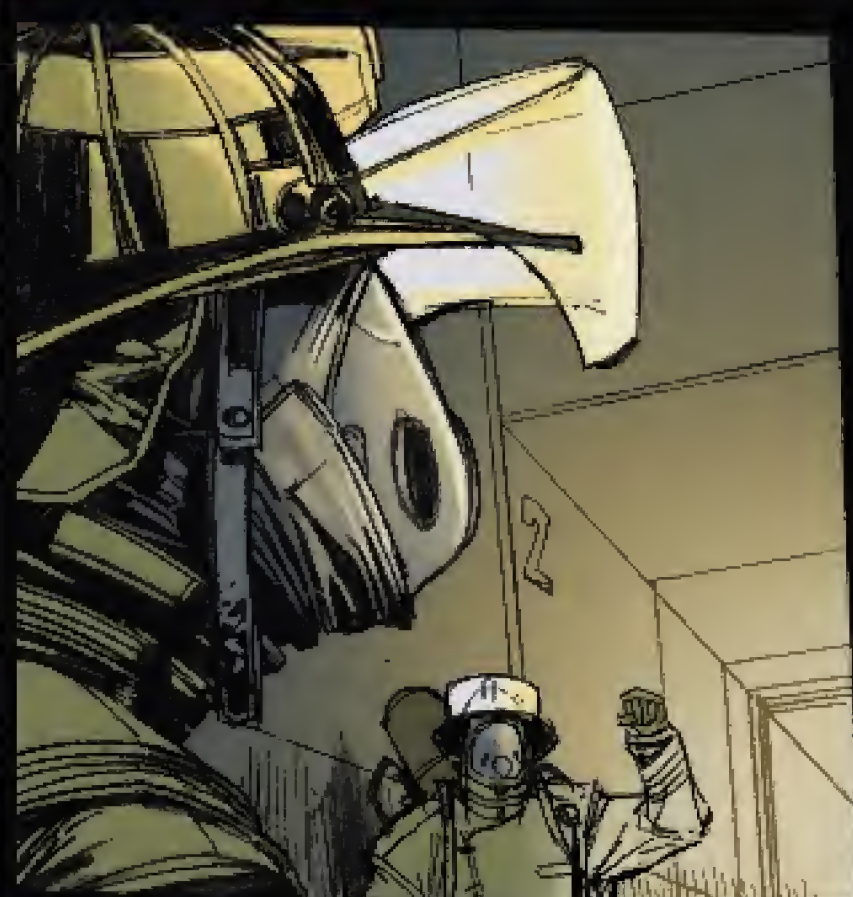


KRAK



FAN
OUT!

WE NEED TO
MAKE SURE WE
HAVEN'T MISSED
SOMEONE.



ALL
CLEAR
DOWN
THE EAST
WING.



JONES?
REPORT
IN.



LEVEL
FIVE
CLEAR,
CHIEF!

WE'RE
GOING
UP ONE
MORE.



SIR--
OVER
THERE!



GET ME
SOME
OXYGEN!

MISS?--
MISS! CAN
YOU HEAR
ME?

SHE'S NOT
RESPONDING.
GET HER DOWN-
STAIRS. TELL THE
PARAMEDICS WE
HAVE ANOTHER
ONE.

EVERYONE
ELSE-- **SPREAD
OUT!** WE'RE
LOOKING FOR
MORE!



NO GO!
THE FLAMES
ARE TOO
INTENSE
THIS WAY.



WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME YOU
FREAK?!

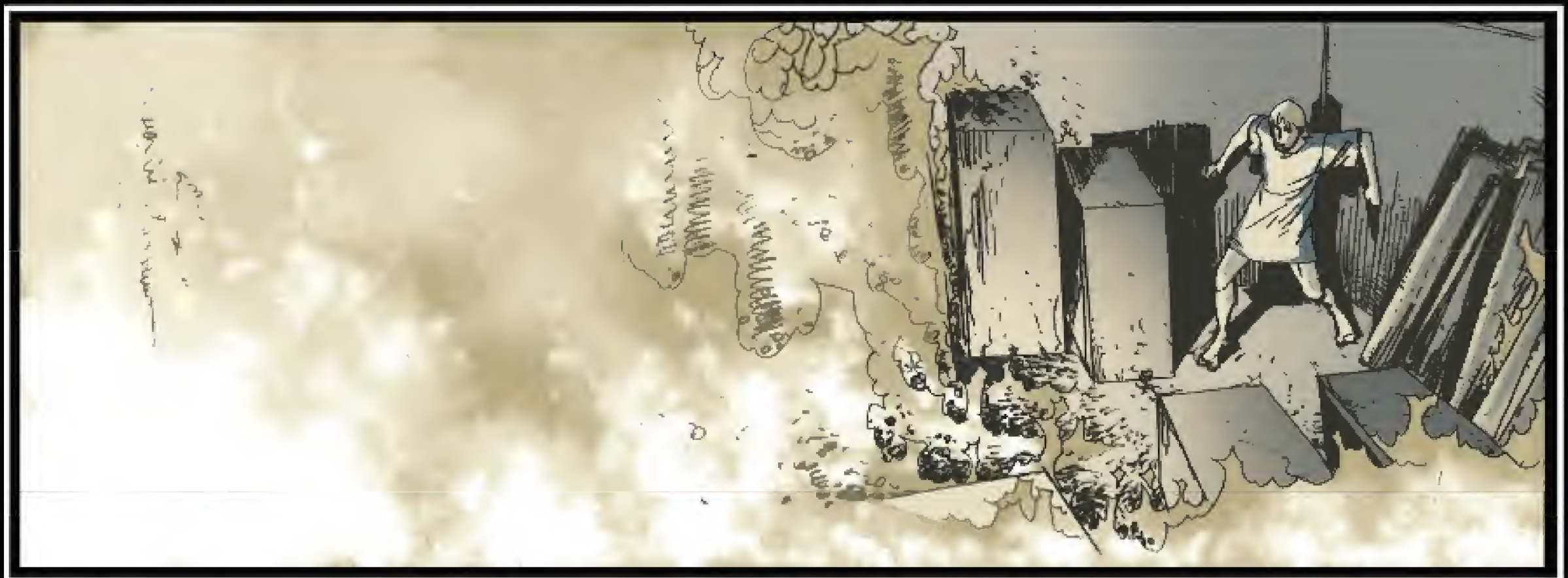
IS THIS WHY THEY
WANT YOU?
BECAUSE YOU'RE
'LATENT'?
LIKE I WAS?!

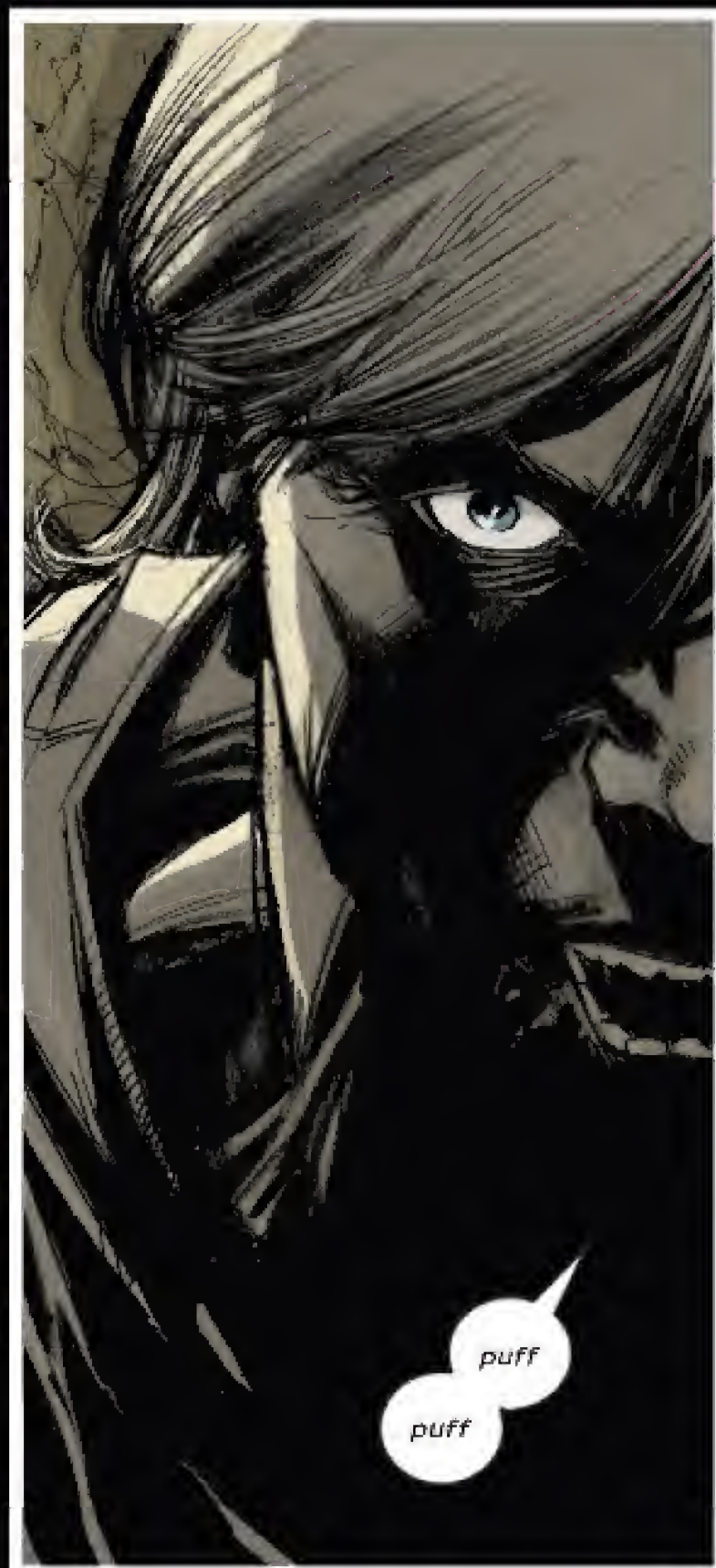
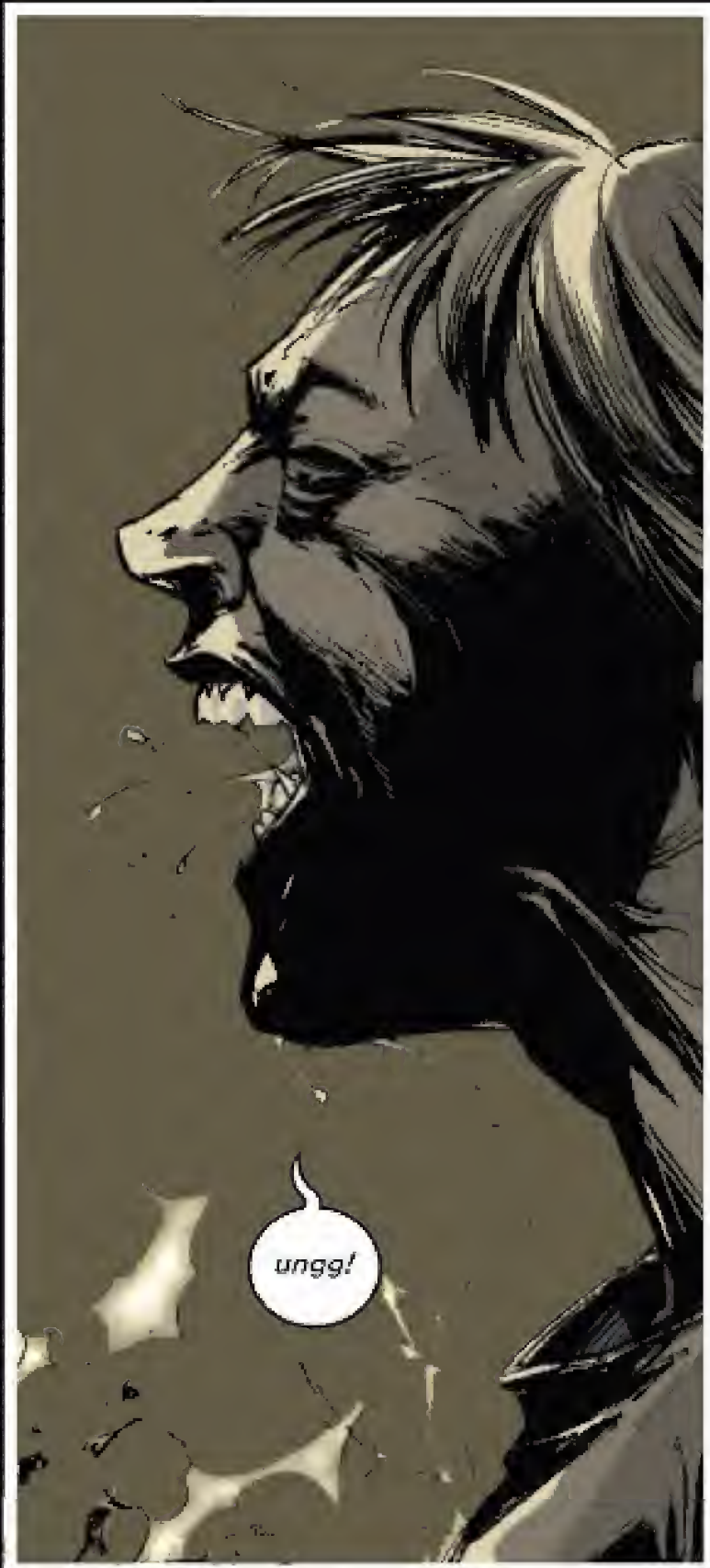
YOU'RE
OUT OF
YOUR
MIND.

NO!
YOU'RE
OUT OF *TIME*.
I'M GIVING YOU
FIVE MORE
SECONDS.

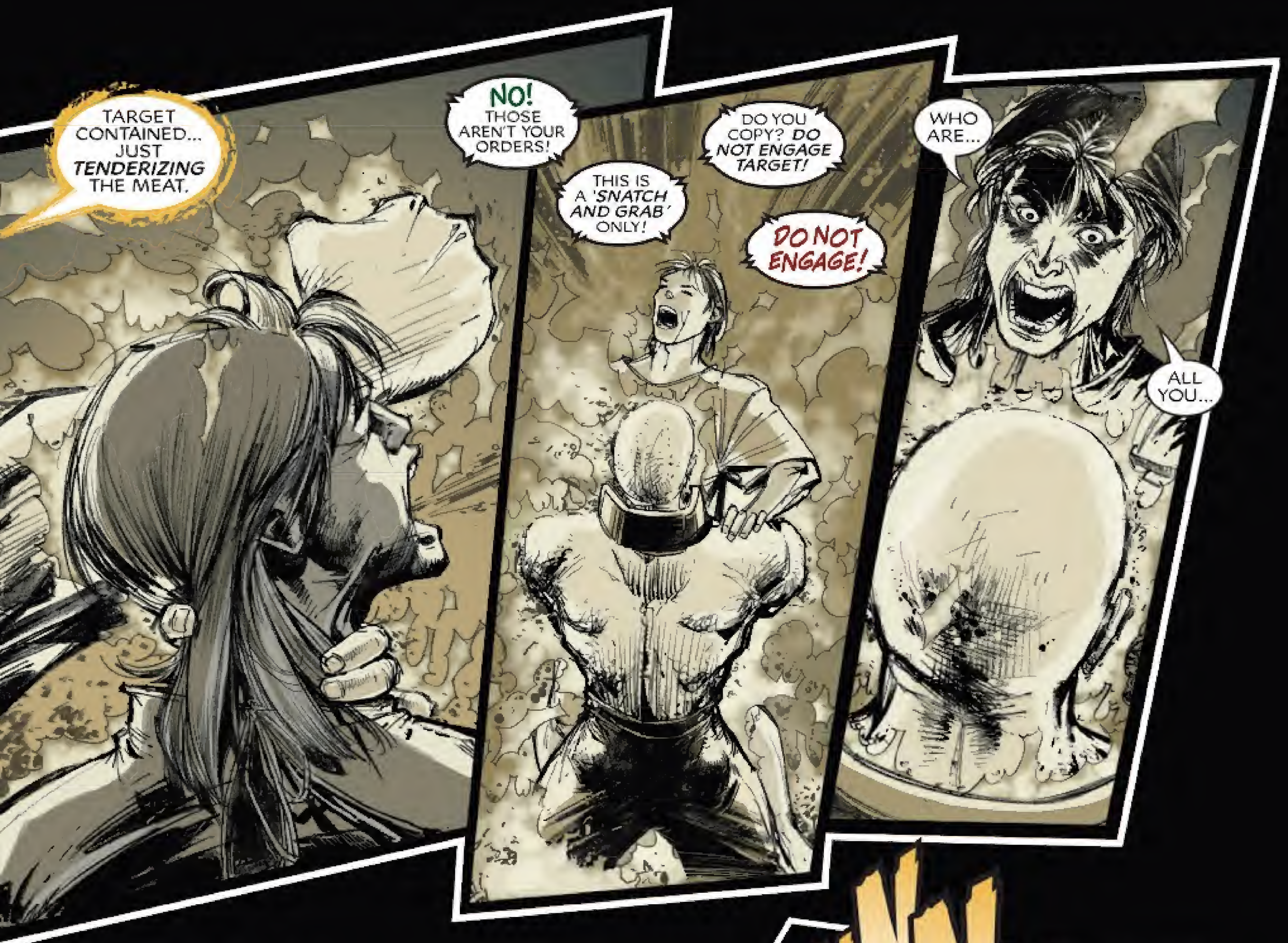
ONE.

TWO.









TARGET
CONTAINED...
JUST
TENDERIZING
THE MEAT.

NO!
THOSE
AREN'T YOUR
ORDERS!

THIS IS
A 'SNATCH
AND GRAB'
ONLY!

DO YOU
COPY? DO
NOT ENGAGE
TARGET!

**DO NOT
ENGAGE!**

WHO
ARE...

ALL
YOU...



PEOPLE!!



WHAT'S
THAT
NOISE?

GODDAMMIT!
WHAT'S
HAPPENING
THERE?

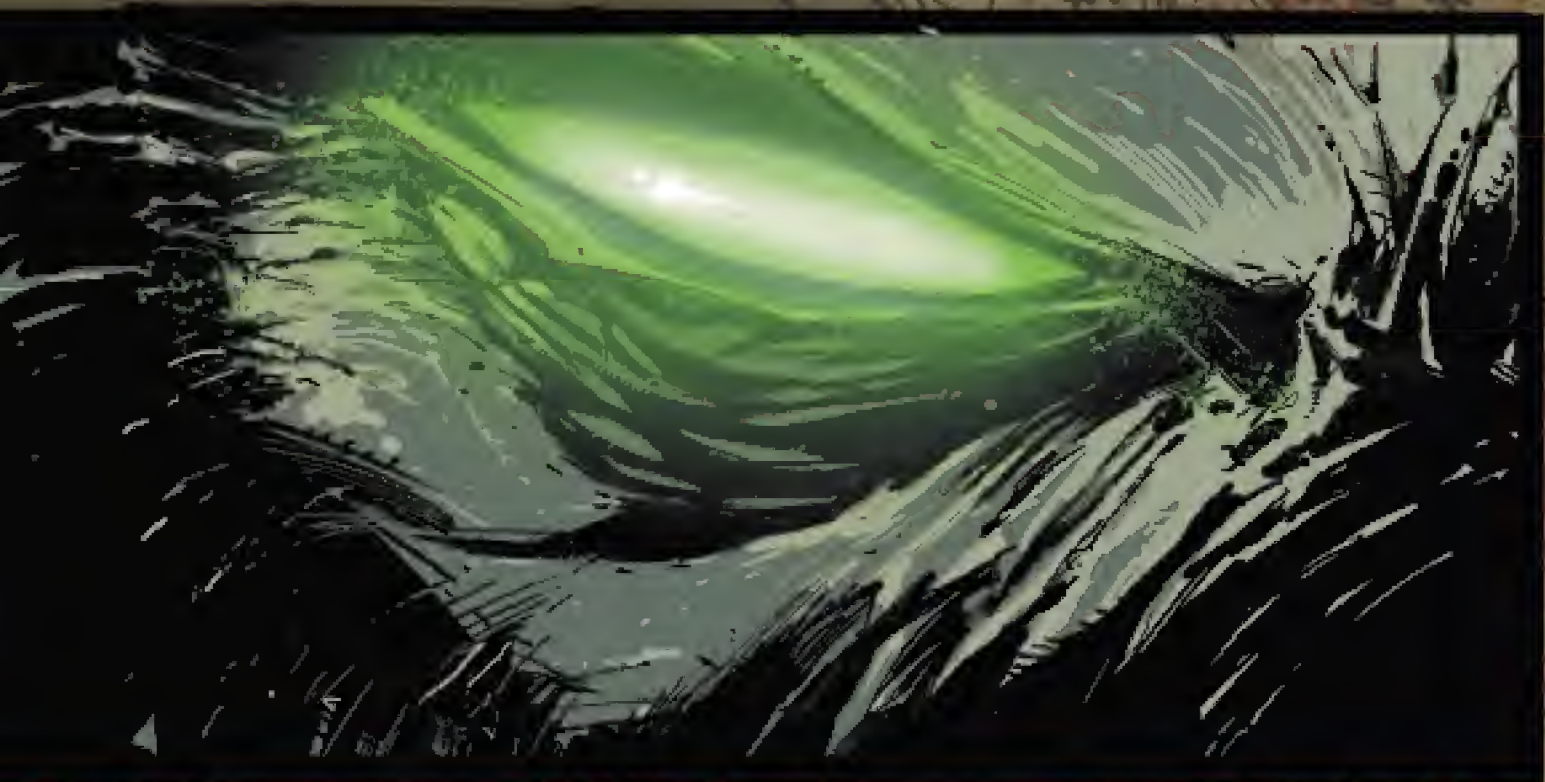
DO YOU
READ ME?
REPORT
YOUR
STATUS!

EXTRACTOR?

JESUS
CHRIST!... THAT'S
IT!! ABORT
MISSION!



REPEAT!...



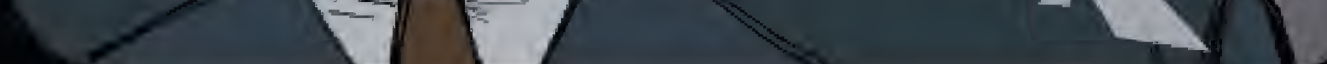
ABORT
YOUR
MISSION!!



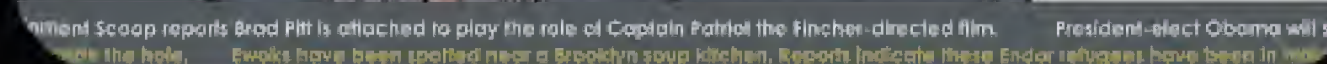
TARGET
NO LONGER A
THREAT!



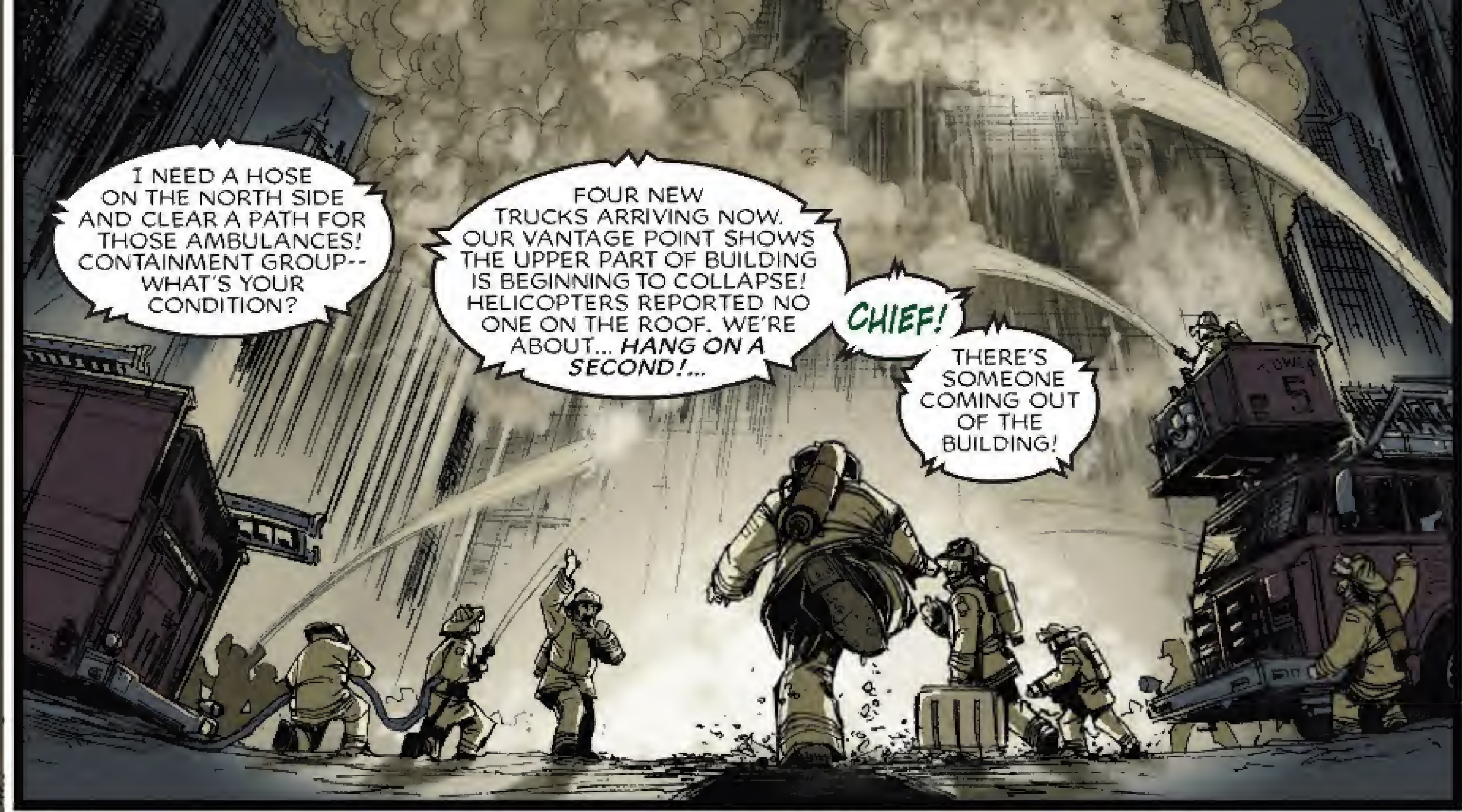
WE WILL CONTINUE TO MONITOR THIS SITUATION, IN ANTICIPATION OF OFFICIAL WORD FROM A POLICE SPOKESMAN. OBVIOUSLY, A DETERMINATION OF THE CAUSE OF THE EXPLOSIONS WILL HAVE A HUGE IMPACT ON THE STATE OF MIND OF THOSE LIVING IN THE NEW YORK AREA.



THAT LIGHT WAS SEEN AS FAR OFF AS NEWARK!
THE AUTHORITIES AREN'T EVEN BOTHERING TO
DENY THAT IT OCCURRED. IN FACT, SEVERAL
ON-DUTY POLICE OFFICERS CALLED IN WITH
EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNTS. STILL, CITY HALL IS
OFFERING NO EXPLANATION OF THAT PHENOM-
ENON, SO TONIGHT, AS ALWAYS, THE QUESTION IS--
"DO YOU FEEL SAFE?"



THESE CONFLICTED CONNECTIONS
HAVE LED TO RAMPANT RUMORS THAT THE
EXPLOSIONS MAY BE SOME SORT OF
RETIALIATORY ACTION BY OVERSEAS RIVALS.



I NEED A HOSE ON THE NORTH SIDE AND CLEAR A PATH FOR THOSE AMBULANCES! CONTAINMENT GROUP-- WHAT'S YOUR CONDITION?

FOUR NEW TRUCKS ARRIVING NOW. OUR VANTAGE POINT SHOWS THE UPPER PART OF BUILDING IS BEGINNING TO COLLAPSE! HELICOPTERS REPORTED NO ONE ON THE ROOF. WE'RE ABOUT... **HANG ON A SECOND!...**

CHIEF!

THERE'S SOMEONE COMING OUT OF THE BUILDING!



IS IT ONE OF OURS?

NO! WE'RE ALL ACCOUNTED FOR.

ARE THEY INJURED?



CAN'T TELL-- SMOKE'S TOO THICK TO SEE!

help... me...





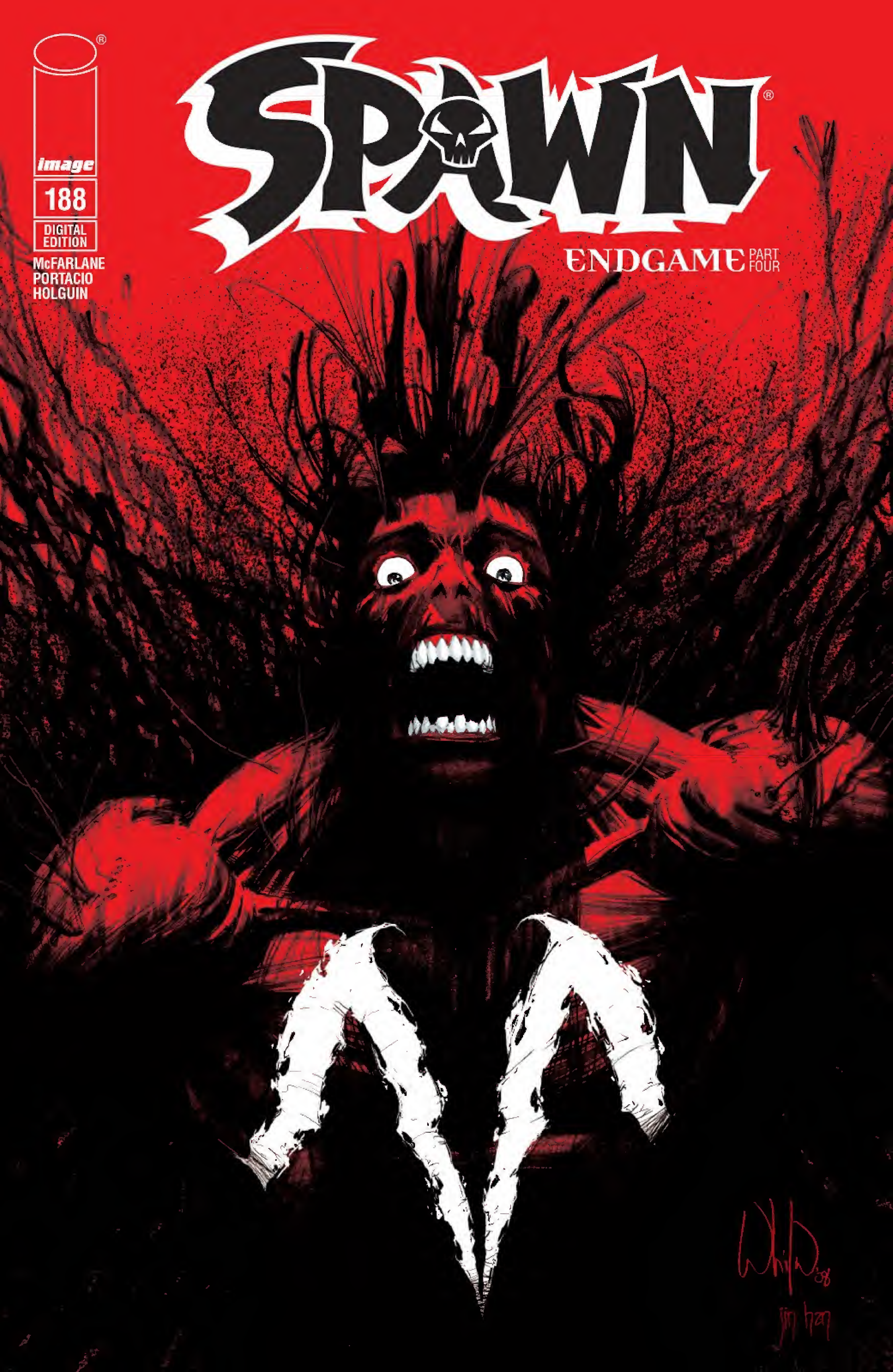
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DIGITAL
EDITION

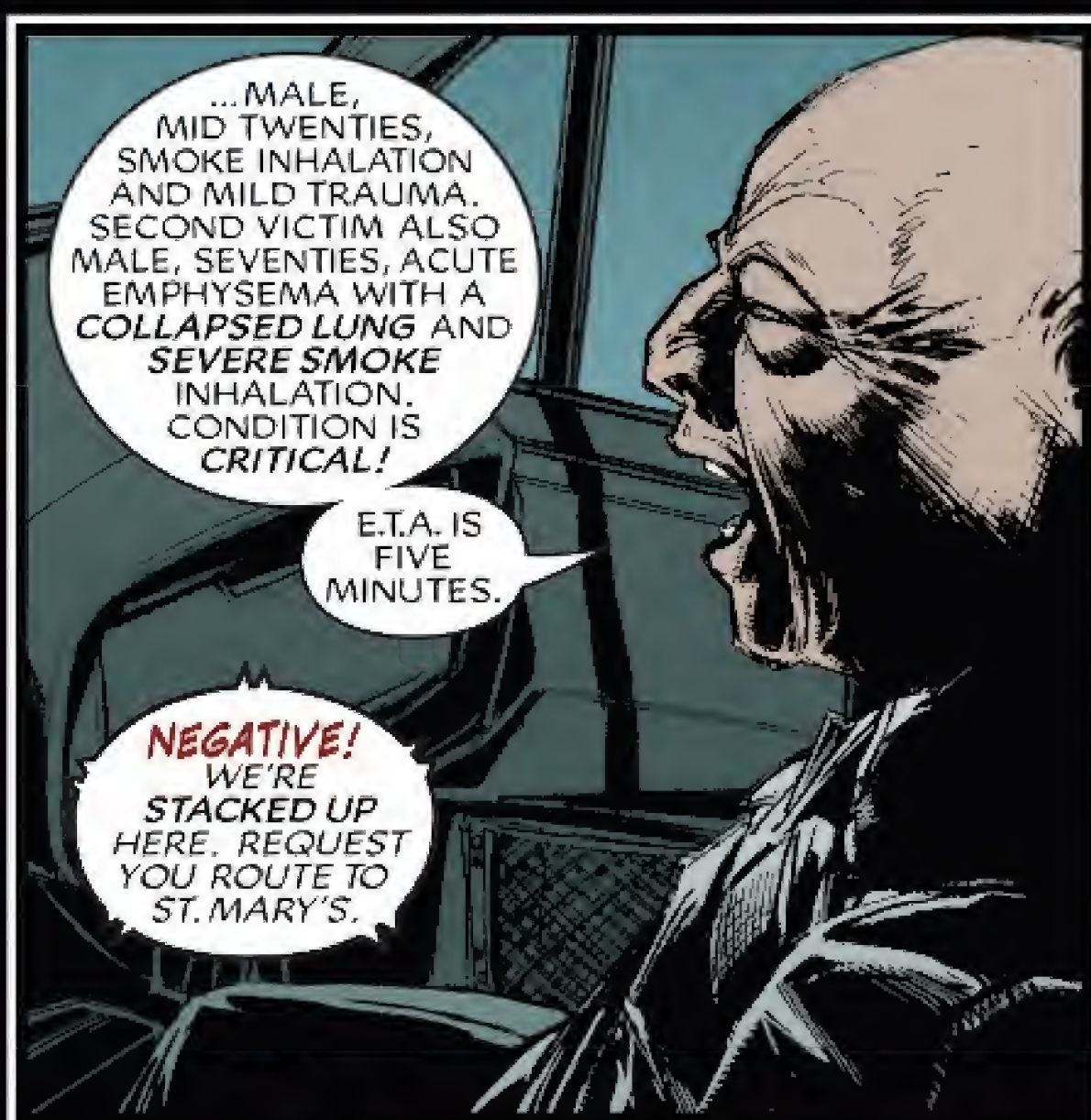
McFARLANE
PORTACIO
HOLGUIN

SPAWN®

ENDGAME PART FOUR



Whip 08
jim haz



...MALE, MID TWENTIES, SMOKE INHALATION AND MILD TRAUMA. SECOND VICTIM ALSO MALE, SEVENTIES, ACUTE EMPHYSEMA WITH A COLLAPSED LUNG AND SEVERE SMOKE INHALATION. CONDITION IS CRITICAL!

E.T.A. IS FIVE MINUTES.

NEGATIVE!
WE'RE STACKED UP HERE. REQUEST YOU ROUTE TO ST. MARY'S.



ST. MARY'S IN MERRICK. THAT'S **TWENTY MINUTES** AWAY!

BOBBY, HOW'S IT LOOK BACK THERE?



WE DON'T HAVE TWENTY MINUTES.

GET US TO THE CLOSEST E.R.



THAT'S NOT MY PROBLEM!

WHAT I'VE GOT, IS A BURNING BUILDING AND **FIVE DOZEN** DISPLACED PATIENTS WAITING FOR MY UNIT TO RETURN AND PICK THEM UP.

MY ORDERS ARE TO UNLOAD HERE.

ALRIGHT!

WHAT KIND OF PAPERWORK DO YOU HAVE ON THEM?

MINIMAL. THE OLD GUY'S CHARTS MADE IT OUT OF THE FIRE. NOT SURE ABOUT THE OTHER PATIENT. NO ONE KNEW MUCH ABOUT HIM.

HE WAS THE LAST ONE OUT OF THE BUILDING.

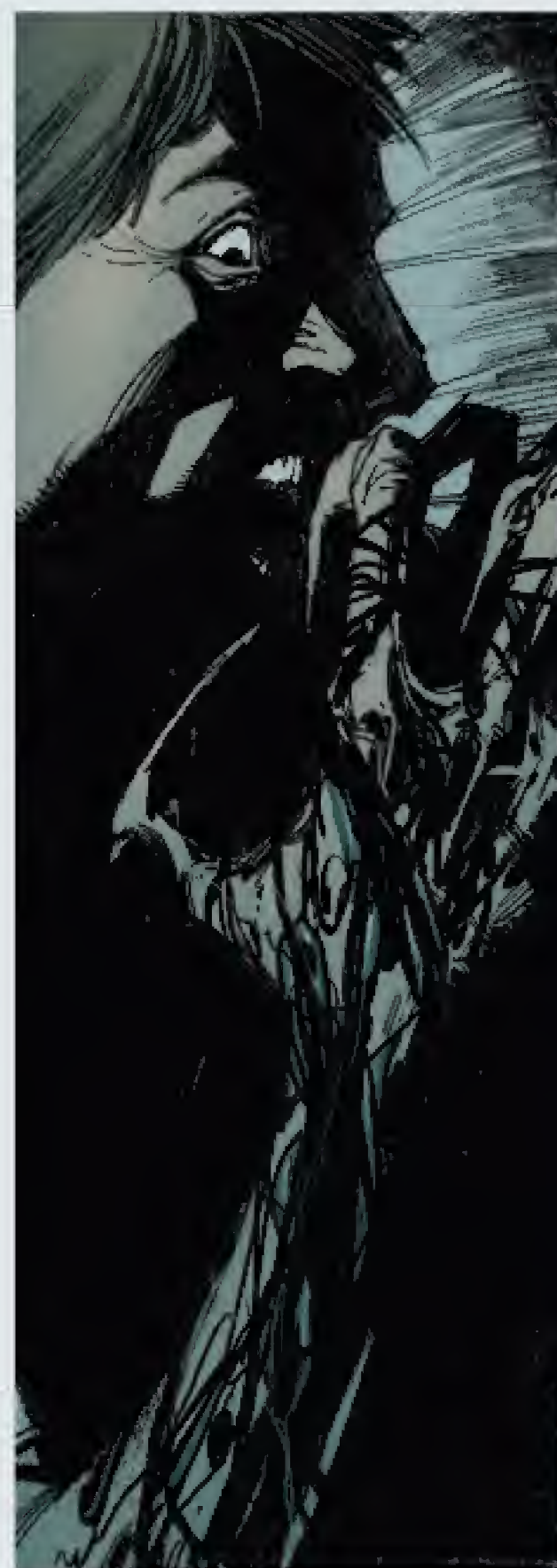
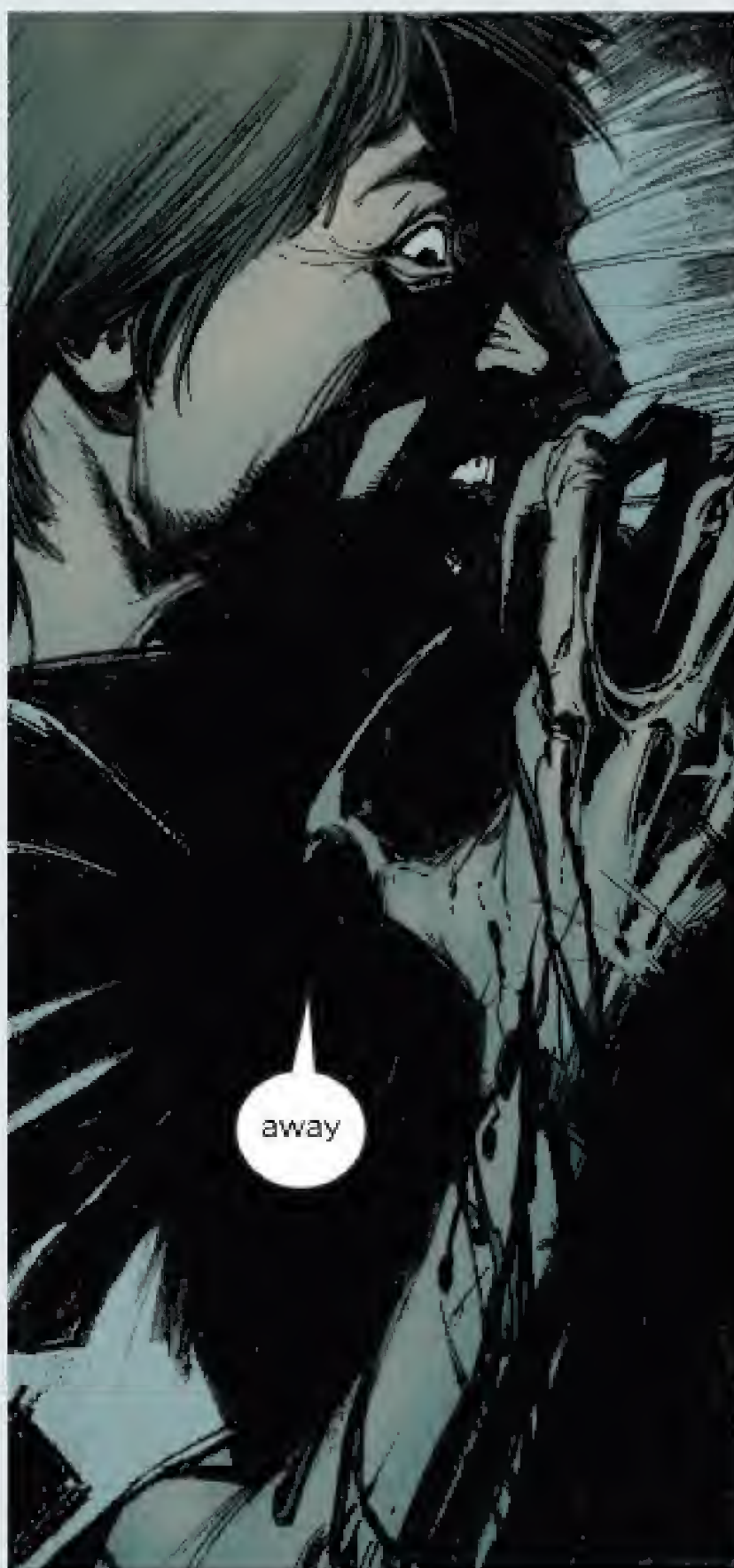
"IT COULD TAKE A FEW DAYS BEFORE WE KNOW WHAT HIS STORY IS."

UNFORTUNATELY YOU'LL HAVE TO SHARE A ROOM WITH OTHERS. UNTIL WE SORT THINGS OUT.

A DOCTOR WILL BE WITH YOU SHORTLY. IN THE MEANTIME I'LL GET YOU A SEDATIVE TO HELP YOU SLEEP BETTER.

2:17 a.m.







MS. EVANS...
PLEASE, THE
OTHER PATIENTS,
YOU'RE WAKING
THEM!

A MONSTER!
I SAW A BLACK
MONSTER! IT WAS
TRYING TO EAT
HIM!

WHO
WAS
GETTING
EATEN?

THE NEW
GUY!-- WITH
THE BLONDE
HAIR.



SHE'S
DONE THIS
KIND OF
THING
BEFORE.

FLIES
OFF THE
HANDLE FOR
NO GOOD
REASON.



MS.
EVANS,
YOU NEED
TO RELAX--
TRY AND
GO BACK
TO SLEEP,
THERE'S
NOTHING
WE ...
EEEEWW!!
GROSS!



THAT MUST
HAVE BEEN
WHAT SHE SAW.
**GODDAMN
COCKROACHES!**
CALL THE
CUSTODIAN.



MORNING, PEOPLE. WHAT'VE WE GOT ON THE BIG FIRE LAST NIGHT?

CITY HALL IS STILL MUM ON THE CAUSE. SAY THEY'RE NOT RULING OUT ANY POSSIBILITIES YET.



SEND LINDA OVER TO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE-- I NEED A QUOTE ON **SOMETHING! ANYTHING!** TELL HER TO ASK JABLONSKI IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE THAT I WANT A HEADS UP IF THEY'RE GOING TO CALL A PRESS CONFERENCE.

AND HAVE WILSON GET ME A LIST OF THE PATIENTS IN THE BUILDING, WE NEED TO SEE IF ANY OF THEM WERE CELEBRITIES--**AT LEAST** WE'LL HAVE SOMETHING FOR THE GOSSIP PAGE.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, MARC? GOT ANYTHING **INTERESTING** WE MISSED?



I'M PLANNING SOME FOLLOW UP INTERVIEWS WITH THE MEDICAL STAFF AND POSSIBLY A FEW OF THE PATIENTS. FOR NOW, THERE'S LOTS OF NICE PHOTOS. THE STRINGER DID A GREAT JOB.

GOOD.

JESS, YOU HANDLE **ALL THE BIG PICTURE STUFF**. WHERE, WHEN, HOW... WAS THE PLACE UP TO FIRE CODE, **ALL THAT STUFF**--ERIC, GET ME AN UPDATE ON THE LAW ENFORCEMENT ANGLE. ANYTHING ELSE?

I'M ALSO LOOKING INTO THE HOSPITAL'S HISTORY. THEY SPECIALIZE IN LONG TERM CARE OF PATIENTS WITH **CHRONIC AND RARE** CONDITIONS. IT'S NOT REALLY CLEAR WHERE THEY GET THEIR FUNDING. LOOKS LIKE THE ONE HOSPITAL IN THE STATE TAKING NO FEDERAL DOLLARS.



WHICH IS
ODD, BECAUSE
THEY HAVE A LOT
OF VETERANS
THERE FOR SOME
REASON.

tek-a-tek-tek-tekka-tek-tek-tekka-tek-



HE'S RIGHT,
WE TRIED DOING
A PIECE ON THEM A
COUPLE OF YEARS
AGO BUT NEVER GOT
ANYWHERE WITH IT. MY
NOTES SAY THEY
WEREN'T VERY
COOPERATIVE
BACK THEN.



AND
WHAT
ABOUT THE
PATIENTS?

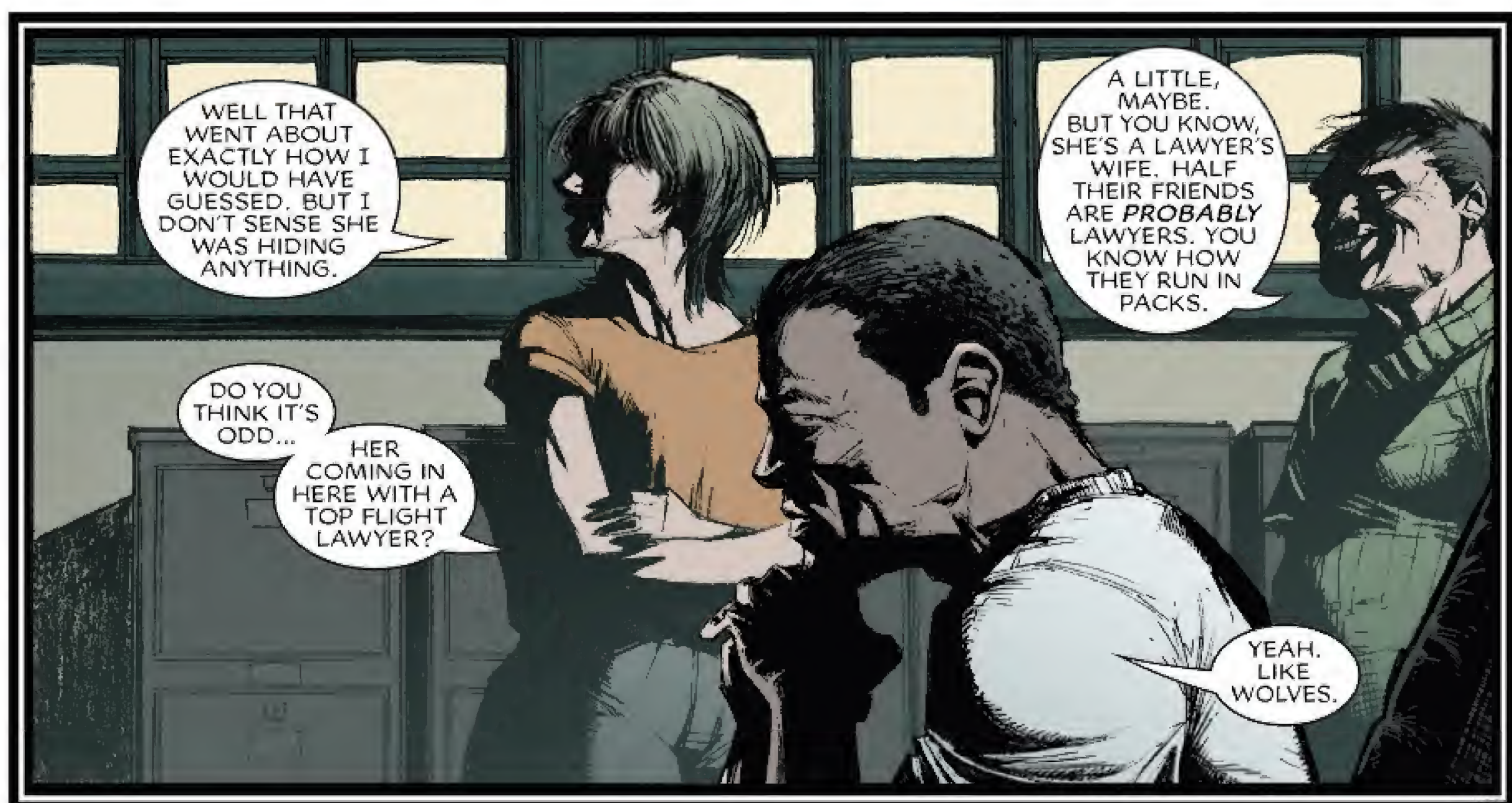
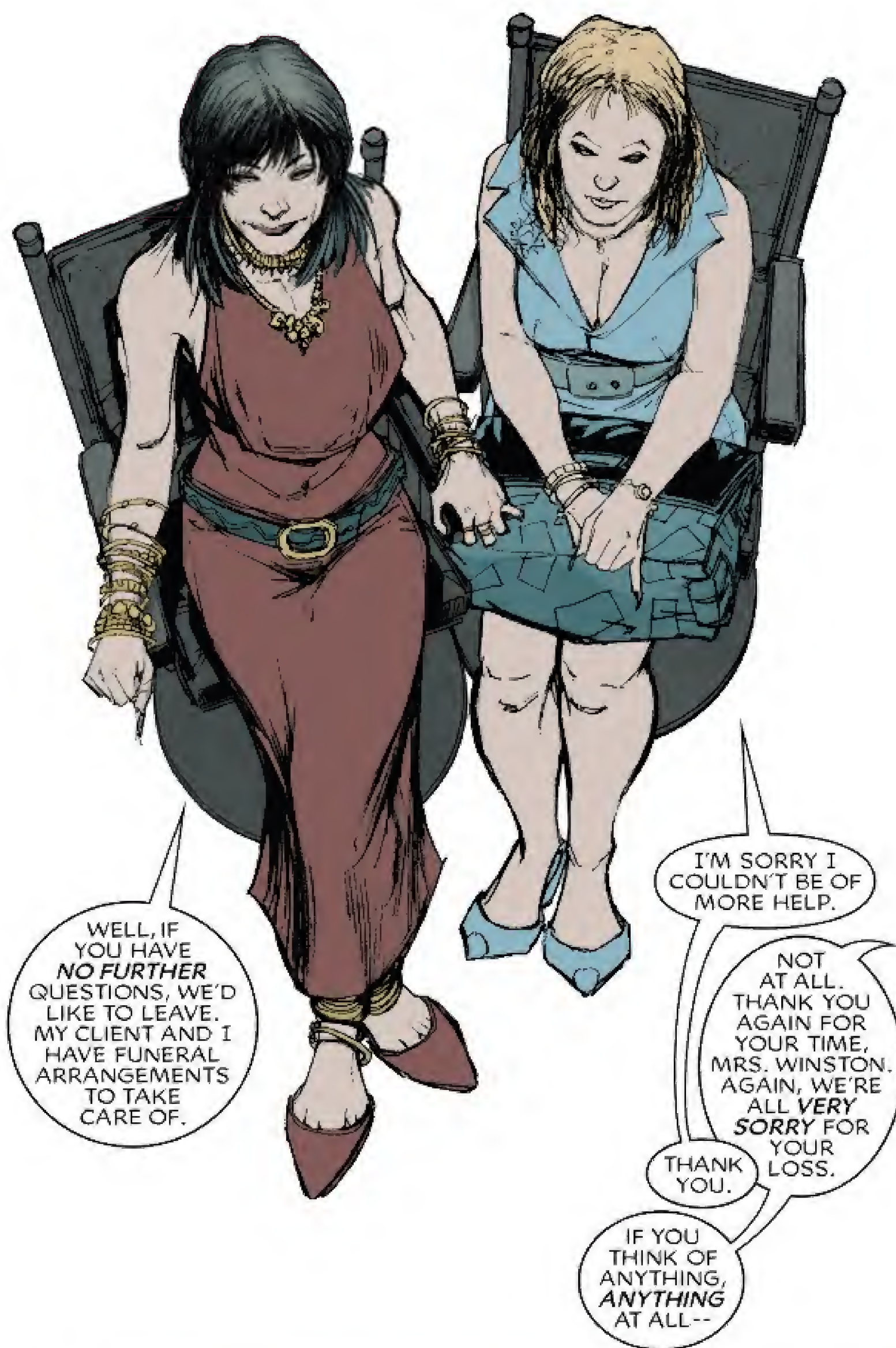
WHAT
ABOUT
THEM?

I DON'T KNOW.
I'M GUESSING HALF
THOSE PEOPLE HAVEN'T
STEPPED OUTSIDE THE PLACE
IN YEARS, MAYBE DECADES,
AND NOW THEY'RE SCATTERED
AROUND THE CITY. WHAT'S
THE TOLL ON
THEM?



NOT BAD--
OKAY, LOOK INTO
THAT. IF IT TURNS UP
ANYTHING INTERESTING,
WE'LL PUT A STAFFER
ON IT, AND MAKE SURE
ALL YOUR NOTES
GET OVER TO
HERNANDEZ.

OKAY,
NEXT! THE
LOOMING
TRANSIT
STRIKE...





WE GOT A CALL FROM THE MAYOR'S OFFICE LAST NIGHT. THEY WANT US TO **WRAP** THIS UP AND PUT IT TO BED.

NO ONE THERE HAS AUTHORITY TO **MAKE THAT CALL?**

I KNOW. MY CONTACT SAID THE REQUEST CAME FROM THE GOVERNOR.

IT WAS THE GOVERNOR **HIMSELF**. NOT ANY OF HIS STAFF.

WHAT? THE STAFF THERE WOULDN'T...

LET ME GUESS, THE GOVERNOR WAS A CLIENT AT THE LAW FIRM OF OUR DECEASED.



YEP.

MR. WINSTON RAISED A LOT OF MONEY FOR HIM IN THE LAST ELECTION.

SO, THEY'RE FRIENDS. PROBABLY JUST WANTS TO SPARE THE WIDOW WINSTON ANY MORE EMBARRASSMENT. THE SOONER THIS IS CLOSED, THE SOONER IT'S OUT OF THE HEADLINES FOR THEM. NOTHING SINISTER THERE.

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT. STILL, WHEN WE CALLED HIS NEW YORK CONTACTS FROM WINSTON'S CELL, **EVERYONE** WAS ON VACATION. **UNREACHABLE.**

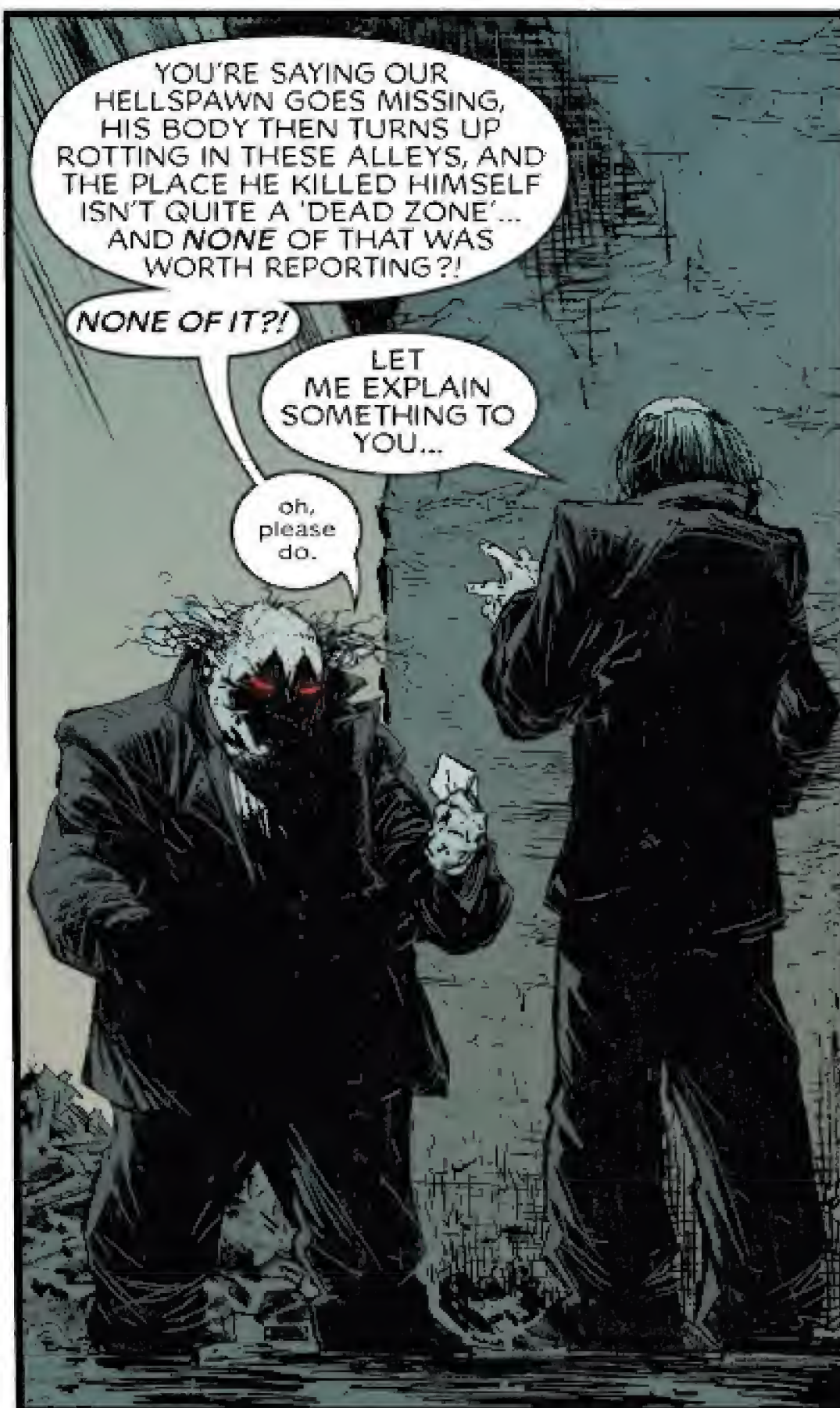


THIS IS IT?
THIS *ALL* IT
TOOK...?

CHEMICALS
MADE BY THE
HUMANS?

THAT
DIDN'T HAVE
ANYTHING
TO DO WITH IT.
I JUST NEVER
SAW ANYTHING
WORTH
REPORTING.

I JUST
WANT TO
UNDER-
STAND...



YOU'RE SAYING OUR
HELLSPAWN GOES MISSING,
HIS BODY THEN TURNS UP
ROTTING IN THESE ALLEYS, AND
THE PLACE HE KILLED HIMSELF
ISN'T QUITE A 'DEAD ZONE'...
AND *NONE* OF THAT WAS
WORTH REPORTING?!

NONE OF IT?!

LET
ME EXPLAIN
SOMETHING TO
YOU...

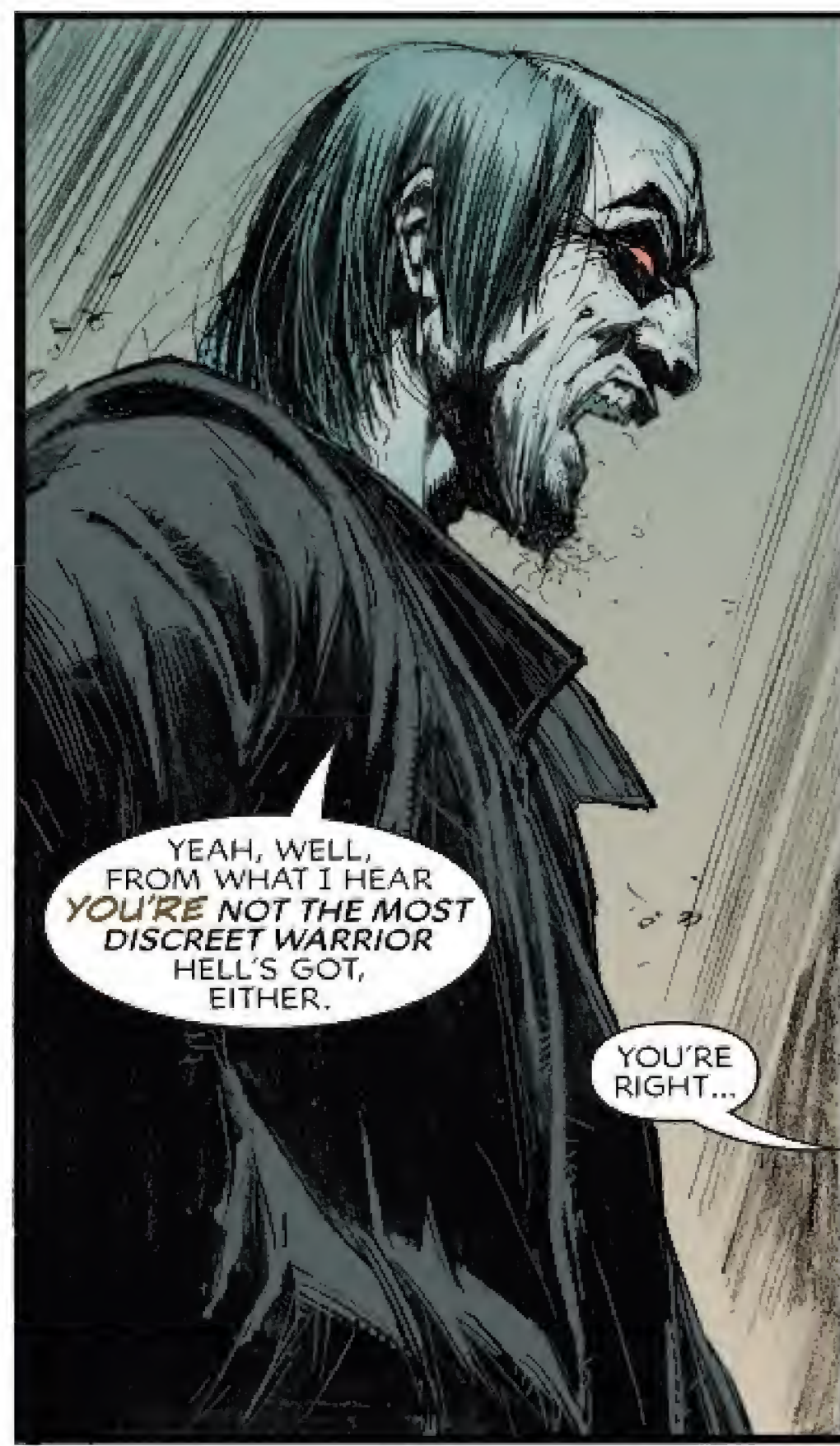
oh,
please
do.



NO ONE
GIVES A SHIT
ABOUT WHY I'M
HERE. YOUR
BOSSES MADE
THAT VERY CLEAR
TO ME LONG
AGO.



AND SO,
YOU TOOK
IT UPON YOUR-
SELF TO BE
COMPROMISED
WHILE ALSO
POTENTIALLY
BREACHING
OUR LOCA-
TIONS.



YEAH, WELL,
FROM WHAT I HEAR
*YOU'RE NOT THE MOST
DISCREET WARRIOR*
HELL'S GOT,
EITHER.

YOU'RE
RIGHT...





I'M SORRY, MR. DOWNING, BUT WE NEED TO TRANSFER YOU TO **ANOTHER** HOSPITAL.

TRANSFER? WHAT FOR?

OUR CENTER IS FOR THE MORE SERIOUS INJURIES. UNFORTUNATELY-- WE NEED THE BED YOU'RE OCCUPYING.

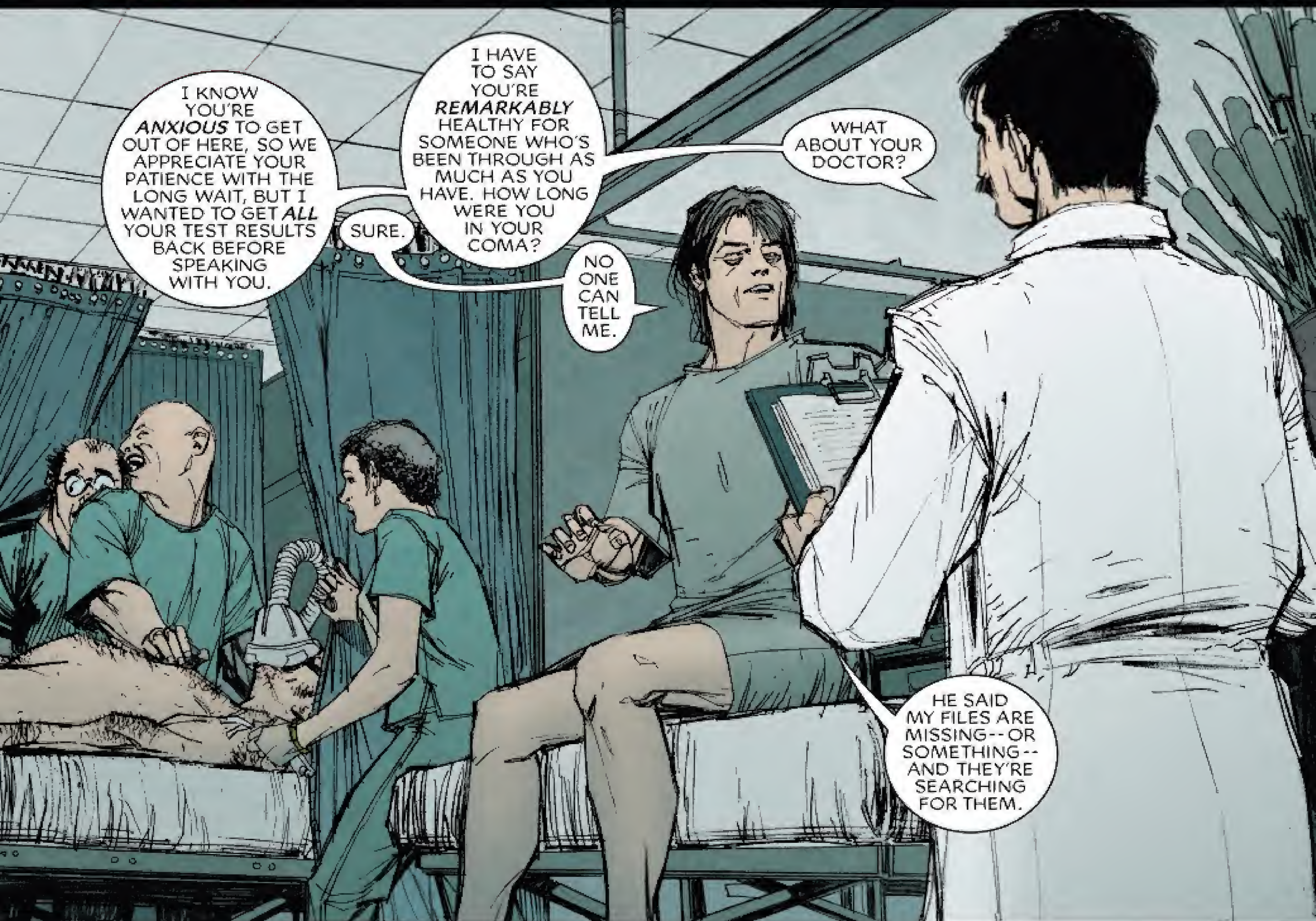


"WE'LL BE SENDING YOU ACROSS THE BRIDGE TO **TRINITY GENERAL**."



"THEY'LL BE DOING ALL FOLLOW-UP ASSESSMENTS THERE."

Ten hours later.



I KNOW YOU'RE **ANXIOUS** TO GET OUT OF HERE, SO WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATIENCE WITH THE LONG WAIT, BUT I WANTED TO GET **ALL** YOUR TEST RESULTS BACK BEFORE SPEAKING WITH YOU.

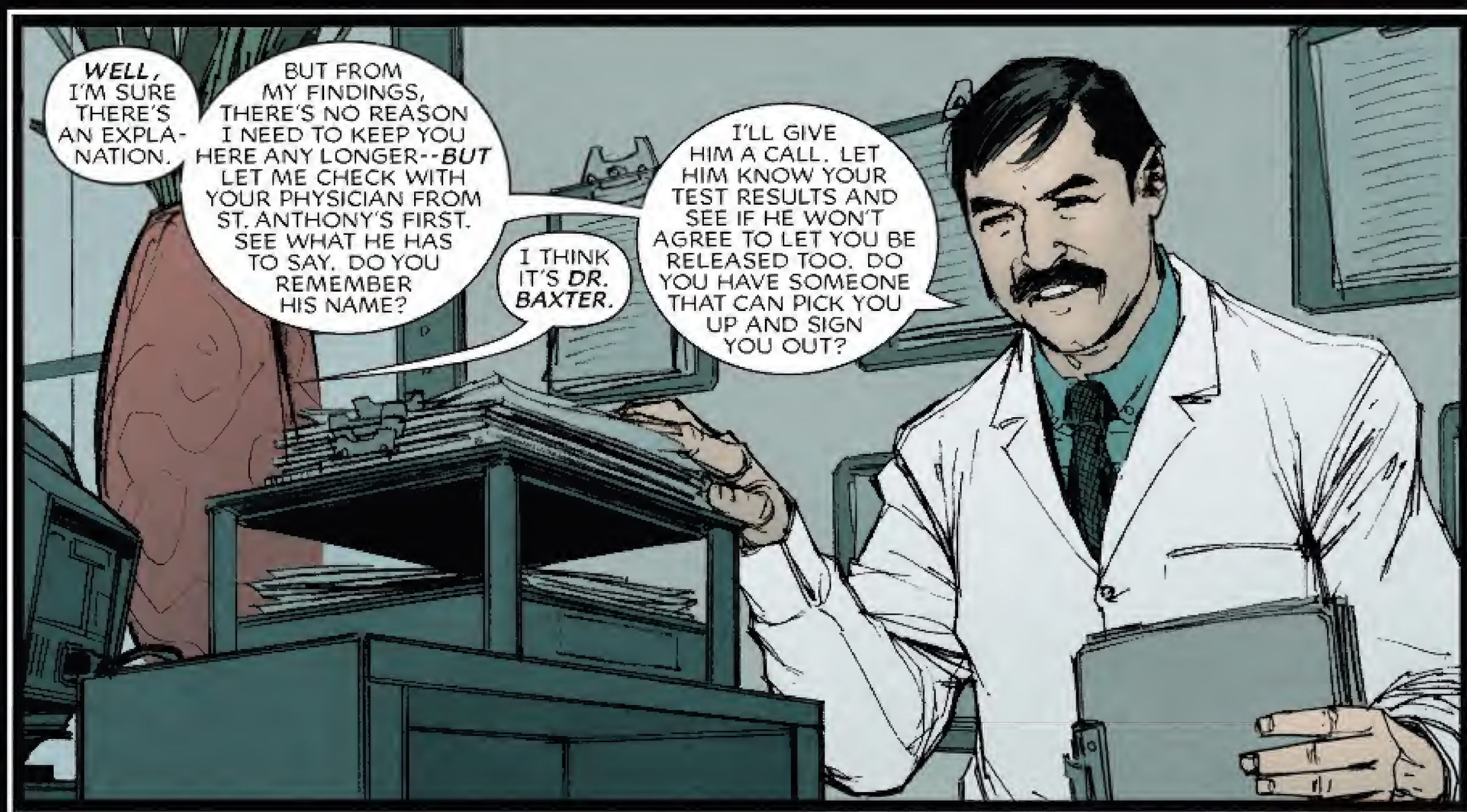
SURE.

I HAVE TO SAY YOU'RE **REMARKABLY** HEALTHY FOR SOMEONE WHO'S BEEN THROUGH AS MUCH AS YOU HAVE. HOW LONG WERE YOU IN YOUR COMA?

NO ONE CAN TELL ME.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR DOCTOR?

HE SAID MY FILES ARE MISSING-- OR SOMETHING-- AND THEY'RE SEARCHING FOR THEM.

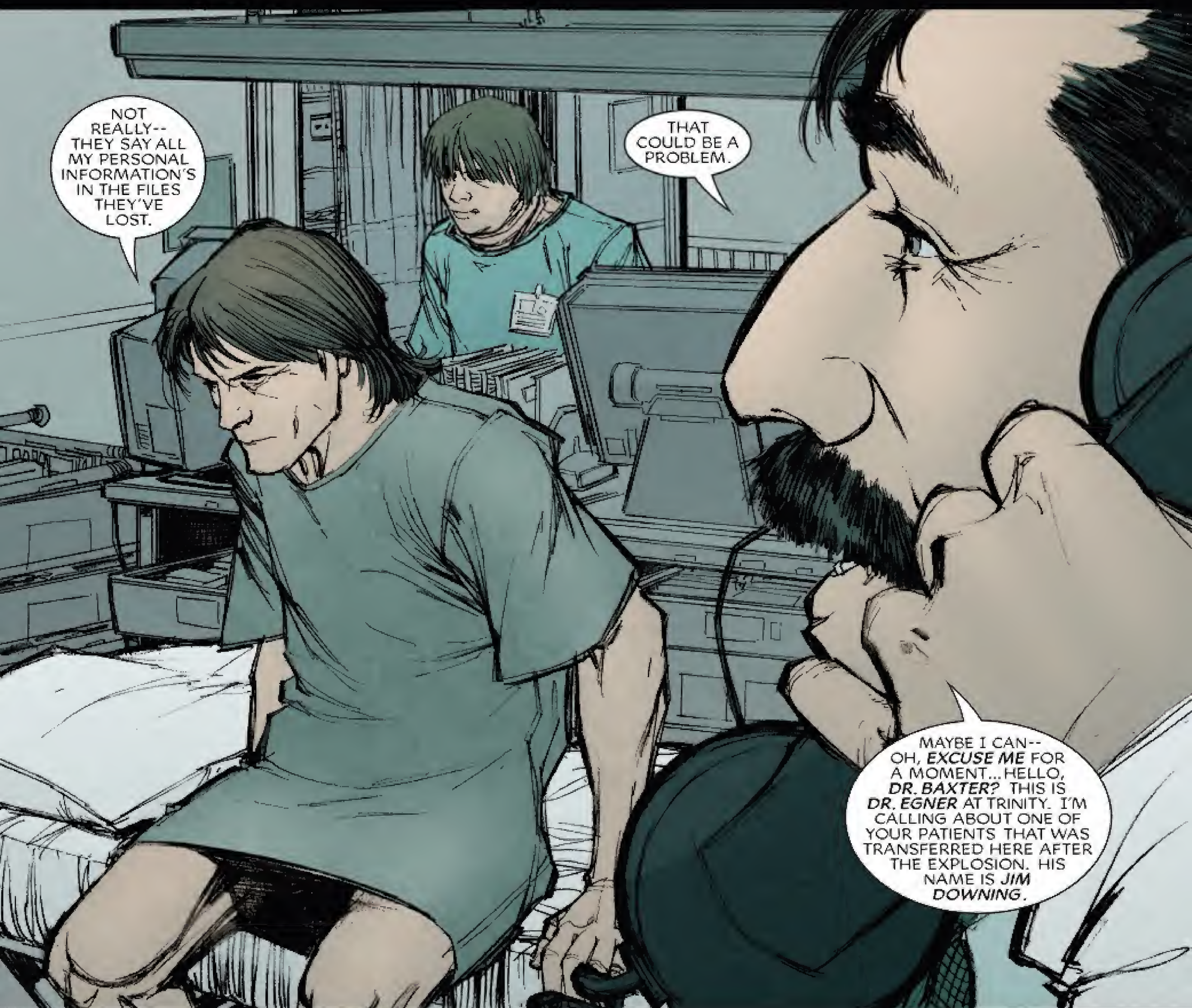


WELL, I'M SURE THERE'S AN EXPLANATION.

BUT FROM MY FINDINGS, THERE'S NO REASON I NEED TO KEEP YOU HERE ANY LONGER--BUT LET ME CHECK WITH YOUR PHYSICIAN FROM ST. ANTHONY'S FIRST. SEE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY. DO YOU REMEMBER HIS NAME?

I THINK IT'S DR. BAXTER.

I'LL GIVE HIM A CALL. LET HIM KNOW YOUR TEST RESULTS AND SEE IF HE WON'T AGREE TO LET YOU BE RELEASED TOO. DO YOU HAVE SOMEONE THAT CAN PICK YOU UP AND SIGN YOU OUT?



NOT REALLY-- THEY SAY ALL MY PERSONAL INFORMATION'S IN THE FILES THEY'VE LOST.

THAT COULD BE A PROBLEM.

MAYBE I CAN-- OH, EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT... HELLO, DR. BAXTER? THIS IS DR. EGNER AT TRINITY. I'M CALLING ABOUT ONE OF YOUR PATIENTS THAT WAS TRANSFERRED HERE AFTER THE EXPLOSION. HIS NAME IS JIM DOWNING.



YES, I'M SURE, HE'S WITH ME RIGHT NOW.

ANYWAY, THE REASON I'M CALLING IS THAT ALL HIS RESULTS HAVE COME BACK NEGATIVE AND I WAS GETTING READY TO RELEASE HIM. I WANTED TO KNOW IF THERE WAS ANYONE YOU KNEW OF THAT WE COULD CONTACT TO COME PICK HIM UP?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

LOOK-- I'M JUST TRYING TO FREE UP A BED FOR SOMEONE ELSE THAT COULD *REALLY* USE IT. YOUR PATIENT IS IN NEAR PERFECT...

I APPRECIATE THAT, BUT YOU ALSO KNOW WE AREN'T ALLOWED TO KEEP A PATIENT AGAINST HIS WILL AFTER HE'S BEEN CLEARED?

I'M SURE THAT'S ALL TRUE, BUT I'LL NEED HIS FILES TO CONFIRM THAT. IF YOU COULD SEND THOSE OVER, THEN I'LL...

SO WHEN DO YOU *THINK* YOU WILL FIND THEM? EVERYONE ELSE FROM YOUR FACILITY THAT CAME HERE HAD THEIR PAPERWORK OR WERE IN THE DATABASE. MR. DOWNING HERE SEEMS TO HAVE SOMEHOW SLIPPED BETWEEN THE CRACKS.



NO! I'M NOT ACCUSING YOU OF ANYTHING-- SO LET'S JUST CALM DOWN. *ALL I NEED* IS SOME DOCUMENTATION I CAN VERIFY, THAT GIVES ME *THE RIGHT* TO KEEP HIM HERE ANOTHER DAY. HE'S BEEN ASKING FOR HIS DISCHARGE ALL DAY, SO I NEED SOMETHING OFFICIAL FOR MY RECORDS.

NO, THERE'S NOTHING. ALL HIS STATS ARE GREAT. A FEW ARE *AMAZING* EVEN.

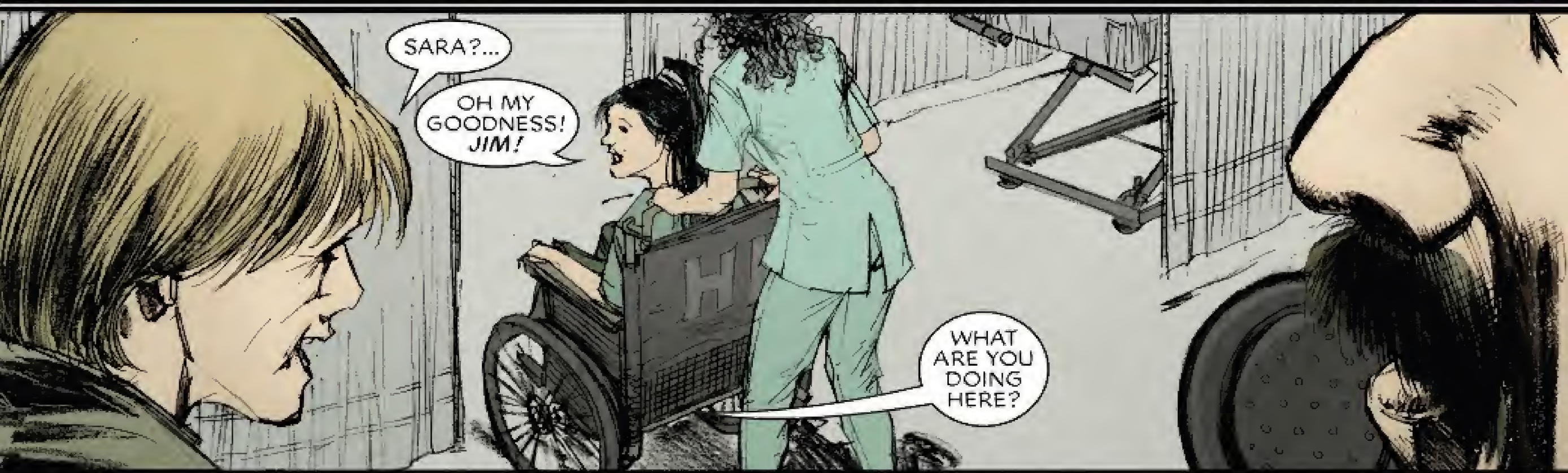
YES, HE ALREADY TOLD ME ABOUT HIS COMA, THOUGH THAT'S *NOT REASON ENOUGH*, NOT WITH THE RESULTS I HAVE IN FRONT OF ME-- BUT YOU MAY BE IN LUCK, HE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE ANYONE ABLE TO SIGN HIM OUT OF HERE. THAT MIGHT BE *MY ONLY* CAUSE FOR KEEPING HIM LONGER.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

IS THAT A THREAT?

FINE! YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.







THANKS AGAIN FOR DOING ALL THIS.

MY PLEASURE.

AND I'LL FIND A WAY TO PAY YOU BACK FOR THE CLOTHES.

IT'S OKAY-- REALLY. I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT HAVING YOU COME INTO SUCH A MESS.



YOUR PLACE LOOKS GREAT.



... AND THEY SAID BECAUSE OF THE NURSING SHORTAGE IN THE CITY, THEY'LL REASSIGN ME ELSEWHERE. SO FAR, NO ONE KNOWS HOW LONG THAT'LL BE.

BUT YOUR CONCERN IS VERY KIND. THAT *DOESN'T* HAPPEN MUCH IN MY LIFE.

JUST MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME. I'M GOING TO FRESHEN UP A BIT. THEN I'LL MAKE US SOMETHING TO EAT.

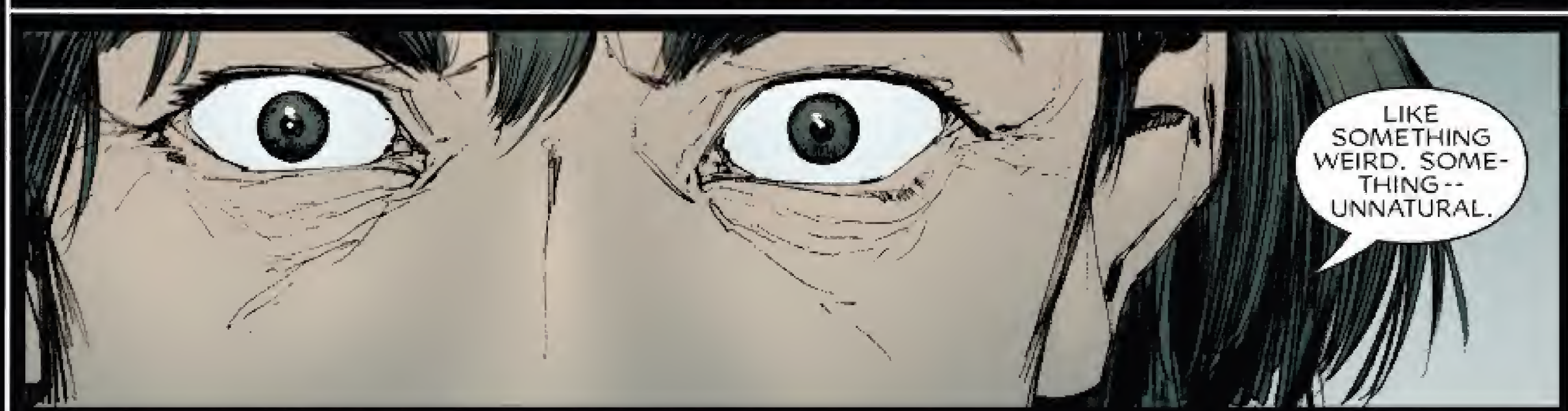
YOU HUNGRY?

STARVING.

WHAT ABOUT YOU? IS YOUR MEMORY GETTING ANY BETTER?

NO. NOT MUCH. NOTHING THAT MAKES *SENSE* ANYWAY.

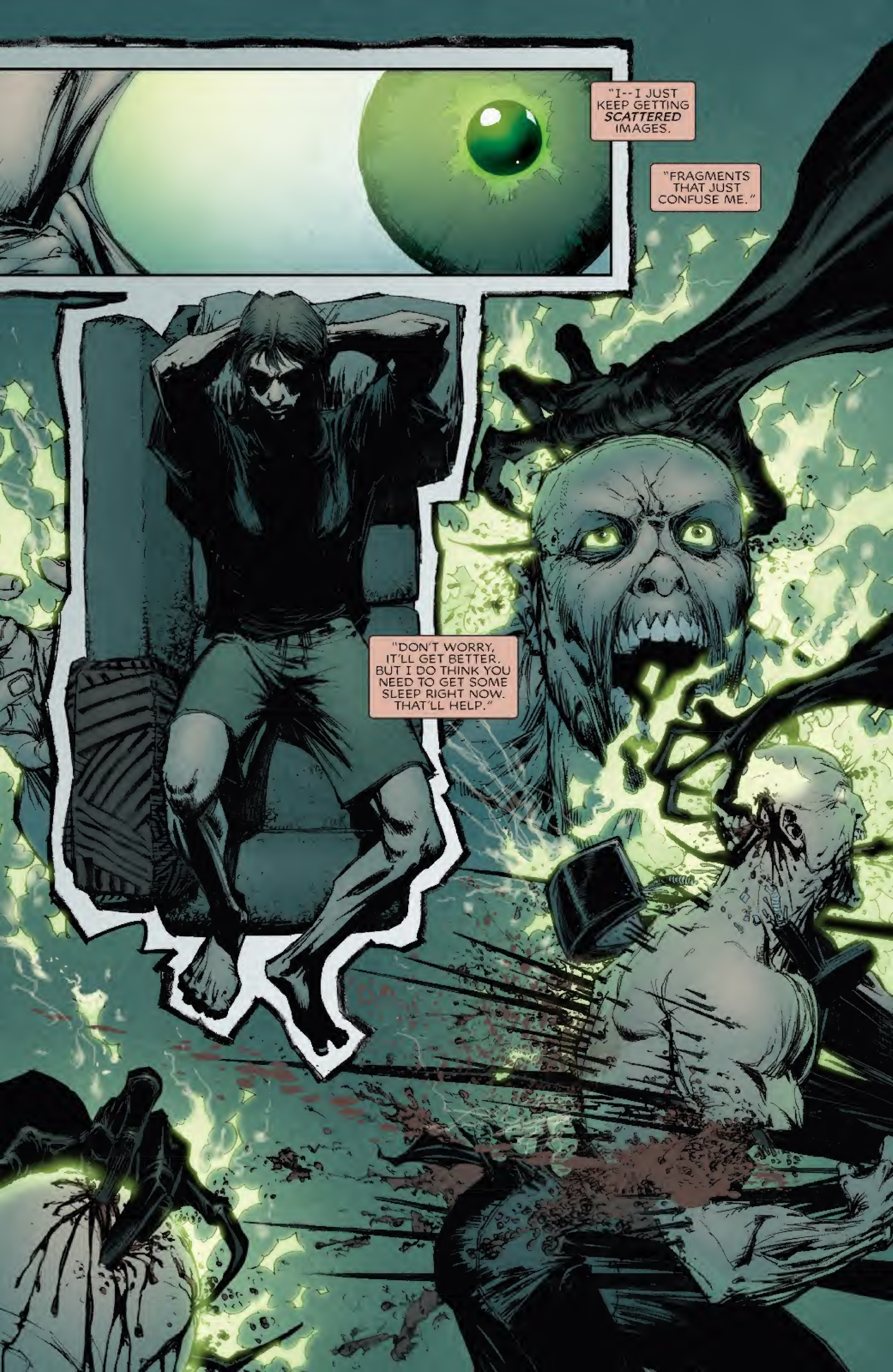
BUT I KEEP THINKING... DID I HAVE ANY FRIENDS? FAMILY? I MEAN, DIDN'T ANYONE COME VISIT ME ALL THAT TIME I WAS IN A COMA?



ABOUT WHAT?

ABOUT LAST NIGHT'S EXPLOSION.

NOTHING MUCH. I REMEMBER A LOUD BANG, A LOT OF SMOKE-- AND THEN THE FIREMEN WERE PUTTING ME IN AN AMBULANCE. WHAT ABOUT YOU?



"I-- I JUST
KEEP GETTING
SCATTERED
IMAGES.

"FRAGMENTS
THAT JUST
CONFUSE ME."

"DON'T WORRY,
IT'LL GET BETTER,
BUT I DO THINK YOU
NEED TO GET SOME
SLEEP RIGHT NOW.
THAT'LL HELP."





NOT...
AGAIN!



CAN'T...
BREATHE...







189

DIGITAL EDITION

McFARLANE
PORTACIO
HOLGUIN

SPAWN

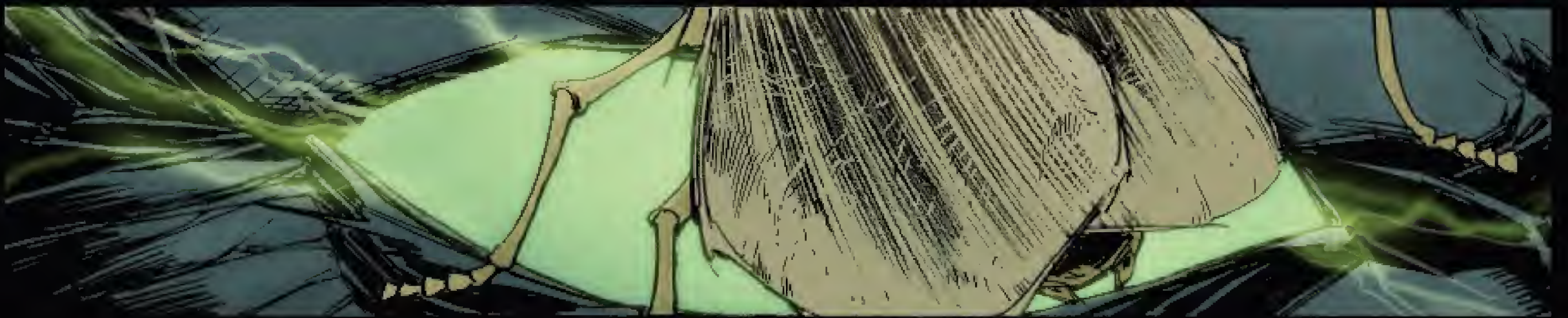
ENDGAME PART FIVE



Druid '08

McFARLANE

jin h2g







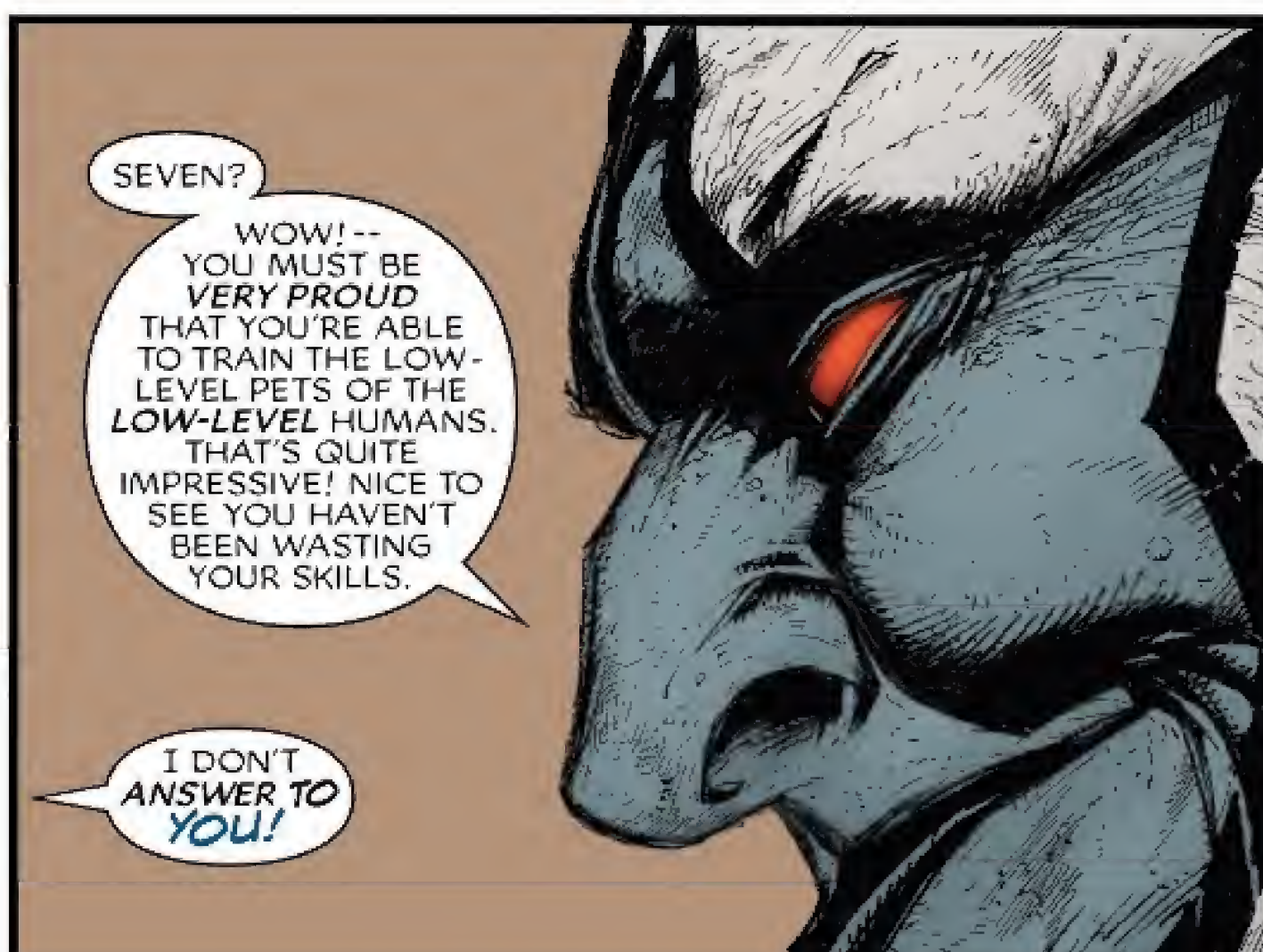
Greenwich, Connecticut







SEVEN.



SEVEN?

WOW! --
YOU MUST BE
VERY PROUD
THAT YOU'RE ABLE
TO TRAIN THE LOW-
LEVEL PETS OF THE
LOW-LEVEL HUMANS.
THAT'S QUITE
IMPRESSIVE! NICE TO
SEE YOU HAVEN'T
BEEN WASTING
YOUR SKILLS.

I DON'T
ANSWER TO
YOU!



WELL,
THAT'S WHY
I'M HERE,
ACTUALLY. I'M
ABOUT TO
CHANGE
THAT.



YOU'RE
OUT OF YOUR
MIND.



SADLY,
THAT'S NO
LONGER
TRUE.



BECAUSE
OUR MOMENT IS
HERE! RIGHT NOW!
AND THE WINDOW
OF OPPORTUNITY
ISN'T GOING TO LAST
VERY LONG. THERE'S
BEEN A SHIFT IN THE
BALANCE OF THINGS.
A **VOID** HAS OPENED
UP AND I INTEND
TO **FILL IT!**


AND RIGHT
NOW, I HAVE
PERFECT CLARITY
AS TO WHAT
NEEDS TO GET
DONE. BUT I CAN'T
DO IT ALONE. SO
YOU'RE GOING TO
HELP ME. YOU
AND A BUNCH
OF OTHERS.

YEAH?
WHY IS
THAT?

YOU IDIOT!
MALEBOLGIA'S
GONE. HE DIED
YEARS AGO. IF
THERE WAS A
CHANCE FOR ANY-
ONE TO MAKE A
PLAY, IT WAS THEN!
YOU'RE WAY
BEHIND THE CURVE
ON THIS ONE.
MAMMON AND
OTHERS HAVE
ALREADY BEAT
YOU TO IT.

PERHAPS.

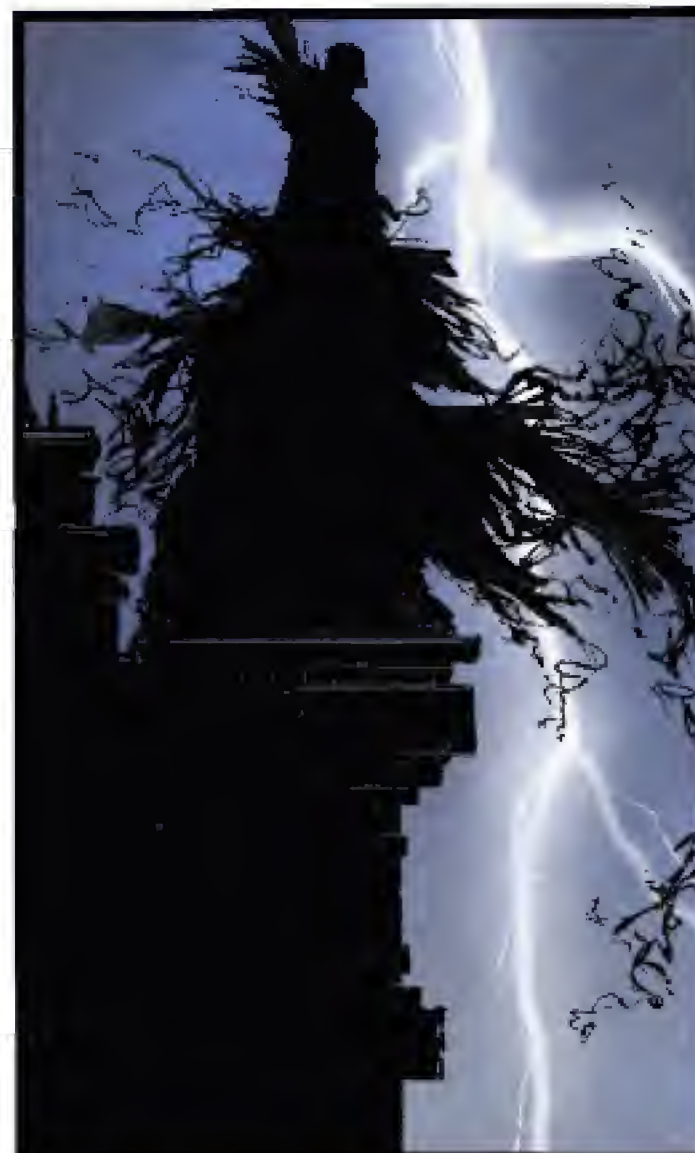
BUT THEIR
PATH WASN'T
ALWAYS CLEAR
OF OBSTACLES.
**I THINK IT IS
NOW.** THERE'S
A **PIECE** OF
THE PUZZLE
THEY WERE
MISSING.



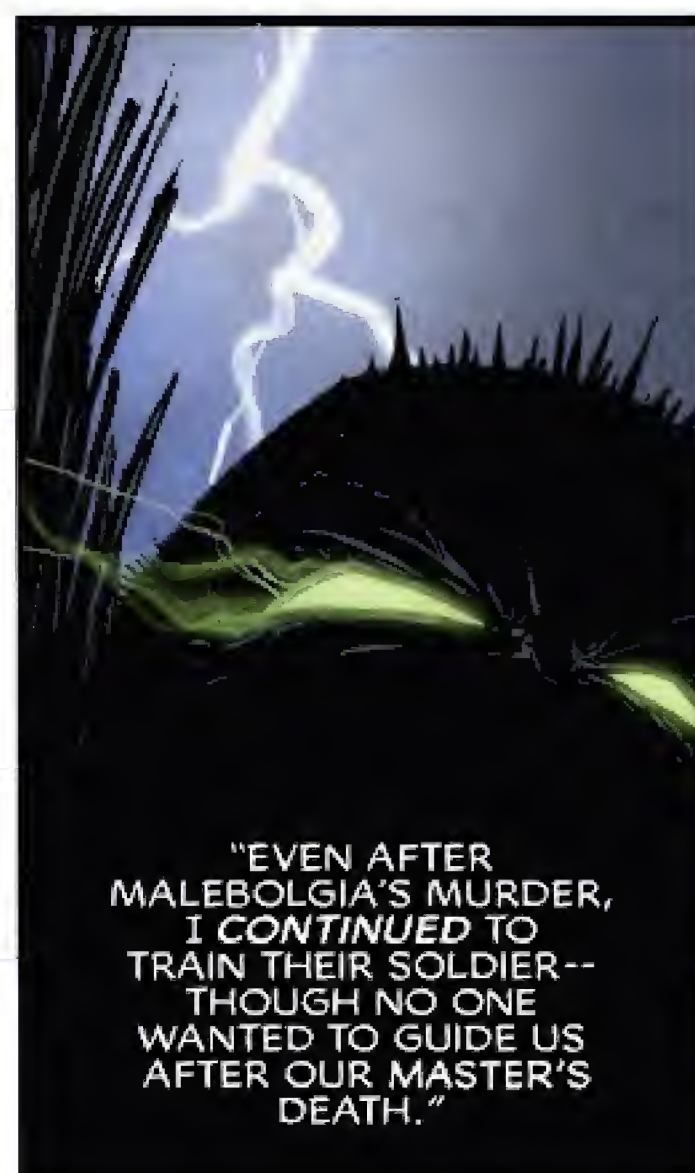
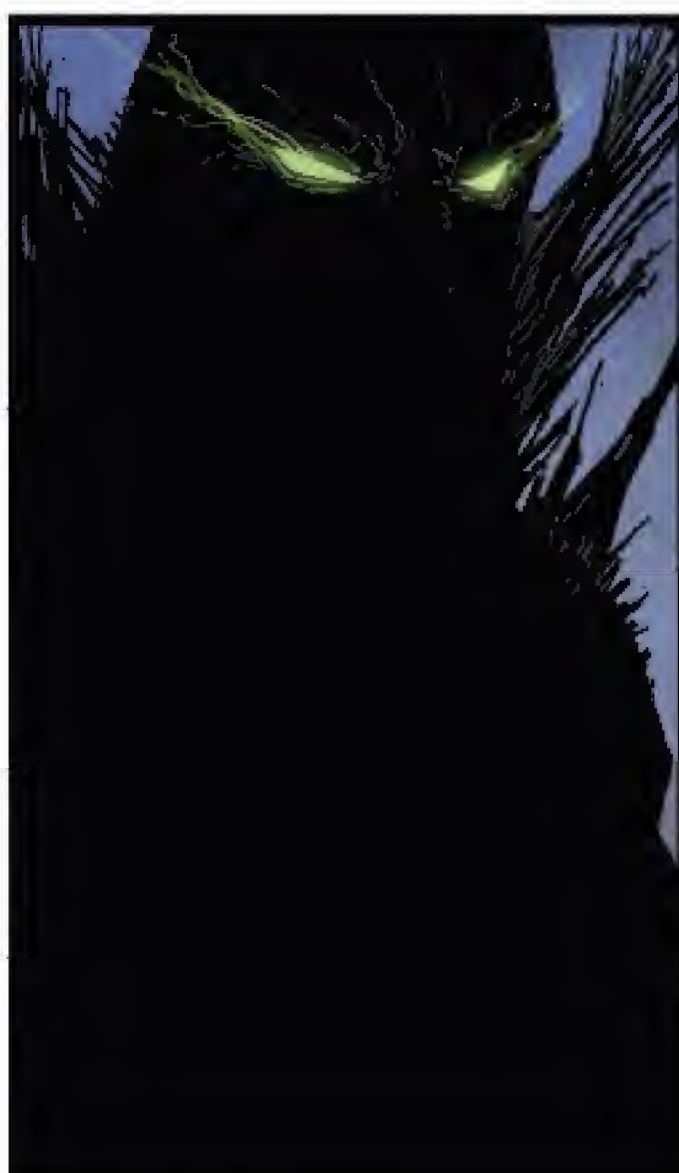
"AND THAT PIECE WILL HAVE A
HUGE RIPPLE EFFECT ALL THE
WAY DOWN TO THE *ELDERS*."



"YOU SEE, YEARS
AGO THEY PLANTED
A WARRIOR ON THIS
PLANET. ONE THAT I
WAS SUPPOSED TO
TRAIN FOR THEM.
BECAUSE, LIKE YOU,
I'D BEEN GIVEN MY
ORDERS TOO."



"AND LIKE YOU, I
FOLLOWED THOSE
ORDERS. I DID
EVERYTHING THEY
ASKED OF ME!"



"EVEN AFTER
MALEBOLGIA'S MURDER,
I *CONTINUED* TO
TRAIN THEIR SOLDIER--
THOUGH NO ONE
WANTED TO GUIDE US
AFTER OUR MASTER'S
DEATH."

"BUT NOW THEIR WARRIOR'S
GONE! VANISHED! AND
WE WON'T SEE HIS KIND
AGAIN FOR ANOTHER TWO
HUNDRED YEARS.



"AND BY THE
TIME THEY
BECOME AWARE
OF THIS FACT, MY
PLAN WILL HAVE
ALREADY BEEN
PUT INTO
MOTION."



"I DON'T SEE WHAT ANY OF THAT HAS TO DO WITH ME. I'VE ALREADY MOVED ON."


"MOVED ON? NO! YOU MOVED AWAY... FROM EVERYTHING YOU WERE MEANT TO BE. OUR DUTY IS TO PROTECT AND DELIVER OUR BIRTHPLACE TO **ULTIMATE** VICTORY."



"HEAVEN AND EARTH HAVE MADE **WAY** TOO MUCH PROGRESS OF LATE. WE NEED TO TURN BACK THAT TIDE, EVEN IF OUR OWN LEADERS HAVE LOST SIGHT OF THAT. IF THEY DON'T WANT TO FIGHT THIS WAR **THEN WE WILL.**"

"**IMPOSSIBLE.** THEY'LL NEVER ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN."

"I DON'T INTEND ON ASKING THEIR PERMISSION."



"BECAUSE AFTER MALEBOLGIA DIED, THEY TOOK THEIR EYE OFF THE BALL. FORGETTING EVERY AGENT THEY'VE EVER SENT TO EARTH, THEY CUT US LOOSE, IGNORED US. AND BECAUSE OF THAT, WE'RE ALL IN **FREE FALL**."

"SO WE HAVE A CHOICE NOW-- EITHER WE CHOOSE TO GO OUR SEPARATE WAYS, CONTINUING TO SEGREGATE OURSELVES FROM ONE ANOTHER--WHICH IN TIME WILL LEAD US TO TURNING ON ONE ANOTHER-- OR WE CAN BAND TOGETHER."

"AS A GROUP WE CAN AT LEAST TRY TO PROTECT WHAT'S RIGHTFULLY OURS. BUT TO DO THAT, WE HAVE TO STOP THE **BACK SLIDING** WE'VE ALL BEGUN. CONTROLLING OUR FATE WON'T COME BY INDULGING IN MAN'S TEMPTATIONS. OUR GOAL ISN'T TO TRY AND **BE LIKE THEM**... IT'S TO TRY AND **LORD OVER THEM**."

"OR WE CAN SIMPLY STAND BY AND WAIT UNTIL THE **ELDERS** SEND DOWN THEIR AGENDAS AGAIN, AND RECRUIT US BACK INTO THEIR SELF-SERVING MISSION. AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS, NONE OF US WILL BE GIVEN A CHOICE."

"JUST LIKE EVERY PAST WAR, ANYONE TRYING TO DEFY THEM HAD THEIR HOUSES BURNED AND THEIR FAMILIES **SLAUGHTERED**. THEN EACH TRAITOR WAS BLUDGEONED TO DEATH."

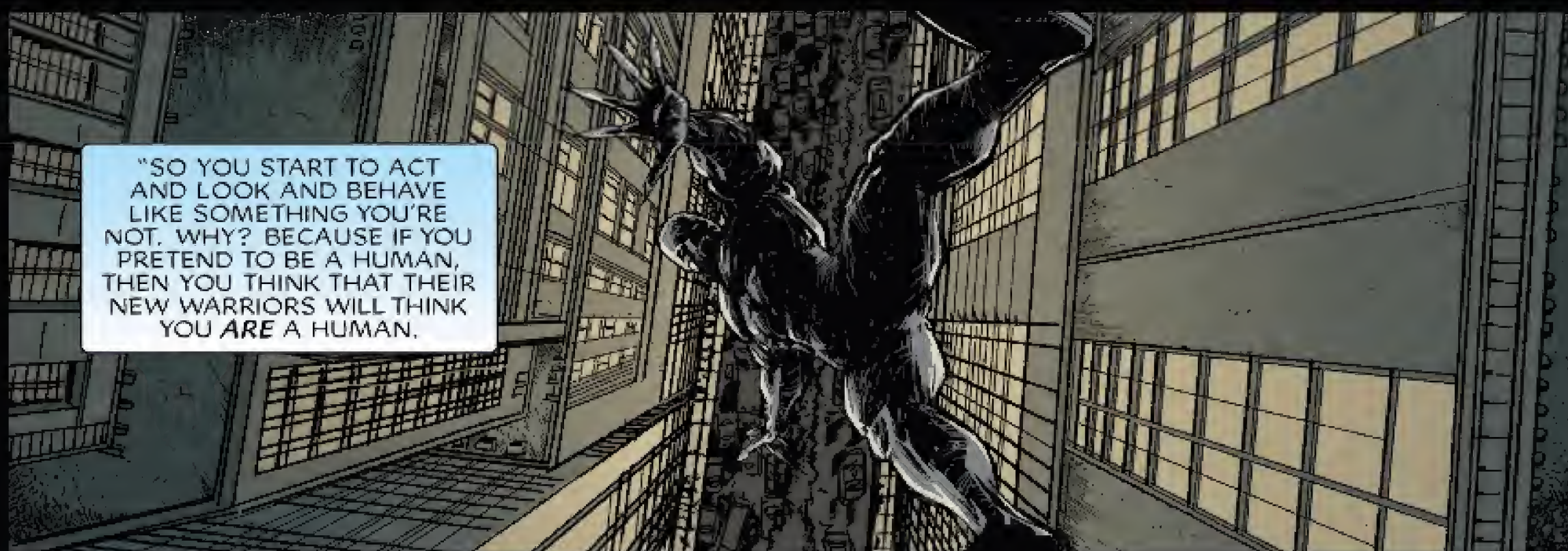
"AND THEY'LL DO THE SAME AGAIN THING..."



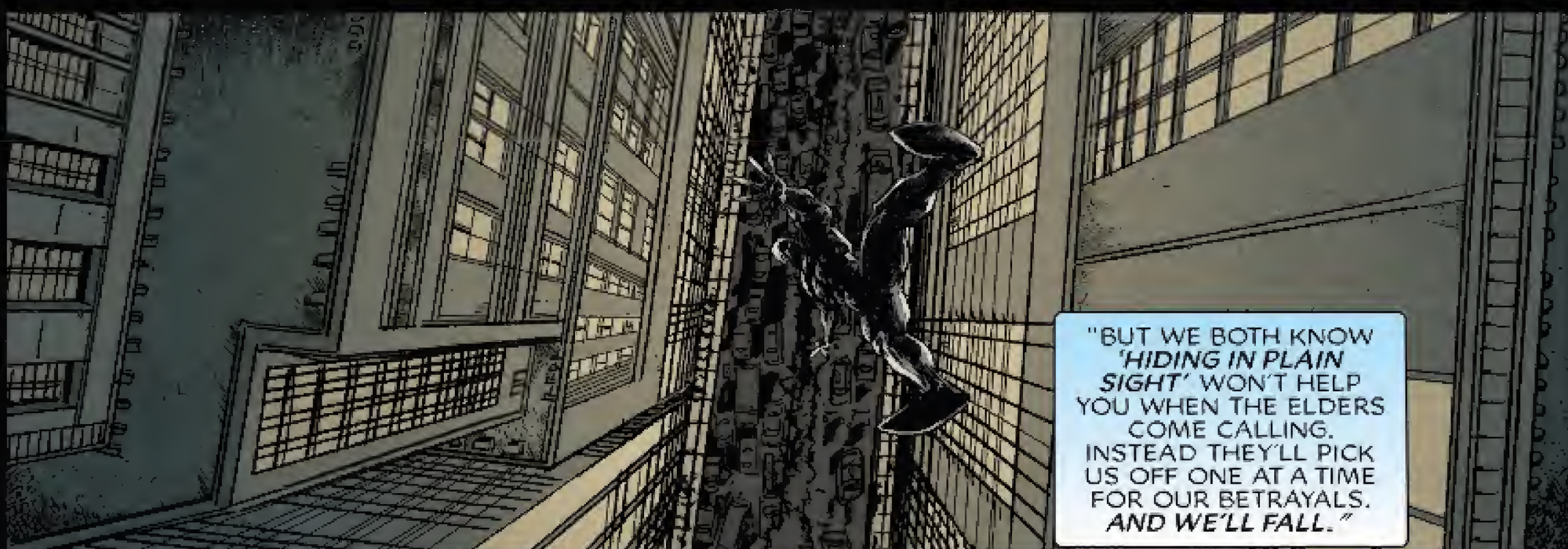
"...BECAUSE WHEN
PUSH COMES TO
SHOVE-- THEY KNOW
WE'RE ALL AFRAID
OF THEM.



"AND BY THAT LOOK IN
YOUR EYES THEY'D BE
RIGHT. BUT GUYS LIKE YOU
DON'T THINK YOU'RE
SCARED-- INSTEAD, YOU
THINK YOU'VE GOT A PLAN.
CONVINCING YOURSELF
THAT SOMEHOW YOU'LL
BE THE ONE TO SURVIVE.

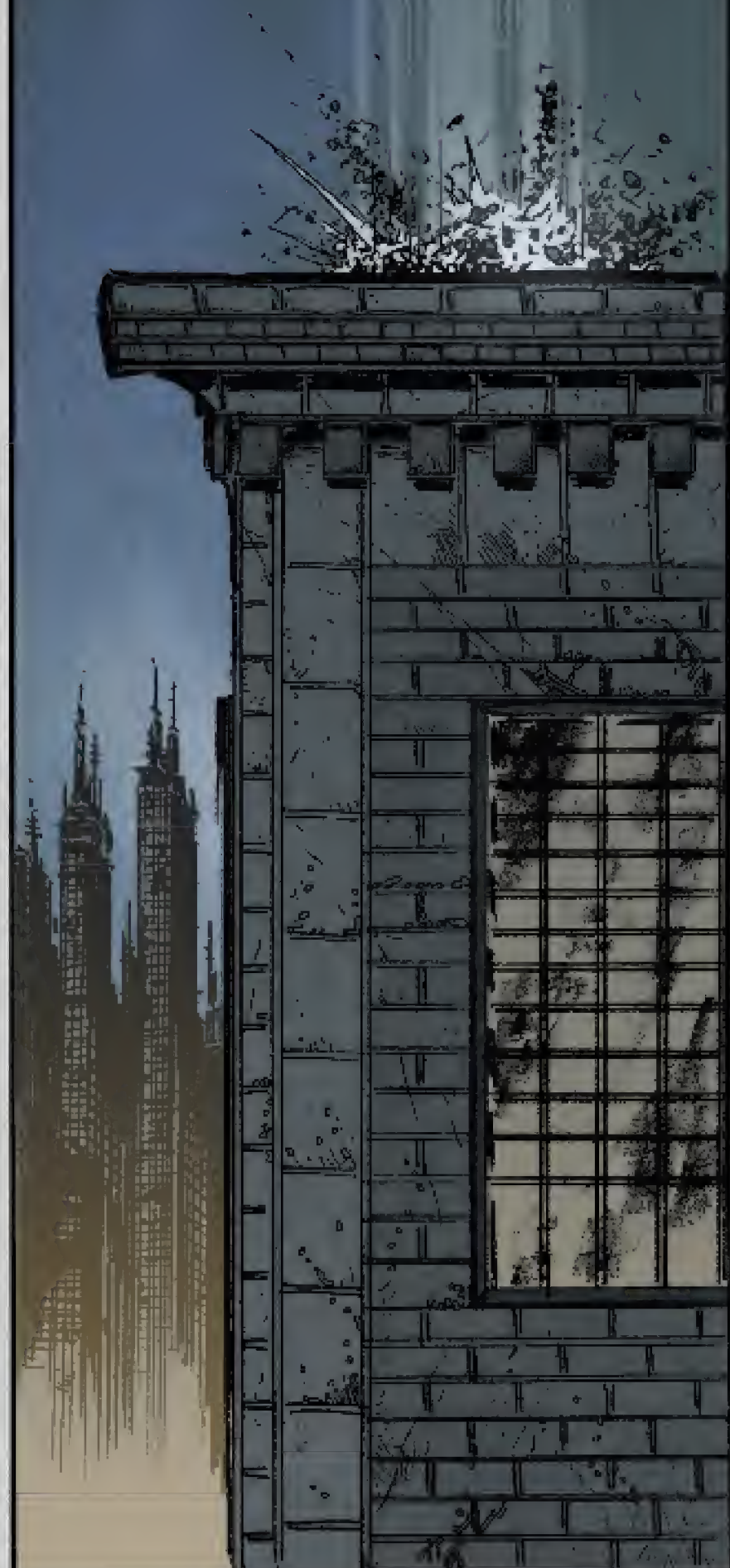


"SO YOU START TO ACT
AND LOOK AND BEHAVE
LIKE SOMETHING YOU'RE
NOT. WHY? BECAUSE IF YOU
PRETEND TO BE A HUMAN,
THEN YOU THINK THAT THEIR
NEW WARRIORS WILL THINK
YOU **ARE** A HUMAN.



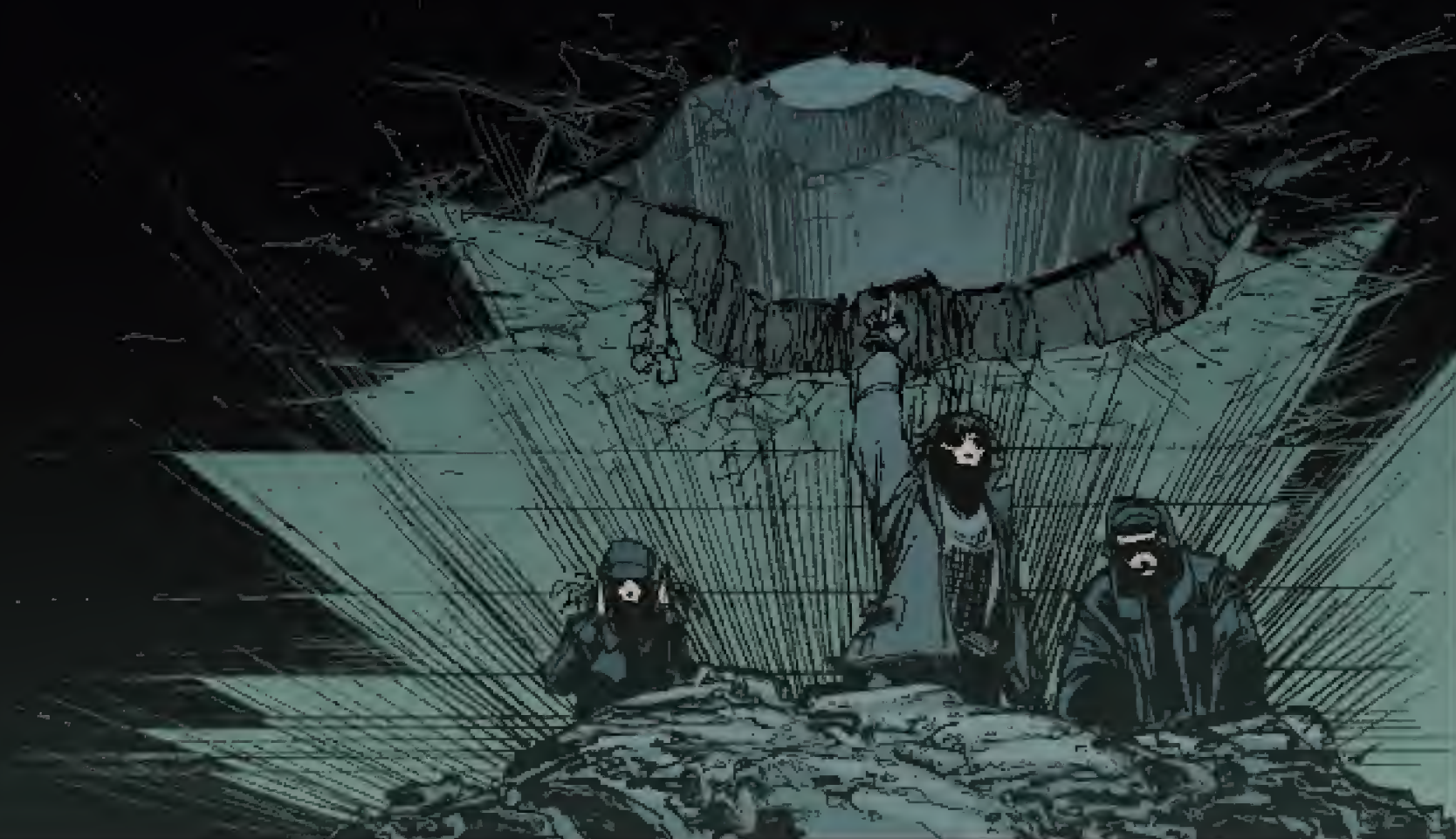
"BUT WE BOTH KNOW
**'HIDING IN PLAIN
SIGHT'** WON'T HELP
YOU WHEN THE ELDERS
COME CALLING.
INSTEAD THEY'LL PICK
US OFF ONE AT A TIME
FOR OUR BETRAYALS.
AND WE'LL FALL."

"EACH AND EVERY
ONE OF US WILL
EVENTUALLY *FALL*."



"TEMPORARILY CREATING
A HOLE THAT HEAVEN
WILL EXPLOIT TO THEIR
ADVANTAGE."

"SO AS MUCH AS I MIGHT
DISPISE OUR CREATORS,
THE THOUGHT OF HEAVEN
GETTING THE JUMP ON US,
BECAUSE OUR LEADERS
HAVE THEIR HEADS UP
THEIR ASSES, ANGERS ME
EVEN MORE!"



"YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT A SUICIDE
MISSION, CLOWN.
YOU CAN'T TAKE ON
HEAVEN AND HELL
AT THE SAME TIME!
NO ONE'S *THAT*
CRAZY!"

"YOU'RE RIGHT. I CAN'T
TAKE THEM BOTH ON...
NOT ALONE, AT LEAST.
WHICH IS WHY I'M HERE
TONIGHT. YOU'RE GOING
TO JOIN ME."

"WHY
ME?"



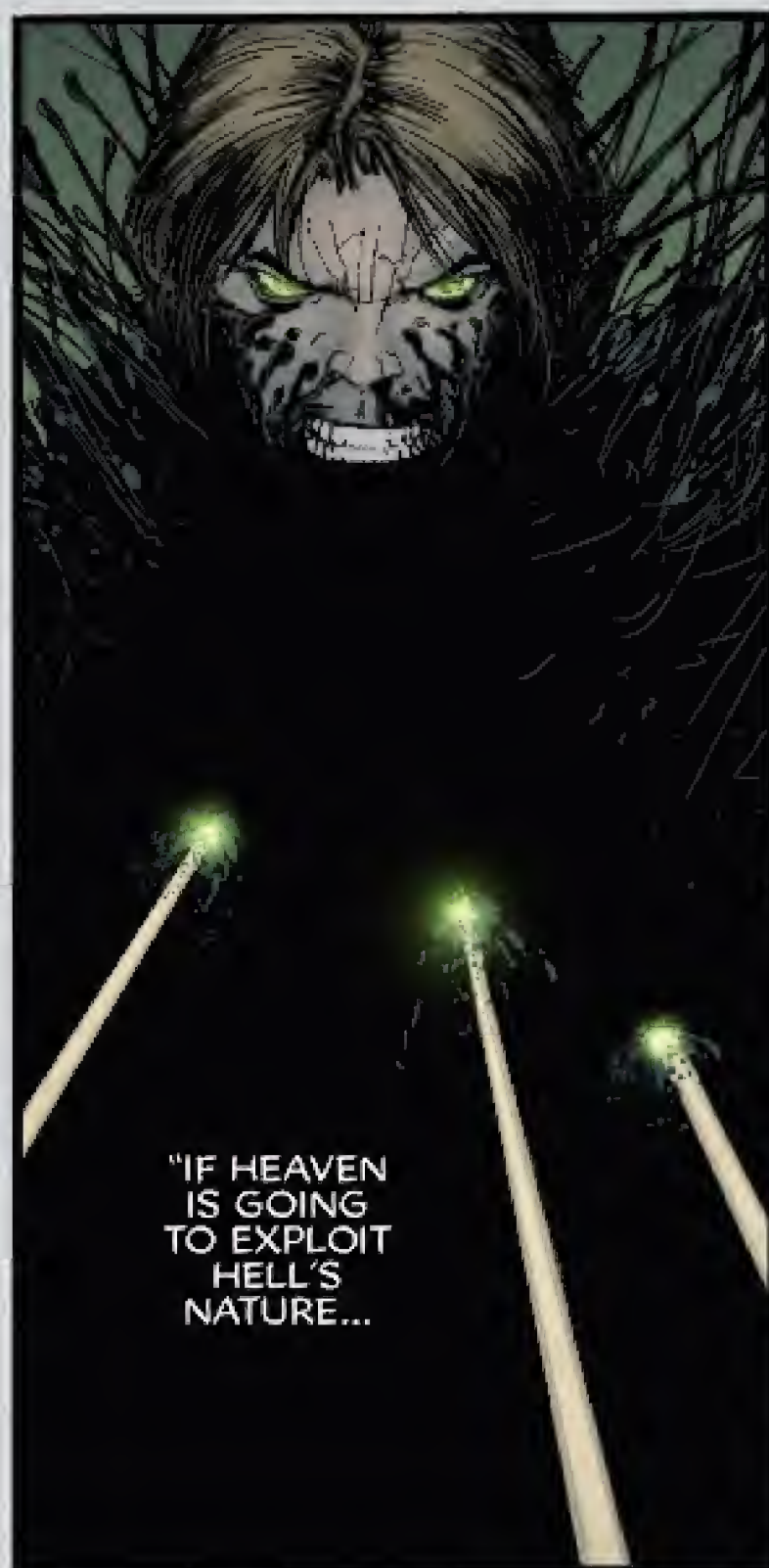
"BECAUSE I'VE
HEARD ABOUT
YOUR NATURAL-
BORN SKILLS MANY
TIMES. THOSE WILL
COME IN HANDY."



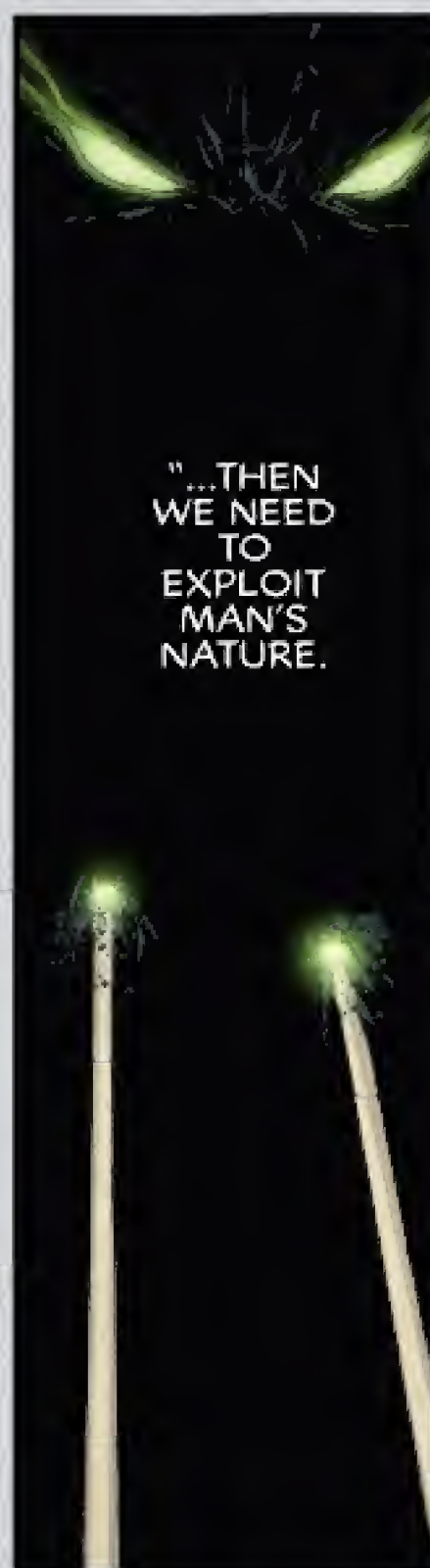
"BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY,
YOU'VE IMMERSSED YOURSELF
IN MANKIND LONG ENOUGH
THAT I'M BANKING ON YOU
BEING ABLE TO UNDERSTAND
THEIR TRUE NATURE."



"AND EVERY-
THING THEY'RE
CAPABLE OF."



"IF HEAVEN
IS GOING
TO EXPLOIT
HELL'S
NATURE..."



"...THEN
WE NEED
TO
EXPLOIT
MAN'S
NATURE."



"BECAUSE IF WE
CONTROL MAN
THEN WE CONTROL
THEIR RELIGIONS.
GIVING US A DIRECT
PIPELINE TO GOD
HIMSELF!"



"IMAGINE WHAT WE'D ACCOMPLISH IF WE PENETRATED THE GATES OF HEAVEN!"

"EVERYTHING THEN WOULD *FINALLY* BE *OURS!*"



"BUT THAT GLORIOUS MOMENT BEGINS ONE SMALL STEP AT A TIME. THE FIRST OF WHICH IS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE *VOID* THAT THEIR SPAWN RECENTLY CREATED FOR US."



"WITH HIM OUT OF THE PICTURE, THERE'S *NOTHING* TO STOP US."

"NOTHING TO BLOCK OUR PATH."



"NOTHING TO
HOLD US BACK..."

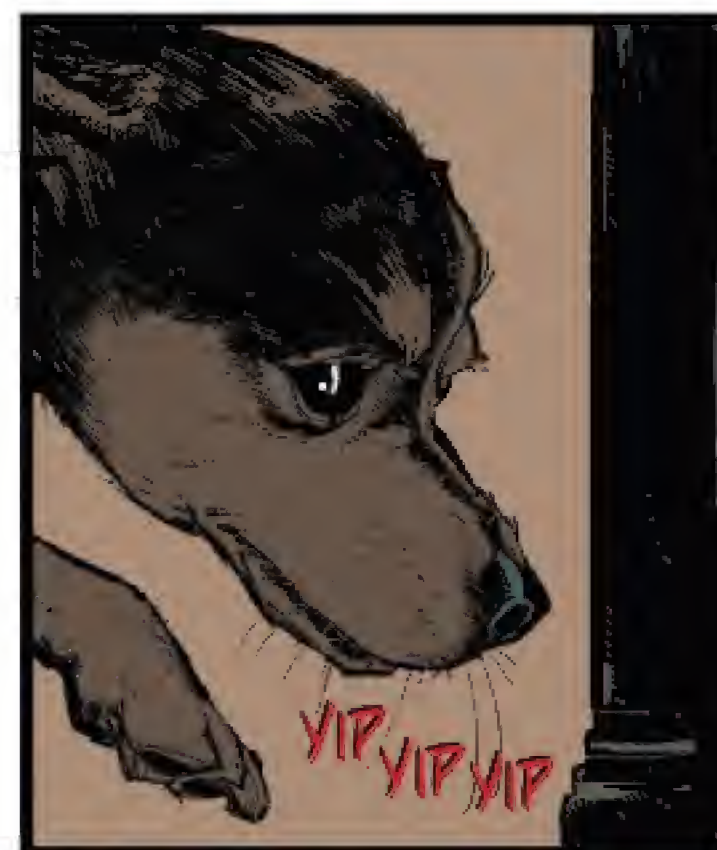


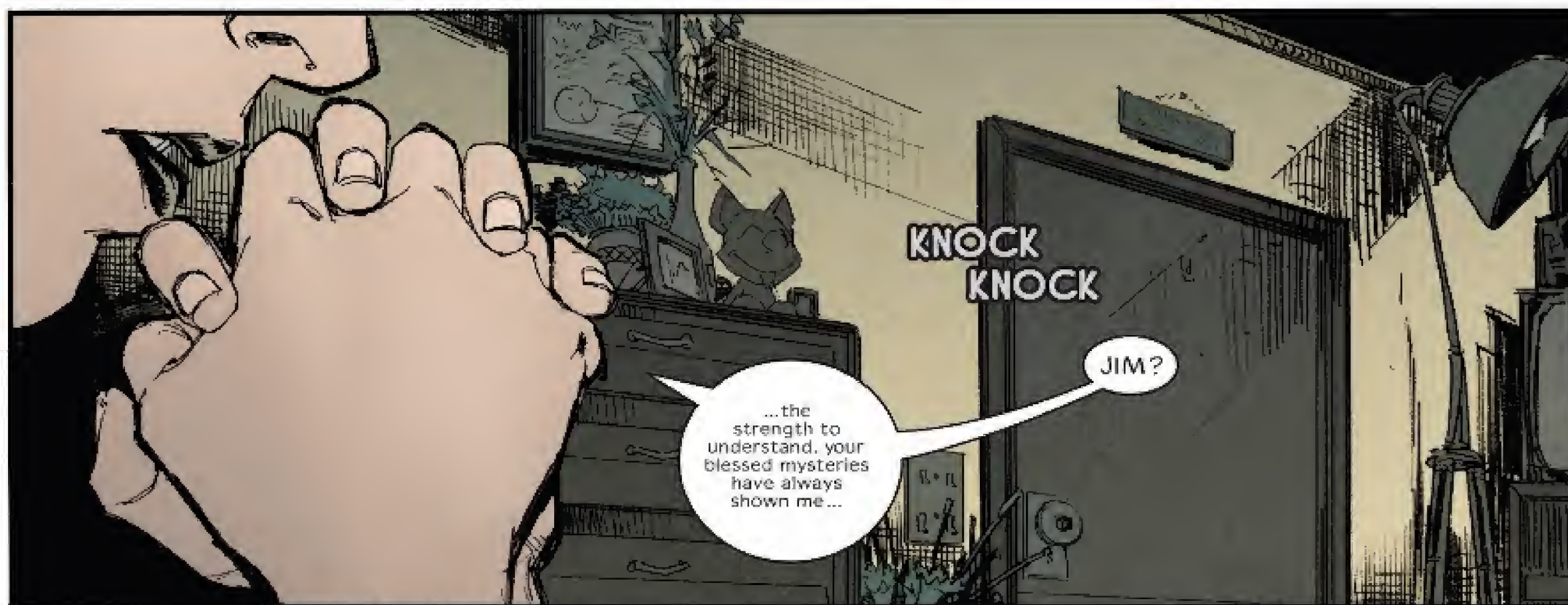
"...EXCEPT
ONE THING..."



"...AND THAT'S
FEAR
ITSELF!"







KNOCK
KNOCK

JIM?

...the
strength to
understand. your
blessed mysteries
have always
shown me...



OH GOD,
YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT?

I
THINK
SO.

I WAS
SO
SCARED.
I DIDN'T
THINK YOU
WERE
COMING
BACK.



WHERE
ELSE WOULD I
POSSIBLY WANT
TO GO?

THANK
YOU...

FOR
WHAT?



FOR LETTING ME KNOW
SOMEONE *IS* LISTENING
TO MY PRAYERS.

YOU'RE
A GOOD
WOMAN,
SARA. I'M
SORRY I
WORRIED
YOU.

THAT'S OKAY.
EVERYTHING'S
FINE NOW...

"EVERYTHING'S
PERFECT."

I TOOK
AN INVENTORY
BEFORE YOU
ARRIVED. WE'VE GOT
SEVEN DEAD, *ALL* OF
WHOM LOOK LIKE THEY
WENT THROUGH A *PAPER
SHREDDER*. ANOTHER
HALF DOZEN WOUNDED.
THIRTY KILOS OF UNCUT
COKE, ALONG WITH
HOLES THE SIZE OF
A SMALL METEOR,
RIPPING THROUGH
THE *ENTIRE*
BUILDING.

WITNESSES?

SHOCKINGLY,
NO ONE'S WILLING
TO TALK.

CHRIST!
I'M GETTING
TOO OLD FOR
THIS CRAP.

YOU
THINKING
WHAT I'M
THINKING?



SEEMS
LIKE
DÉJÀ VU
ALL OVER
AGAIN?

MY
SENTIMENTS
EXACTLY,
SIR.

